

the internet

GRACEY

I don't think you get it
I was so fucked up and I never said it
Didn't even tell the friends I had
Knew that I was low, didn't know how bad
And I would get these jitters
Lost my sense of humor and I hated mirrors
Never used to see myself like that
Put my heart on the line, then I pulled it back

'Cause these sharks, they bite
No such thing as a private life
Here you go, here's mine, here you go, here's mine

I can't keep it up
Making out I'm good
Making out that I'm alright
When I sit and cry all night
I think I'm losing touch
With this quite enough
Making out that I'm alright
Wide awake when I'm still tired

Oh, fuck the internet
Oh, fuck it, yeah

Left to my own devices
I get in my head, baby, I'm a Pisces
Feelings, they build up in my chest
I can't tell a soul, gotta hold my breath
And, yeah, try to hide it though
Turning up, turning up my volume
Always seem the loudest in the room, yeah
Oh, yeah, but

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Making out I'm good
Making out that I'm alright
When I sit and cry all night
I think I'm losing touch
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Making out that I'm alright
Wide awake when I'm still tired

Oh, fuck the internet
Oh, fuck it, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Sorry, I've very bad energy
And I know you're coming out in fifteen minutes, so
Many apologies, um, but
Yeah, just one of them ones, um, mm
Maybe I watched, not fighting, I really just wanna throw my phone against the wall at the minute
I hate the fucking internet

I wanna talk, but if I talk I'm gonna cry
And if I cry, I'm gonna have to tell 'em why
And then I'll overthink the conversation all night

I'm kinda tired so I'll be quiet, though I
I wanna talk, but if I talk I'm gonna cry
And if I cry, I'm gonna have to tell 'em why
And then I'll overthink the conversation all night
I'm kinda tired so I'll be quiet, though I

I wanna talk, but if I talk I'm gonna cry
And if I cry, then I'll have to tell 'em why
And then I'll overthink the conversation all night
All night

Yeah, but I can't keep it up
Making out I'm good
Making out that I'm alright
When I sit and cry all night
I think I'm losing touch
With this quite enough
Making out that I'm alright
Wide awake when I'm still tired

Oh, fuck the internet
Oh, fuck it, yeah
Oh, fuck the internet
Oh, fuck it