

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