

Missing Out

Maya Hawke

Lucy wants to write the next
Great American novel
She can't even read the bottle
She says I might be a genius
Well, she could be a model

Didn't think I'd get in
So I didn't apply
Now I'm a drunk hanger on
Hitting on the younger guy

I buy booze for the Ivy League
With my television salary
They think they look up to me hah

I was left like coals in leaves and
I sparked up in winter's breeze
And now I know it's me who's missing out

I'm missing out, missing out, missing out
I'm missing out, missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
(Now I know it's me who's missing out)

I was born with my foot in the door
And my mind in the gutter
And my guts on the floor
Holding the party line
Embarrassed all the time

I remember my potential
Before I skipped the fundamentals
Before I ran from safety
Hoping someone would chase me

I was left like coals in leaves and
I sparked up in winters breeze
And now I know it's me who's missing out

I'm missing out, missing out, missing out
I'm missing out, missing out, missing out
I'm missing out, missing out, missing out
(Now I know it's me who's missing out)

Missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
(Now I know it's me who's missing out)

I've been someone to talk about
I wanna be someone to talk to
I've bitten off way more than I can spit out

Missing out, missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
(Now I know it's me who's missing out)

Missing out, missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
Missing out, missing out, missing out
(Now I know it's me who's missing out)

I'm missing out
I'm missing out
I'm missing out
I'm missing out