

Nothing

Catie Turner

One, two, three, four

I hate social media
But don't delete it off my phone
I'll cry and say "I need a break"
Then get bored and go back in one day
And I hate this fucking industry
But I won't go back to college
'Cause it doesn't feed my narrative
That I'm a victim to my problems

Haven't you learned I'm a bullshitter by now
I don't think I really wanna figure it out
I'll sing the blues and run self-help books into the ground
I don't think I really wanna figure it out

I'll keep going on first dates
With a bunch of people that I'll hate
Complain about having no friends
But be the first one to cancel plans
I don't think I asked for your advice
No wait actually I did
But do it lazy things too hard, I need it chaotic

Haven't you learned I'm a bullshitter by now
I don't think I really wanna figure it out
I'll sing the blues and run self-help books into the ground
I don't think I really wanna figure it out

I have 99 problems but I'll make up everyone of them
If I want to be a stubborn bitch, that's my prerogative
I feed my ego by not making any sense
Didn't ask to be born insecure with a god complex

Haven't you learned I'm a bullshitter by now
I don't think I really wanna figure it out
I'll sing the blues and run self-help books into the ground
I don't think I really wanna figure it out

Hope my self awareness is endearing
And doesn't make me come across as shitty
But I can promise you one thing
I'm working on myself by doing nothing