

Honest

Tessa Violet

Here's the truth: my strength ain't being honest
I mostly work from wanting to be wanted
And if there's something else, well I don't know if I got it
And come the night I'm never really solid

Guess I'm not doing well. I'm not doing well
I'm not doing well. I'm not doing well
I'm no good tonight. no. I don't feel alright at all
Guess I'm not doing well. I'm not doing well

1 2 3 and 4, how long till I feel like myself again? and
I'd walk out the door but... where would I go?
Try and hide from what's inside you. you can run but it can find you
Where would I go? where would you go?
Flattery's my choice of weapon; poison tastes like my resentment
Where would I go? where would you go?

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Oh. sometimes I feel like there's no where else to go
And every road I take is leading me back
And lonely is the girl who doesn't let it show
But every road I take is leading me back

Funny to notice that about yourself like all at once I realize
I didn't want to see it
And if I been going crazy maybe it's because I keep on telling
myself a story: that I should be doing fine by now

Hey, hey, it's okay
Hey, hey, you're okay

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