

Camilla, I'm at Home

Peach Pit

Camilla I'm at home alone just staring at my phone for you to write

I'm laying singled in my bed just stoned out of my head this Friday night

Oh Camilla you don't understand I haven't left my room

In a couple days, even though you might think that I'd want to see
When you're scrolling by you might be thinking that it's me you see

But it's not really

Camilla I'm at home instead just circling my head don't ask me why

I'm really making such a fuss, been feeling rather off so don't come by

And it always folds in blue

While I'm leaning into chocolate

But a vision of it holds me very still

I don't even think it's real

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