

Twenty Something

nothing,nowhere.

I'm a twenty something
Something's running through my veins
I'm feeling quite alone
Used to say I gave a fuck about a shit
But now that shit that I dismiss gets in my bones
And you can tell your friends that I'm a mess
And that I always stay at home
But your alcohol will fade away
Those local bars and glory days are gone

And how about that?
Still stuck in the past
Did you think it would last?
This, too, shall pass

Passed out slow yeah
It's all in my head
Or it's all too real
Either way I'm fucked
Either way I've had enough
And I did this to myself

And how about that?
Still stuck in the past
Did you think it would last?
This, too, shall pass