

Patterns

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Like the rhythm in my head
Like the blanket on my bed
Always hanging by a thread
I got patterns

Like the stars up in the sky
Like "I love you" to "goodbye"
I got questions, I got whys
I got patterns

Ooh, it's in my generations
It's in my constellations
Moon and Saturn
Ooh, they're rolling through my bloodstream
I'm coming apart at the seams
I got patterns

Maybe more than I like healing
I like the feeling of the feeling
That leaves me staring at the ceiling
The morning after

And maybe I'm the one to blame
For doing the same old same
But hey, what can I say?
I got patterns

Ooh, it's in my generations
It's in my constellations
Moon and Saturn
Ooh, they're rolling through my bloodstream
I'm coming apart at the seams
I got patterns

Over and over and over again
It's so much deeper than under my skin
Is this a battle that I'll ever win?
When does it start, and when does it—

Over and over and over again
It's so much deeper than under my skin
Is this a battle that I'll ever win?
When does it start, and when does it end?

Over and over and over again
It's so much deeper than under my skin
Is this a battle that I'll ever win?
When does it start, and when does it end?

Over and over and over again
It's so much deeper than under my skin
Is this a battle that I'll ever win?
When does it start, and when does it end?

One, two, three, four
Mm
I got patterns

Yeah, I got patterns

Will I outgrow all these patterns?

Will I unknow all these patterns?

Hey

Oh yeah, patterns

Oh yeah