

Nervous

Pears

Here's a tale:

When I was 6 and militantly innocent
They didn't think I'd handle it too well
Turns out they were on the nose
About a toddlers mortal woes
Cause all we do is decompose and smell

Please give me time

Nervous
Still kinda nervous
Still kinda nervous
Still kinda scared to die
Nervous
Still kinda nervous
Still kinda nervous
Still kinda clinging to days gone by

Must've cried a Waterpark
And that's just stabbing in the dark
They gave up
And they dropped me off at home
It's then I knew that on the Earth
We're disconnected after birth
And handled my mortality alone

Please give me space

My sensibilities have been replaced
With guilt and lack of grace

I need more time

My conscience is uniquely unaligned
I am the bottom line

What's the worst that could happen
Playing 30 odd years
Pretend I don't wanna be angry
I just wanna feel open again
I don't wanna be angry
I just wanna feel open again
I don't wanna be angry
But I'll never feel open again