

# Thinning

Snail Mail

Haven't felt right in a week  
And I'm thinning out  
And it hurts bad  
I gotta get back

Hot head and dreamless sleep  
I could just slip down  
And on the wrong track  
I gotta get back

I wanna spend the entire year  
Just face down  
And on my own time  
I wanna waste mine

And spend the rest of it asking myself  
"Is this who you are?"  
And I don't know  
It just feels gross

I don't think there's anything wrong  
I don't think there's anything wrong  
And I don't think there's anything wrong  
I don't think there's anything wrong

Sunlight on the back of my arms  
Just thins me out  
To a different time  
I wanna waste mine