

Congratulations!

Fletcher

I don't want congratulations anymore
'Cause it doesn't quite hit
No, it doesn't quite hit the spot, babe
It's a needle-in-the-haystack kind of lore
It's a dopamine lie
And the dopamine's running dry, babe

You can say I lost my mind
The mountaintop's too high to climb
Let's cut our losses
Tie it with a bow
No more congratulations, though

Remember when it felt good raising hell?
Yeah, we had a good time
Now I don't have that fire
Gotta know that it's okay to change my mind
I'm taking some space
Making my brain rewire

Maybe when the lights are low
You'll get to knowing what I know
You'll thank me later that we took a bow
No more congratulations now

I wonder if I'll feel the same
As I grow up and seasons change
Will we just be a memory in time?
As the congratulations die
I'll wipe the tears from your eyes