

Just How I Feel, Pt. 3

Hotel Books

Finding love in all the lies
It goes on and on and on and on
Finding love in all the lies
It goes on and on and on and on until we're dead

I was hiking up a mountain, just to prove to myself that the comments were not true
My breathing felt countless, looking through the clouds, each one telling me a different truth
Trying to stay grounded, I'll pray to whichever star reminds me most of you
My heart fully surrounded, each beat rebounding off the water's face
The ripple displaced the moment erased just to remind myself I'm not living for the revenue

[?]
Whisper to me
Put the shiver back in my bones
The first time I wrote a song about feeling alone

I'm the only one who's going crazy
(Finding love in all the lies)
Why does this feel like a crisis to me?
(It goes on and on and on and on)
I'm the only one who's feeling it lately
(Finding love in all the lies)
Why does this feel like a crisis to me?
(It goes on and on and on and on until we're dead)

A rabbit looked at me and I hoped it meant something
Like your spirit was touching my blood as it was quickly rushing
I used to want to fight the world, but you told me, once I grow up, the only thing left would be for me to fight that feeling
And you said a good artist makes something that's important to them
And a hack just tries to make something that'll come off as important to everyone else
And I didn't know what that meant, at least not back then
And you said that if I don't understand something, don't mistake it as mystical
It could just be my own confusion

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(Finding love in all the lies)
Why does this feel like a crisis to me?
(It goes on and on and on and on until we're dead)

Your eyes look like marbles full of hundred winters without a Christmas
A parcel full of abundant splinters coming from broken distance
Your eyes look like marbles full of hundred winters without a Christmas

A parcel full of abundant splinters coming from broken distance
Your eyes look like marbles full of hundred winters without a Christmas
A parcel full of abundant splinters coming from broken distance
Your eyes look like marbles full of hundred winters without a Christmas
A parcel full of abundant splinters coming from broken distance

Tell me this means something
Tell me it's you trying to send me a message
Tell me this means something
Tell me it's you trying to tell me something
Tell me this means something
Tell me this means something