

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