

Running out of reasons
To tell myself for the things I can't explain
Dwelling on the moments
I keep replaying in the hopes that maybe they'll change
Far as I can see I'm a puppeteer
Trying to control what I can't bring near

So I finally stop
Let go of the wheel
The more I give up
The better I feel
There's no turning back
I've broken the seal
The motion I can handle
The motion I can handle

Do I care too much to leave it alone?
There's a narrative I always need to know
Maybe it's that I obsess on figuring out
Every person, place or thing I've grown to doubt

But I finally stop
Let go of the wheel
The more I give up
The better I feel
There's no turning back
I've brokered the deal
The motion I can handle
The motion I can handle

Stop obsessing on what's not important
Stop obsessing on what's not important
Stop obsessing on what-
And so I give up
I give up

Tap thrice, blink and look right
Side eyed shut the door twice
For this one, and that one, or I will fail

I finally stop
Relinquish the wheel
The better I feel

I finally stop
Let go of the wheel
The more I give up
The better I feel
There's no turning back
I've broken the seal
The motion I can handle
The motion I can handle

Once I let it go (I don't have to fear what I don't know)
I don't need control