

Getting myself in too deep
I'm tripping over my own two feet
Trying to be a better friend
Just wishing this would just fucking end
Hurt myself for someone else
We knew that this would never end well
People think I'm always happy
I'm getting angry at being angry

Maybe I've done wrong
Maybe I was naive all along
Friendship is a fine line
Especially when you're never wrong

I'm only young but I'm old enough
To know that being content is giving up
I'm fuckin' hungry, I want it all
But the higher you climb, the farther you fall
I call my old friends and reminisce
About getting drunk and the times we missed
Sometimes I look back instead of forward
Scared of the future and scared of boredom

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Maybe I was naive all along
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Especially when you're never wrong

Where are my friends, and are they happy?
Does anyone even fucking like me?
Where are my friends, and are they happy?
Does anyone even fucking like me?

Where are my friends, and are they happy?
Does anyone even fucking like me?

Questioning the definition of living
This was easier when we were sixteen
It's easier just to let it go
Than to risk it all, and go it alone

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