

complex

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I'm twenty-one
The edge is razor thin
Between being numb and feeling everything
Good days only serve as relief again

Now I'm watching as I waste away my days
And then
It's a cross dissolve
It's a scene I've played before
And the leading role that I thought I'd hold
Doesn't listen to me anymore

But I'm wearing his boxers, I'm being a good wife
We won't be together, but maybe the next life
I need him like water, he lives on a landslide
I cry in his bathroom, he turns off the big light
I'm being a cool girl, I'm keeping it so tight
I carry him home while my friends have a good night
I need him like water, he thinks that I'm alright
I'm not feeling human, I think he's a good guy

But it's complex
It's a complex

Triangular, I can see them now
Three points at which I let myself down
I was just a girl, what's the excuse now?
Too regular, this pattern
I've been taking shelter in reaching new highs
When I was nineteen I wanted to die

Now I just want to kill you
But I don't want to paint you the victim
And I talk a good game
I'd die for just the promise you'd listen

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