

Pick up your old telephone and call your mom tell her what you'
re doing
Your existential crisis makes you fluid, makes you human
But it don't compare to what you know
Got a heart of a fool, yea a heart of gold
And everything has a shelf life, baby, but you're not getting o
ld

Say, say
That you're sticking around even when I'm down
Say, it's okay
I'm a little fucked up, and I hope that's enough
Say

Hop out of the shower I could look at you for hours
And that shitty truck stop leg tattoo
That you got when you were high on shrooms
It's 4 in the morning, we're on the floor
Dreaming of places we can't afford
And you know I'm not keeping score
I got demons of my own

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I'm a little fucked up, and I hope that's enough
For the night that we love and the fights that we have
I would take 'em over and over again
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