

Anxiety

Blood Red Shoes

What if if I'm not good enough
To get the things that I really want?
What if I'm too old? And my heart's too cold?
And I'm just selfishly possessed by desires?
That I don't understand, they don't heed my command
What if this is getting out of hand?

I feel my future slip away from me
It's unravelling like a ball of string
Turn the lights out I'll hide my anxiety

Obviously
I couldn't take a chance, I could see where it leads
Obviously
I could take a chance but it terrifies me

I think I lost my confidence
I must have left in an empty glass
Should've been more kind
Showed up on time
But I'm just recklessly possessed by desires
To try something new, now I'm left feeling blue
Tell me if the story is boring you

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