

Gutted

Bella White

I was gutted
Well, I felt soft
So I took to drinking
With the hopes of getting lost
When you're always losing
Well, it's hard to see your wins
When I start using
And I'm numb again

Well, I've been highballing
Through a playground zone
Though I know there's nothing
Well, nothing left for me there no more
At night, I take to walking
Down lonely dead-end roads
With the hopes that one might catch me
Well God knows I won't

I often think I could hop on a plane
And it all would go away
But I'd be a fool to think my burdens
Are something I don't carry
For I can't leave them at the gate
With the rest of my worries
They might not see me for a while
For I've gone in a hurry
They might not see me for a while
For I've gone in a hurry

My name is something
That my parents gave to me
Well, maybe I disassociate
When it's hollered out at me
Well, I've been tangled up in
The dichotomy
Well, in the notion of the disbelief
That what will be will be

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