

## Too Sensitive

Brye

Lights so bright  
I can hear them buzzing  
All eyes on me  
I can feel the judgement

I try to find my footing  
Try to say the perfect thing  
But one wrong move  
And it all amounts to nothing

I can feel my clothes sticking to my skin  
I can feel your tone start to shift and bend  
Like a tidal wave and it never ends  
I'm too sensitive for my own  
Good, good, good, mmm

Everything unsaid  
Picked up dissected  
Need three whole days  
To clear the wreckage

The world is my undoing  
Every spark becomes a blaze  
Every small mistake is over corrected

I can feel my clothes sticking to my skin  
I can feel your tone start to shift and bend  
Like a tidal wave and it never ends  
I'm too sensitive for my own  
Good, good, good, mmm  
Good, good, good, mmm

Stop lights, down poor  
High brights, ignored, long nights  
I'm too sensitive for my own good

Bitter voices, bigger noises, triggers  
I'm too sensitive for my own good

Good, good, good, mmm

(Bitter voices, bigger noises, triggers)  
Good, good, good, mmm