

## Kids.

Bibi Bourelly

(Hm-mm)

I'm so sick and tired of being insecure  
Or way too beautiful to feel this pain  
This way of life just seems so cold and gray  
And I guess that we know we are growing up and shit  
So I'm tryna stand by all my choices that I make  
And this way of life just seems so cold and gray  
Sometimes you have to fight to walk away (One, two, three, four  
)

They think I'm made of stone, but I am just a girl  
So sometimes our heart starts breaking when I pray (Pray, pray,  
pray, pray)  
I'm the girl my mom would love to raise  
She's not here, but it's straight 'cause I'm okay  
(One, two, three, four)

We're chasing metal trains because we're late to things  
Invite 'em to the music of the rain  
But I think it's time  
To leave it all behind  
To sing about the light that guides the way  
(One, two, three, four)  
The light that guides the way