

She wish I was good at being something, I'm not
I waste all my time, I think I wish it would stop
She wake up at ten and then she put on her makeup
And I still go to bed and hope that I never wake up
My ex just hit me up to tell me I'm still an asshole
I'm worried 'bout the future, but I'm stuck on the past though
I'm looking at my phone and I been talking for too long
And you thought that you knew me, you knew wrong

And I think it's my insomnia
I could write a book on everything that's wrong with ya
And I figured out that ain't nobody solid, uh
It started adding up, I think that I'm the problem, uh
And I think it's my insomnia
I could write a book on everything that's wrong with ya
And I figured out that ain't nobody solid, uh
It started adding up, I think that I'm the problem, uh

Can you feel it?
Coursing through your veins just like it's venom
Toxic poison
It's keeping me alive, but I feel dead inside
And every night, I stay up thinking how you fucked me up
And every toss and turn I do, you haunt my every move
And I need you out my head
So I finally go to bed

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