

Split

NIKI

It's a West Coast winter, sun's still a furnace
So I keep tanning, just never on purpose
I'm saturated in equal parts sun and doubt
So I turn the fan on high and hope I sweat it out

Christmas is coming, I miss my mama
Well, least I got my daddy, but he's in Jakarta
And there, it's raining, while here, it's dry as bone
Kinda wish I knew what I meant when I'd say, "I miss home"

Guess I'm forever caught between two worlds
Right foot rock, left foot hard place, head and heart at war
I do my best between addresses
Wish I were on either side of the foreign wall
Oh, always part of me missing, but no one sees a difference
'Cause I split them all (Ooh, ooh)

Spread so thin, I'm low on emotional bandwidth
The voice in my head speaks a different language
And where I live, they believe you only have yourself
But where I'm from, you're taught to be somebody else
So hellos are short, goodbyes are only half farewells

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