

Happy

Rhodes

Oh I
I thought I could stay high
But it's a fine line between paradise and paralysed

Sometimes
I don't even know why
I feel like I'm tongue tied, on the outside
Oh god I'm so tired

You said, 'you don't have to carry this around'
I said 'I'm trying to find a place to put it down'
Could it just be right here, you and me

Don't we owe it to ourselves
Don't we owe it to ourselves

To be happy, happy, happy now?

Cos I don't think I am
It just keeps slipping through my hands
Like golden sand

Oh my, just look at all the stars in the sky
Constellations, conversations that slow down time

They say that life is pain but I'm not sold
And I'll never know the meaning of it all anyway
Could it just be right here, you and me

Don't we owe it to ourselves
Don't we owe it to ourselves

To be happy, happy, happy now

Cos I don't think I am
It just keeps slipping through my hands
Like golden sand

But I'll keep trying
I'll keep trying
I'll keep trying
I'll keep trying

Don't we owe it to ourselves
Don't we owe it to ourselves