

# the kids aren't alright

Pinkshift

I'm so fucking bitter  
I can't stop scrolling through Twitter  
And I'm losing my head  
It's out from underneath my shoulders  
And I'm looking in the mirror  
My future isn't clearer  
And I'm forgetting why I'm here  
And always what I ever came for

I, oh I  
Oh no

I'm not winning yet  
Because it's so hard to believe  
That I will ever get there some day  
And I don't remember it  
But it'll come to me  
Or else I or else I  
I might give up on myself

The world is always ending  
For some reason we're pretending that an epidemic  
It isn't real, isn't present  
The stupidity will getcha  
Your anxiety will kill ya  
And a whole new generation's either numb or medicated

I, I, oh I  
Oh no

I'm not winning yet  
Because it's so hard to believe  
That I will ever get there some day  
And I don't remember it  
But it'll come to me  
Or else I or else I  
I might give up on myself

Is it the cramps or is my life always this bad  
I don't know if I'll ever make it  
To the other side where skies are blue  
And I don't have to pay to stay alive  
Or worry about the things we do

I don't want your fake obsessions  
I need something real to change  
I don't want your fake obsessions  
I need something real to change

I'm losing my mind  
The world is ending all the time  
And I don't think that I can take it  
And I'm so bitter yet  
I keep forgetting what I'm here for  
Forget it  
I might give up on myself

Give up on myself