

Susie May

beabadoobee

Susie May goes out at night
Thinking of all the things she likes
She can't afford to throw those things away
Susie May forgets she's not okay

And does she know
It's not fine that she cries at night?
And does she know
It's not alright that she hates to fly?
Susie May, you're not okay
Time to find your way

And I'm alright, don't you see?
Always tangled in bedsheets
You can see it in my eyes, always
1 AM with swollen eyes

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It's not fine that she cries at night?
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