Easter Egg

Waterparks

Would it be worth it to write songs
About everything I'm not?
I could invent a thousand problems
And tangle myself up in the knots
Because people only like the boys in bands
Who are plagued with troubled thoughts
So give me, give me problems
Cut me out for this job

Everybody just thinks that I'm falling apart at the seams and I can't
 believe
That they're all wrong about me
Everybody just thinks that I'm falling apart at the seams and I can't
 believe
That they're all wrong about me

My band and I could play along
Forging anxious three-minute long
Laundry lists of problems
But for some reason that feels wrong
To act unstable
To turn the tables
On myself and everyone
Myself and

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Would it be worth it to write songs
About everything I'm not?
I could invent a thousand problems
And tangle myself up in the knots
Life's not perfect but I won't let that define me
And I won't play along with the trending anxieties
(Bleh!)
Like I say, when I say
"I'll be something you're not"
"I'll be what all the people want"
"I'll be something you're not"
Just give all the people
Just give all the people the truth, truth, truth
Which has nothing to do with you
And there's nothing wrong with being happy

Everybody just thinks that I'm falling apart at the seams and I can't
 believe
That they're all wrong about me
Or if it's just me and everything's bad and it's all falling down to

finally come true
Then they were right about you