

Life

Jon Bellion

Twenty-two, and confused
on what to do and how to set it up
Kinda drunk, sort of high
She's a broken miss America
Never learned how to love cuz the answers are stuck
behind closed doors
You can call it a night when the lights in the club don't shine no more
When the lights in the club don't shine no more
When the lights in the club don't shine no more

She wrote it on the bathroom wall
In her favorite shade of lipstick
L-I-F-E
She wrote it on the bathroom wall
In her favorite shade of lipstick
L-I-F-E
L-I-F-E
L-I-F-E
Oh, oh she's just trying to figure out
L-I-F-E
L-I-F-E
Oh oh we're just trying to figure out

Only dreams bout the lights
So he's having trouble getting up
He's convinced
Only Kanye knows how to make it in America
Never learned how to love cuz the answers are stuck in
all of the lights all of the lights
You can call it a night when the lights in the studio shine no more
When the lights in the studio shine no more
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Oh, oh she's just trying to figure out

L-I-F-E

L-I-F-E

Oh oh I'm just trying to figure out

yeah