

# What Do You Call It?

Beth McCarthy

Somewhere there's a school desk with her name etched in the top top corner of it  
Always said we were friends but my feelings were just a little more honest  
The minute I admitted I wanted it  
Was the minute I admitted I was different

But when you're confidently complicated  
So broken you're unbreakable  
Over underestimating  
Anything that could've been more  
Optimistically jaded  
A heart of glass in walls of stone  
When you think you feel it but you don't really know  
What do you call it?

Can't help overthinking every what if, is it a phase, will I get over it?  
Like what if things change what if I'm fake, what if it's all just for the hell of it?  
But I'm in it, I admit it, I wanted this  
I'm in it, I admit it, I'm different (oh, I'm different)

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When you think you feel it but you don't really know  
What do you call it?

Maybe I'm scared to call it anything you call it  
So I'm just calling to say...  
Hey  
I'm sorry that it's taken me so long  
Don't wanna say it wrong  
But if I'm being honest

I think I'm confidently complicated  
So broken I'm unbreakable  
I've over underestimated  
Anything that could've been more  
I'm optimistically jaded  
A heart of glass in walls of stone  
I think I feel it but I don't really know  
I wanna feel this but I don't really know  
I'm gonna feel this, I'm ready to let go  
So I'm gonna call it  
What I wanna call it