

I Wish You Well

Forest Blakk

I took the high road but I hate it
And I'm never coming back
And all those surface conversations
Well, they got me running laps
You avoid the mess you making
While I'm left here on my own
Am I just consolation?
Or somebody you've outgrown?

I'm holding on to everything that I wish I could say

I wish you well
'Cause it helps when I'm losing myself
And I'm hurting like hell, I'll keep saying
I wish you well, so you can tell
How broken I felt, took the way out myself but I'll keep saying
I wish you well
I wish you well

Am I making mountains out of ant hills?
Or am I lighting up the gas?
You got me carrying an anvil
Barefoot, on broken glass

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