

hang on

fats'e

Arson green nostalgia
Youngburial
Arson green nostalgia

7:30pm, June fourteenth
And I've been bored, stuck indoors, can't sleep
It's time to take life by the horns, I think
Guess it's time to get up on my feet

Moved back to Hollywood, Hollywood curb
I left the rot, start to rot in the dirt
And now I'm back making art with my friends
I'm trying not to let this sadness back in

Hang on
And the past stays high
Hang on
Promise everything will be alright

I was stuck in the outskirts of Austin
And it kinda sucked
With nothing to walk to where I live
I need sidewalks
And I miss the sound of the helicopters over my head
Who would've thought that I would've missed it
In the middle of it all

Hang on
And the past stays high
Hang on
Promise everything will be alright

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