

I'm sorry that I'm such a showoff
Sometimes I need to let it out
Put it on my chest and blow it off
Sometimes I just needed a minute
Other times I needed you to let me off
But we could build a bridge and get it over it
But you still seem to have it in your head
That the world isn't in your palm
And too many people
They can't even handle the truth
They need to know now
Cause I just spoke to Frank
He told me why I'm confused
I need to slow down
But there's too much weight in your decisions
It's affecting your condition
But if all your satin silk don't keep the devil at bay
Then you should dress down

And we're driving to the edge with the city lights on
I know you're wondering why nobody stickin' around and why nothing lasts long
But with this pink sky blazing on the west side baby don't you feel wholesome
If you fall short of your potential, baby this'll be a problem

I'm sorry that I'm such a showoff
I get you're going through some shit
Raise a glass to your mother
We can sip it off
Don't look the other way
When I ask if you're okay
No need to shrug me off
But we just really need to get over it
But you still seem to have it in your
That the world, it isn't in your palm
And too many people
They can't even handle the truth
They need to know now
That sending messages through your cracked screen
Should be the only time you look down
But these demons are clouding up your vision
And crippling your ambition
So take your own advice
And keep on doing yourself
Don't ever calm down

And we're driving to the edge with the city lights on
I know you're wondering why nobody stickin' around and why nothing lasts long
But with this pink sky blazing on the west side baby don't you feel wholesome
If you fall short of your potential, baby this'll be a problem

But baby it's a strange world
But I'll keep it strange for you
And I'll rearrange for you

Such a strange world
But baby it's a strange world
But I'll keep it strange for you
Ooooh, I'll rearrange for you
It's a strange world

And we're driving to the edge with the city lights on
Nobody stickin' around and why nothing lasts long
But with this pink sky blazing on the west side baby don't you feel wholesom
e
If you fall short of your potential, baby this'll be a problem