

Waiting at the airport lost and found
Watching machines push suitcases
Round and round
Got a lot of baggage in my mind
Pick a pretty package, see what's
Still left inside

I thought when I was older
I would be on top
I thought the jealousy would drop
But it never stops

I've got a strange obsession
Of mixing love and loss
But at what cost?
I'm protecting myself from emotional healing

Got a lot of friends inside my brain
Head and heart, past and present, harmony and pain
Everybody's telling me to run
Find a sequence, pull the trigger, self sabotage for fun

I thought when I was older
I would be on top
I thought the jealousy would drop
But it never stops

I've got a strange obsession
Of mixing love and loss
But at what cost?
I'm protecting myself from emotional healing

I thought when I was older
I would be on top
I thought the jealousy would drop
But it never stops

I've got a strange obsession
Of mixing love and loss
But at what cost?
I'm protecting myself from emotional healing