

Miami

Pretty Sick

I don't wanna think
What we will be like when this is over
I've already been
A million different people
So what could I be like when I'm sober?

Maybe it's not the booze
Maybe it's just me
Maybe we don't have any excuses left
Maybe I was tired before
And I'm gonna get some sleep
And I'll be a different person when I get dressed

Maybe it's not the sex
Maybe it's just me
Maybe I'm not everything you thought I would be
Maybe I lost control
And maybe I can't see
But who really cares when you're warm, held tight in Miami?

Imagine no possessions
No exorcisms too
Imagine one day I get down to the bottom of myself
And I find you
And who am I even singing for
When singing used to be vacation?
Was my fate always so tragic?
Do I live up to expectation?

And I hope everyone enjoyed it
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