

Silver Sadness

Ängie

Yet again, all alone, at the train station
Fucking sick of myself and my fucked passions
You ruined me then and you ruin me now
Can let go, I just don't know how

Singing out loud on my way home, high
Always thinking about you, silver sadness
I'm obsessing over you, golden madness

Singing out loud on my way home, high
Trees are blooming and my feet are tired
Singing out loud on my way home, high
Trees are blooming and my feet are tired

I'm a mess 'cause of you, I'm pathetic
Crying over you is my whole damn aesthetic
You fuck me up sober and you fuck me up fucked
Eyes red from the joints always puffed

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