

Progress

Clara

I'm rock bottom
But at least I'm down here looking real cute, hm
I kinda wanted
All the ugly, all the bad, all the good, ah
If I don't deal with it now it's gonna come back to me
That used to be the story of my life
Being tryna make peace with my anxiety
Anything I feel is fine

I'm crying like a bitch on the bathroom floor
At least I'm not suppressing anymore
I'm telling myself what I tell all my friends
Baby a hot mess is progress

I used to cry twice a year, now I cry like twice a day
It feels so stupid to say, my friends like girl you okay?
And I'm not all the way there but I'm still finding my way
I'm tryna figure it out and that's hard

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Baby a hot mess is progress
I used to be afraid of letting
So I would never be emotional
I'm telling myself what I tell all my friends
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I used to be afraid of letting
So I would never be emotional
I'm telling myself what I tell all my friends
Baby a hot mess is progress
Baby a hot mess is progress
Yeah baby a hot mess is progress