

My skin sticks to your bed  
The fan is nothing but noise, nothing but noise  
I swear my sweaty hands have typed a bunch of words on my phone  
But none of them make much sense

'Til I charmingly sing them out of key  
To you on some random night  
'Til the sun dips beneath your window  
And you tell me you'll be alright

And we'll all pretend to be okay

Where did I go wrong? The air is getting thinner  
Where do we get off? I've been blessed with a level head  
And my flat feet will keep me grounded in the thought I might go  
ahead  
And my body will keep me grounded in my bed