

# frank

## easy life

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

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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