I was in a quarter-life crisis and I couldn't explain I'd been feelin' so different about all the same things Remember that summer that I shaved my head Just to prove that I have control over something I played The Sims 'til I was 21 I had a little life that I always wanted 'Til you dragged me along to your best friend's party Where the conversation always started

"Hey there, darlin', did ya get ya a haircut?"
"I think I cut damn near every last one of them"
I make jokes when I been feelin' uncomfortable
Am I alright? I really think I'm in trouble

I walked in, you said, "Damn, that's a shaved head Did you go to the barber, ask for a Natalie Portman?" "Actually, I was blacked out and alone in my bathroom Shavin' my own head in the mirror" "Sure you can touch it, and yes, it's so soft No, I don't feel different. I still feel fucking lost"

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