

Call Mom

Olivia O'Brien

I'm sad in my Porsche, I was happy in my Honda
I just can't afford to be rich any longer
Cuz I got so bored of the stuff I was fond of
I'm crying backstage but I'm playing The Fonda
Hollywood hills but got Hollywood friends
There for the party but not when it ends
Hollywood dreams but I'm still just a kid
And I would give anything to feel that again

I'm too young to feel like my life's already over
The past's so far gone and the future's much closer
I'd trade all this freedom for the weight off my shoulders
I would, yeah I would

Mama, can you pick me up?
I wanna come home, I hate this grown up stuff
Mama, I wanna come home

Hey mom, I promise that everything's fine
Still doing the same shit just wasting my time
Don't believe everything you see online
Your little girls' heart broke but she's still alive

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Mama, I wanna come home

Can I, can I, can I come back?
Can I, can I come back, ba-back?
Can I, can I come back?
Can I, can I come back, ba-back?
Can I come back, back, back, back?
Can I, can I come back?
Can I come back, back, back, back, back?
Can I, can I come back?
Can I, can I come back, ba-back, back, back?
Oooh oooh...
Can I, can I come back?
Oooh oooh...