

WEIRDOS

NOAHFINNCE

I don't know why I
Think I'm the bad guy
I don't know why I'm stoned
I don't know why I
Choose to believe I'm
Panicking on my own

Lately it feels like
You're having a bad time
I don't mind if you moan
Tell me your secrets
And then I'll tell you mine
I promise I won't call home
I promise I won't call home

Scream, it's such a beautiful thing
I'm sick to death of all this talk of dancing
Scream, our friends have nothing to hide
We're petrified let's try our luck at chancing
We could be weirdos, weirdos, weirdos
We could be weirdos, weirdos, weirdos

We don't need their blessing
So fuck their acceptance
Looking down from their throne
Made quite the impression
Not seeking affection
At least we'll grow a backbone

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I'm sick to death of all this talk of dancing
Scream, our friends have nothing to hide
We're petrified let's try our luck at chancing
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I don't know why I
Think I'm the bad guy
I don't know why I'm stoned
The vision in my mind
Of having a bad time
Is better when we're alone

Scream, it's such a beautiful thing
I'm sick to death of all this talk of dancing
Scream, our friends have nothing to hide
We're petrified let's try our luck at chancing
We could be weirdos, weirdos, weirdos
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