

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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And nobody thinks they should save her  
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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

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