

# 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 fin  
d you  
Where would I go? where would you go?  
Flattery's my choice of weapon; poison tastes like my resentmen  
t  
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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