

Issues

Clara

Trust issues, I got issues
Don't trust myself
I'm not doing well
'Cause I've been holding me down
Enough issues
Not enough tissues
Cried too many tears
Thought I was going drown

I've been feelin' low for a reason
Becoming friends with my inner demons
Sometimes my own thoughts freak me out
And even though I don't really show it
Man I gotta lot of shit going
Tell me how can silence feel so loud?

Almost fooled me
Thought I was happy
I guess in my case
What goes around hits the ground
New year but same me
Still so unhappy
I guess in my case
What goes around hits the ground

I swear I can't be the only one, the only one
Someone tell me I'm not the only one, the only one
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Thought when I got older
This would all be over
Dunno how to be
A good friend to me
When I need it most
I hope that I, I hope that I
Before I die
I can leave the pain behind

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