

# See Right Through

Conan Gray

You always have your head down  
Your hair falls around your face like a curtain  
You're always wondering  
If the clouds above will ever stop their wrongdoings

You've got a quiet room  
I always thought it must have been bad timing  
But if you are fine  
Then why do I always find you crying

I see right through you  
I see right through you  
I see right through you  
I see right through you

On the silent days  
You let your strings slowly start to fray  
Your mind tends to float away  
And then you're blinded by the things you wish you've never seen

In your bed, you stay  
Caught up by all the things you overcomplicate  
But to you that's okay  
Cause you're a girl that has been dusted in reality

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And I will always wait up for your call  
To give you some solace, but you stall  
That's why you're feeling nothing in your cold and aching bones  
Anymore, anymore, anymore

Yeah there's something in you eyes these days, I know  
Please tell me what you wish for, then I'll go  
I'm sorry for intruding, but I just can't watch you fall  
Anymore, anymore, anymore

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