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Drew Sycamore

I'm twenty-eight and counting, the future is a mountain
I hope a wasted youth on the young is just a figure of speech
A real-life unaccounted, I feel so fucking grounded
I hope that "We'll all end up alone" is just a figure of speech

I don't even know if this is real or fake
I read it through my echo chamber anyway
What's in it for you, what's in it for me
I'm passively an activist in vertigo
'Cause feeling satisfied is what we're going for
What's in it for you, what's in it for me

Oh, Border Control to Major Who
Border Control to Major Who
Border Control to Major Who
Border Control to Major Who

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There's no doing right if I don't do it wrong
I'm useless when I shout, and useless if I don't
What's in it for you, what's in it for me
So tell me, what's my time worth, what's my time worth, ooh
And I wonder what's in it for you, what's in it for me

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