

Clown

Blackbear

Rollercoaster, up and down
We're so high, can't see the ground
Paint our faces like a clown
Let's pretend we're happy now

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I let myself down
I said I'd never fall in love
But I'm looking like a clown
And now, oh wow

Put my phone down
And someone's gotta take it
Before I smash it on the ground

And I'm gettin' really good at trippin' 'bout the little things
Tryna be in mood to a big mood swing
Does it make it any better cryin' on my Gucci sweater?
There ain't no way that I could ever make you happy now

And I'm sorry now, but it's complicated
And you had me now, thank God I'm faded

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Another day, another crisis
Another night we spent fighting
Really felt that you were rather dying
Didn't want your drama, rather not so sudden

Then she is acting, pretending, denying
She's in her room closed, Gucci attire
In my old phone, going through my old habits
It's been a whole year with you, I know it's tragic

All I know is that I coulda caused damage
Highs and lows they turned me into a savage

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