

Old Ways

Grace Gaustad

Wasteland
Wasting time on the one
Thing that
Makes me come undone
Like the buttons
On my jacket
In the pockets
There's another hit
In this wasteland
Wasting time on the run

I'll just go back to my old ways
To my old days
All the people asking questions
And I've got nothing to say
A stranger to this world
I can't be who I'm supposed to be
Back to my old ways
Where I feel safe
Thought I had it for a second
But I don't think I can change
A stranger to this world
I can't be who I'm supposed to be
I can't be who I'm supposed to be
A stranger to this world

Ghost town
Driving, nowhere to go
See a friend's house
But I'm better off on my own
They just hate me
When I stay clean
Make me feel weak
When I try to leave
In this ghost town
Driving, nowhere to go

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Crying for help
But nobody hears a thing
Did I make a sound
If nobody's listening?
Nobody's listening

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