

For The Best

Phora

How can I keep quiet?
Lay my head to rest
Do whatever you think's for the best
Ooh-woah, oh, oh
How can I keep quiet? (Yeah)
Lay my head to rest (This is a song about)
Do whatever you think's for the best (Learning to let go)
Ooh-woah, oh, oh (Yeah, uh)

Pessimistic, my skepticism is borderline
Narcissistic, I try to refrain from showin' signs
Introverted, my thoughts always workin' overtime
Narcotics and antidepressants healin' my soul and mind
Psychoactive personality traits
Can't control what I'm feelin', I'm a tragedy case
Or maybe it's just how I was raised
Alcohol and drug addiction seems to be a fuckin' family trait, yeah
And last year I broke down to my core
That's why I didn't drop an album, but I dropped my tour
I got thoughts I be dealin' with
Depression in my motherfuckin' heart that you can't call a fuckin' hotline f
or, yeah
Intact with my soul, out of touch with the world
Like how I hate myself, fall in love with my girl

I just gotta get this shit off my chest
You wanna leave, I understand, do what you think's for the best, I mean

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Semi bipolar, first I love, then I hate you
Cross the line one time, and I'm quick to erase you
One second, I'm happy, then I switch and it's painful
Lonely 'cause the people that I love look at me in disgraceful
In shock from my aunt passin' away
Even though she gone, I still think of her to this day
All she did was love, she was crazy some people say
But still, she always had a big heart, and gave it away, yeah
She was a beautiful tortured soul, like you and I
My father's sister, I see her face painted in the sky
I miss her voice and her laugh, that shit kills me inside
I used to ask God, "Why?" but He never replied
Well, maybe it's too much to take in
Maybe I said too much, it'll make sense in the end, yeah

Guess I just had to get this shit off my chest
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