

Playing solitaire in restaurants  
Boundaries I'm testing em  
No one's really watching still I sense that I've been messing up  
Human but day by day I'm feeling like I'm less of one  
Sent all my best friends presents yet I'm disappointing everyone  
Got no direction someone summon Nora Ephron  
Beer pong's how I learned the capital of Lebanon  
Basically we're Lennon John, young & dead and gone  
Whiskey tipsy keep on slipping don't know which end of the bed I'm on  
Calories, Valeries in malls smoking on Cali weed  
How can you complain when you've made up all your realities?  
Ballerinas balancing, validating maladies  
Barfing up their salad greens par for mister balanchine  
I text a lot of boys, but I rarely fuck em  
Ducking clouds, breaking down, got my head up in an oven  
Shut my mouth, blacking out, yeah my brain is fucking bludgeoned  
Though I've had my doubts I know my stuff is straight disgusting  
And I mean that in the best way  
Flipping shit like burgers or fake furs or a sex change  
Right onto the next phase, got my buddies in the backseat  
Don't like what I do then get your lips up off my ass cheek

Rocks in my shoes, stones in my pockets  
Lost and confused, cold and forgotten  
Yeah, that's me  
I try to look alive but I'm half asleep

Baby's got a nosebleed, talking to a lead pipe  
Strangers think they know me, photos of my best side  
Fit into my old jeans, haven't eaten in like  
3 days you say I'm looking sick well shit you're dead right  
Father's vices, but my mama's heart so I've feeling like  
Penitent a million nights sipping on these miller lights  
Wishing it was back to mash & after class & pillow fights  
Feeling violated so I memorized the Bill of Rights  
Kids I grew up with, perspective busted  
& now like half of them are fat, that's fucking justice  
Swear I'm on the cusp of something great, least I hope I am  
Trying to get a couple butts to shake til I'm broke again  
Compliments they're never sinking in I'm drinking gin  
And wondering why every night I bend over the sink again  
Thinking I'm in love so my irises been twinkling  
But he don't feel the same, guess I'm permanently single then  
My anxiety been fucking with me awfully  
Should I be taking medications, doctor probably  
Tummy's bum need an endoscopy  
Wanted everything under the sun guess I'll settle for some Foster's Freeze  
But life's gravy uh I'm trying to find a man & hop in his Mercedes  
All my no ways been turning into maybes  
I thought I told you I was fucking crazy