

Chill, it's okay, to behave as you age  
You still have your hair and the village fake fame  
You're waiting for someone, someone that stands your same old w  
ars  
Whenever you chose that, that line was already too packed

But how am I suppose to touch you and stay away?  
From all the strangers that surround you  
Yeah you'd like them as friends  
I hate your taste, I hate your background  
Why don't you talk normal once

Boots made you cool, when you were underage  
Now you're missed too soon in your bed of clichés  
You're waiting for someone, someone that likes it when you bluf  
f  
Whenever you chose that, don't get upset I'm not the one

But how am I suppose to like you and stay away?  
From all the strangers that surround you  
Yeah you'd like them as friends  
I hate your taste, I hate your background  
Why don't you talk normal once

You're waiting for someone, someone that likes it when you bluf  
f  
Whenever you chose that, don't get upset I'm not the one  
(They go sober and sober and sober, sober and sober)  
You're always gonna mess around, never gonna be around, always  
gonna mess around  
(But how am I suppose to?)  
(They go sober and sober and sober, Soberland, Soberland)

But how am I suppose to guide you and stay away?  
From all the strangers that surround you  
Yeah you'd like them as friends  
I hate your taste, I hate your background  
Kid talk normal once

But how am I suppose to love you and stay away?  
From all the strangers that surround you  
Yeah you'd like them as friends  
I hate your taste, I hate your...  
Welcome to Soberland