

CINNAMON TWISTS

Braden Bales

Are you okay?
What if I'm not
What if it's logical to write this whole thing off?
Cause life is kind of wrong
And maybe it's fine
Living unwell
Maybe this part of life is supposed to feel like hell
It's kinda hard to tell

Oh cinnamon twists in my kitchen are my favourite part of the day
Isn't that lame?
My Momma asked how it's going, I said honestly not that great

And reason number 1 is the love that's gone
You kill or be killed, in the world I've lost
Two is my wallet, skinny and flappy
How you get clean and how you get happy
If everything you do just blows up at you
Wind in your face and back gets stabbed till
Everything's shady, all of it's lacking
Heart, it just aches so fuck if I'm happy

Losing my faith
Losing my plot
Maybe the point of life is something I forgot
Cause all my love gets lost
Wish I could take it right back into summer '16
Left my smile in my skintight jeans
Found my stride on my seven speed
But now

Cinnamon twists in my kitchen are all that can make me feel sane
Isn't that lame?
My brother asked how I'm living, I said taking it day by day

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