

Dear Parents...

Tate McRae

Sixteen, lot on her mind
Gotta few friends, left the rest behind
But guess that's just what happens, people change
Stressed out but is always "fine"
They be asking, but she can't describe
Maybe, they're right, it'll all be fixed with age

Hate that you've been saying I'm dramatic
Immature because I just don't wanna talk
You ever think that you might be overreacting?
Promise I'm thinking, overthinking quite a lot

They say we're crazy and useless, making stupid excuses
To go make bad decisions when we're hurt
And we're not crazy romantics but we still know what a heart is
And know that when it's cracked it really burns

Oh we know more than what we tell you
But can't always put into words
And we don't cry because we want to
But you'll assume it's because she's another sixteen year old girl

High school's been a terrifying one
She thinks she won't ever find someone
To build her back when she's in pieces and pieces again
Let's not forget about all the
Ones who go and run their mouths just to
Stay relevant and not miss out

Hate that you've been saying I'm dramatic
Immature because I just don't wanna talk
You ever think that you might be overreacting?
Promise I'm thinking, overthinking quite a lot

They say we're crazy and useless, making stupid excuses
To go make bad decisions when we're hurt
And we're not crazy romantics but we still know what a heart is
And know that when it's cracked it really burns

Oh we know more than what we tell you
But can't always put into words
And we don't cry because we want to
But you'll assume it's because she's another sixteen year old girl