

# Lion's Den

Grace VanderWaal

I don't know how to be with myself  
Colors aren't as bright as they used to be  
Forget the girl they wanted me to be  
And I don't know how to be okay  
The audience in my head looking up at me  
Pretending just for them because they need me

I'm human, and I'm falling  
But you tell me I'm flying  
But it's building  
And I can't breathe  
Wanna feel the way that I used to be

And so I go out  
Get fucked up so that  
Weirdly I can feel like a kid again  
And the lights are like magic  
Nothing's wrong  
Twisted, traumatic  
And then the morning comes  
And it's bad again  
Dancing in the lion's den  
Dancing in the lion's den

And I guess we're all just tryna work it out  
Tryna get back to our child self  
Chasing the feeling, finding the meaning  
But just continuing to corrupt ourselves  
And I still remember how it all felt  
The sun on my skin an ice cream will melt  
And now I'm at parties, stay past 3 AM  
And I'm smoking too much just to feel it again

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And you tell me I'm flying  
But it's building  
And I can't breathe  
Wanna feel the way that I used to be

And so I go out  
Get fucked up so that  
Weirdly I can feel like a kid again  
And the lights (And the lights) are like magic (Are like magic)  
Nothing's wrong (Nothing's wrong)  
Twisted, traumatic  
And then the morning comes  
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