

## Numbers

Bella White

It's not what I thought it would feel like  
The praise that's seeping in  
It goes as quick as it comes  
Like it's carried by some strong wind  
And I know what it seems like  
That I'm thinking on leaving again

Well, maybe I'm just a little shallow  
And if it's true that still waters run deep  
Well, then I've been swiftly moving  
Can the others see right through me?  
My masquerades and my illusions  
That I crafted so carefully  
Well, I'm just a broken illusion  
I'm not as tough as I oughta be

Well, the flowers my mama bought me  
They only keep for two weeks  
And then they just become another reminder  
That he's never gonna write to me  
And I spoke my fears to my mother  
She said, "Honey, just let it be"  
And then she sent some pretty flowers  
With the hopes that my hurtin' they would ease

Well, you would think that I should feel happy  
But the truth is I feel spent  
And the numbers they've been climbing  
Just not enough to pay my rent  
I didn't used to think much of the numbers  
But now they're always racing through my head  
And I guess that I grew a little shallow  
When I forsook the words that my mama once said

Now my thoughts are slow and twisted  
And I can't seem to break them down  
Which leaves my words false in meaning  
I feel sad when I speak out loud  
I thought I was to be a better lover  
When I got out of that town  
But I'm still no good in lovin'  
And lovin' only leaves me losin' anyhow  
Yes, I'm still no good in lovin'  
And lovin' only leaves me losin' anyhow