

No Filter

Ward Thomas

We're dressed to the nines
We stress that we're fine
Go out every night, hey
We're lost in the dark
We're barely a spark
We're both just pretending we're something we're not

I re-position my hands, my hair, my cheek
So you might listen to me
I've been conditioned to win a piece of the war you started

What if we turned the light on and we just got honest?
What if everybody said what they really wanted to say?
And stop trying to hide the way I did before
I've got no filter anymore, ooh
I've got no filter anymore, ooh

So quick to critique
You're painting a screen
Of how I should look, how to feel, what to think
But never really see me

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I re-position my hands, my hair, my cheek
So you might listen to me
I'm done competing with who I am
And who you want me to be

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