

It's my Jordan year
And I thought this shit would look good on me
But I just feel weird

And I still can't fly
Thought I'd be ahead
But I'm down by five
I'm on fight or flight
And I still can't fly

Everything looks good on paper
Displayed on the shelf
And nobody thinks they should save her
'Cause she's doing well
365 days later
I still haven't learned to calm down
But I blow candles out
My wish should be different by now

But tomorrow I turn twenty-three
And it feels like everyone hates me
So how old do you have to be
To live so young and careless
My wish is that I cared less
At twenty-three

The bags on my eyes
No, they're not designer
But they're overpriced
I paid for with crying
Cry, cry, cry

And every ex hits my phone
Like happy birthday, are you alone?
You tried to ruin twenty-two
So don't pretend that now we're cool

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Happy birthday
Happy birthday

I hope that I'll see twenty-four

I hope I'll understand me more
I hope my bed is off the floor
I hope that I can care less
But I'm afraid to care less