

Mr. Predictable

Beach Bunny

Three steps from freaking out
Art school project
I'm working on myself, the world is changing for the worst
Changing, changing, changing, changing
And any pivot
Makes my stomach hurt

Stable, steady
Never ready
For when it all could change

You want the world to be Mr. Predictable
You want your life to seem a bit intentional
So fake it till you make it, but you're gonna hit a wall
You don't really know me, I don't know me at all

Took the trash out last week
And I question almost everything I think
And yeah, it's garbage to sit around
Garbage, garbage, garbage, garbage
But if I stand up
Someone could push me down

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