

Testing

The Chainsmokers

Can I say I've lost myself
Or would it be too much
For everyone at home?

Can I say I've turned on myself
For all the things that I've done
And everyone I've wronged?

What did you expect?
Hold me by the neck
When I get too high

We started this for fun
Now they acting like I won
I could see both sides

It's hard to keep it low-key when everyone's your homie
I see the inside of a bottle when I'm lonely
Maybe I'm projecting, I'll tell you what I don't see
I'm looking for a friend where there used to be the old me, oh

Every day's so high
Like everything you pictured
I'm so high

Every day's so high
Like everything you pictured
I'm so high

Come with me and you'll see a world of pure imagination
You'll be free, what they see so far from all your limitations
Come with me and you'll see a world of pure imagination
Pure imagination, pure imagination
A world of pure imagination
Pure imagination