

El Sol

Beach Goons

I don't know why, I don't know why
Don't feel a thing even though that I try
My room's a mess but so is my head
I need some help with my head

My head
My head
My head
My head

I stay inside 'cause it's hard to have fun
What scares me most is I can't find the sun
I'll take it slow but I'd rather be home
I need some help with my head

My head
My head
My head
My head

And every song I write sounds the same
Every song I sing is all the same
I don't wanna go outside anymore
I don't wanna stick around, no