

Sobs Quietly

Mom Jeans.

Baby I'm sorry
Things didn't work out the way that I planned
But we both know that planning's not my strong suit
I'm sad that I lost you, but I won't chase you
I still don't blame you for making me stall
When I learned how to drive your car
Because your best friends were all too sad to take you to the airport
But I miss you every minute of every day
Tell me, why can't you still make a decision?
'Cause I'm getting better at
Crying without making any noise
All I want is your voice in my head
And your hair in my bed

Please tell me why I'm so afraid of dying alone
So scared and so stoned
But I don't know what I need, so just tell me what you need
You're all I need
Just please don't make me