

Turn off the lights and tell me everything that's on your mind
Or how we both know you've been off since last July
Your eyes are swollen from feeling so alone
Sit tight, I swear that I'm not going home

Two days now broken down in the same room
I'll hold you tight while you cry hard into my arms
It's funny how John's dad says we're all just wasting our time
And to make things worse, John can't follow his own lies

Don't tell me it won't be the same
And I guess I'll hope for the best
And tell myself I'll make it and be okay
You know you mean so much to me

And here's to another night in my basement
Where Dallas and I will talk about
How we hate our generation
So here's a thank you
From me for the lesson of growing older
And how I actually am afraid of being nineteen

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I hope it was worth it
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