

Man, I just wanna live a day as a blonde
I'll look like Jessica Chastain
Get mistaken for a man with a job
Taking sessions on my lunch break

You won't believe what an apartment would cost
When living right by the freeway
Watching TV in my dollar store socks
I don't get out much these days

Convince myself that I've been talking too much
Picture hours of replay
It's pretty lonely just writing a song
When you know your friends are all moving away

And I just wanna see a picture of mom
From when she was my age
Was she hard to get as everyone thought?
Was she happier in those days?

Sleeping, getting payed
Subway's running late
Leaving the rest up to question just to find that you wouldn't got it made
Weather ain't been bad
Floss and take a bath
Leave all the rest up to question just to find you hardly ever left

Man, I just wanna be the type to forget
Oh, the embarrassing montage
Seeing pictures from when I was a kid
Down at the beach with my brother

And I don't wanna be a ghost when I'm dead
I think I'm tired of jump scares
Sitting quiet at the foot of your bed
Watch you crying from the top of the stairs

Work out, pay the rent
Thinking about your ex
Leaving the rest up to question just to find that you got nothing left
Fall back out of love
Take too many drugs
Leave all the rest up to question just to find that you ain't young enough

And when I'm feeling sad
Just remember that
I've got songs to hide behind until the feelings pass
It ain't much of a life
But maybe once or twice
I've felt magic touching pen to paper in my time