

Mess

Noah Kahan

If I could get this all back
I would be home in the morning
I'd wake up in a cold sweat
Take a flight back to the city I was born in
And I would wipe myself clean
Of what I knew was unimportant
I'd want typical things
I'd try to fit back into all my old clothing

And I would prove myself wrong
That all along, the problem was me
With all my bitterness gone
Happy, I'd be

I'd move back home forever
I'll feed the dogs and I'll put all
My pieces back together
Where they belong and I'll say
I'm a mess, I'm a mess
Oh God, I'm a mess
And I'll take 89 to Boston
See my love and I'll help her
Set up her new apartment
And we'll get drunk and she'll say
Shit, you're a mess, you're a mess
Good God, you're a mess
Oh, you're a mess, you're a mess
Good God

So I paid off my debts
But I found the world boring
So I call my old friends
But they only ever ask me how tour is
And there's still weight on my back
I just try to ignore it
I guess the stage was my mask
I forgot the way I look before I wore it

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That's not what I had hoped
Now I find comfort in the cold

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