

still . reaching

fats'e

Yeah, yeah
(Youngburial, thank you for the goddamn party)
Yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Ayy, ayy, ayy (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

I've been underwater, on a mission
I might sell my soul just for ambition
Have another sip, poison my system
Pour a glass of wine like I'm a christian
I'm on a new tip, I'm not alone
I'm on a new tip, don't hit my phone
DND, I'm hangin' with the bros

I need me some more, I need some more
I need me some more, I need some more
I need me some more, I need some more
I got a few moves, that's just a fact
I got a few moves, I'm in my bag

I feel like I'm someone you'd avoid
It's not as if I ever had a choice
I'm afraid of how you hear without a voice
Someone could've faked it
And I can tell you're easily annoyed
But wouldn't it be easier to write back
Than pushing me away until you're bored?
I think sorry is a drink you could afford
Hiding to be safe, I never liked that
The quiet's even harder to ignore
There'll never be a way to find the right path
You just wanted me to change the course

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