

Who's gonna pick up the spiders?
Be the candy underneath my eyelids?
Gonna tell me that I'm too far gone, and I should go home?
Who's gonna pick up the pieces?
Make it better when she reaches?
Gonna tell me that it's been too long, and I should come home?

'Cause I'm a thousand miles away but we're underneath the same
sky
Underneath the marquee moon, tequila sunrise
About a hundred times a day my finger hovers over FaceTime
Swear I saw your face in the flicker of the streetlight

All your best friends think
I'm a wasteman but
I'm just doing me
I just can't compete
With these visions of what you think your man should be
Should be

But who's gonna quit all the violence?
Be the one who dares to break the silence?
Gonna tell me that I've said too much, and I should go home?
Who's gonna tell me that it's worth it?
That maybe I should put the work in?
Gonna tell me that it's time that I grew up, and I should go home?

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