

# 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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