

Five Years

Robyn Ottolini

I'm a little hungover
And this office is way too cold
It's funny you ask that
'Cause I never plan on getting old
I know my resume is lacking
It's not for a lack of trying
Sorry, back to your question
I'll try answering without lying

Yeah in five years
I could be happy with a shitty apartment
Couple of friends with the same taste in wine
But a different taste in men
Yeah in five years
I could let myself fall in love
Have a family and consider myself a grown-up
If worst comes to worst I could be in heaven or hell
But in five years
I just hope I don't hate myself

Oh you make a real ass
Sorry, my mind just went somewhere else
Swear I'm a hard worker, just like my father
But time can only tell

If in five years
I could be happy with a shitty apartment
Couple of friends with the same taste in wine
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Yeah in five years
I could let myself fall in love
Have a family and consider myself a grown up
If worst comes to worst I could be in heaven or hell
But in five years
I just hope I don't hate myself

For the choices I made
For the fucks that I gave
For the people that see me naked
In the last year alone
So much has changed
I still don't know how I got to today

So in five years
I could be happy with a shitty apartment
Couple of friends with the same taste in wine
But a different taste in men
Yeah in five years
I could let myself fall in love
Have a family and consider myself a grown up
If worst comes to worst I could be in heaven or hell
There's not another thought that gets me more overwhelmed
That in five years
What if I hate myself