These days I can't decide how I feel
I need some company but maybe I should be alone
I pick the pieces up of what's real
I'm feeling lonely even when you're blowing up my phone

My mind and my soul head in different directions You broke the mirror and I'm the reflection These days I can't decide how I feel I should be happy but I'm realizing that

I don't even want this anymore
Each day is a mistake that I made the day before
And I know I'll never leave if I can't open the door
Each time I think I've made it I wake up on the floor
I don't want this anymore

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