

Pressure's on, questions asked
I wish I had better ways to answer back
So I keep on actin' up to counteract
The fact that I've had better days, super sad

Wind in the city stings, tears on my face
Feelin' like this for years, by the way
Not that you'd know, I'm far too fake
To own up to any and all of my mistakes

I feel the weight on me
That's why I push on you
You say you don't know me
How well do they know you?

Well, well, well, the time is off, mood is wrong
I feel like the fuckin' worst, worst of all
Least that's what I tell myself, tell me off
Treat me good, fucking good, then do you wrong

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Sometimes I just want to be a loner
Disappear somewhere in California
Charge my phone, tag, erase it to my social
I don't know, though, I don't
Sometimes I just want to be a loner
Disappear somewhere in California
Charge my phone, tag, erase it to my social
I don't know, though, I don't