Augusta

Gracie Abrams

Feel like maybe I might go to Boston
Cut my hair in the way that I've wanted
Change my number and bury my wallet
California makes me exhausted

I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost

Heard a poem about mid October
How the leaves in the fall feel like closure
About a girl that the guy wasn't over
Think that I might relate when I'm older

I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost

Tough I don't know a lot that could hurt me
Learned the hard way to forget my body
Till you're walking around like a zombie
Still don't know how to talk through that story

I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost
I'm lost

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