

Sort Yourself Out

Neck Deep

Did you notice how I'm feeling?
I thought you might feel the same
Going back and losing track, so I'll repeat myself again
I've made mistakes, you've broken promises
I could win a fucking medal for the most apologies
Apologies, apologies

I could buy her flowers, but it never fucking works
It's like a loaded gun, it's like dynamite and a match to her
Guess you could say that she's explosive
She says, "Boy, you're corrosive, sort yourself out, sort yourself out"

Notice me
I'm trying here so desperately to find certainty
Not sure if I can be your peace of mind
I'm never gonna be, I'm never gonna be what you want if you don't trust me
So, what's it gonna be?
Tell me who are, and tell me what you really think
Tell me what you really think

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And to be honest, it's not really much to do with fucking flowers
When you stay up for hours doing nothing
Fucking thinking 'bout the future
It's mental kama sutra
Sort yourself out, sort yourself out

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When you stay up for hours doing nothing
Fucking drank all my kombucha
Play dumb just 'cause it suits ya
Sort yourself out, sort yourself out