

Problems

Matt Maeson

I know you got your problems, everybody's got 'em
You don't gotta change yourself for me
I feel it in nostalgia, feel it at the bottom
You don't gotta lose yourself for me

Bright red sweaters and achy joints
Frostbit weather at stoney point
That's where I saw you
That's where I saw you
Christmas lights and suits and ties
I picked you up from the wedding
That's where I saw you
That's where I lost you

Behind my eyes I see the steeple
I can see all the lonely people

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God only knows if I feel it again
My memories have started to hurt my head
I'm hollowed and dry, I'm too tired to try
My memories have started to hurt my head
I am who I am, the ink in my skin
My memories have started to know me less
I, I've never really been this good at making regrets
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