

Control

Liza Anne

Oh, I ran once
Took my fight across the ocean
I thought if I could make my way
Across the sea, I'd find a place
Now I'm swallowed up by a city that doesn't give a fuck
To whether I am up on time
Or whether if I'm, well, alive
And I'm so good - getting too good at hiding
Too good at keeping to myself that I'm spiraling

I have felt before for some who have wanted me more
Than I could have wanted them
Some call it selfishness
But I'm so scared, I'm so scared of the voices
They're telling me I'll end up alone

Oh, I heard once
You only love when you're lonely
And you smile when you're hurting
So it doesn't concern them
But I'm so tired, I'm just so tired of hiding
I'm so tired of keeping to myself
That I'm spiraling out of control

I'm so tired of keeping to myself