

# After All

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My friends are addicts to all the late nights up in the hills  
But I'm good without it, I want my Friday nights to be chill  
But I always start to think, am I out of sync? Can't make up my  
mind, 'cause now

Every time we're out I go ahead and doubt, don't wanna miss out

What is a prom after all? I suppose it would be sucky and dull  
I suppose it would be lame and boring, or completely wonderful  
What is a guy after all? Probably problems and shit I don't need

Just lots of exes and no guarantees, but some nights it's all I  
want

Good at excuses, but so bad at telling him what I feel  
And sometimes I'm losing, mmh, something that could be real, but still

Every now and then I get up in my head, wonder if he cares

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Little bit of heaven, little bit of hell  
Little bit of heaven, that's how it is after all  
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