

But I'm not Mr. Brightside
I don't deserve a spotlight
I'm dreaming on a red-eye
As reality seems to fly by
I miss texting my best friends
But my phone's on airplane mode
And I feel so alone
As I look out the window (So 'lone)
I see everyone wavin' below

I hope you think of me
Every time you hear this song
I do, yeah
I hope you think of me
Every time you hear this song

Yeah
I swear my Nike's are dirty
And all my friends are in a hurry
I'm drinking my coffee in slides
My parents, they constantly worry
Lately, I barely can focus
I think I'm wide awake dreamin'
Probably just simple mitosis
I'm missin' my friends on the weekend
Wish I forgot what had caused this
Lyin' pretend I'm flawless
Tryna not to numb these emotions
Knowin' I got to be cautious
Kept this in my head too long, like shit
Reality, I'm struggling to come to terms with

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Ay, yeah uh
I've been trying to live my life
But I ain't living like I should
Can't expect to see the sun
If I ain't taking off my hood
See them all walk to the door that is locked
Wish I had a shoulder I could cry on
Take offs and runways
I'ma miss my brothers
Soccer on Sundays
They won't see my number
While I'm here on the corner, I'm dreading it all
Not sure what to say as we end this call

Brightside

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I'm dreaming on the red...