Secrets

We Three

I'm over it, my minds running and I'm running outta control of it
I feel alone, when my friends are home and they notice it
Don't tell em though cause nobody knows that I struggle with
Hurtin' my left wrist
Look I'm scared of it, so I'm wearing shirts that really don't look good, but they cover it
Got a grey Nike that doesn't let them see that I'm staining it
It's on the inner left side just below the number five cause it hides a bit
Keeps it secret

I'll tell you my secrets if you tell me yours
Nobody believe us, no not anymore

Cause I should be feeling pretty, but I only feel alone
Got tons of people with me, but they're only on my phone
So tell me what you're thinking about when eyes are closed, and lights are down
Are you thinking about what's underneath your sleeves?
When I should be feeling pretty, but here's what's underneath

My bodies tired, my soul's outta breath there's nothin' left, just a liar
My skin is nothing, but a canvas when I can't get no higher
My secrets pull me down, amplify the sound, like choir

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I smoke and then I can't get down
I'm 6 feet off the ground
I feel a lot when I'm not feeling
And I know I'll probably let you down
If I smile upside down
Hey look, I'm almost at the ceiling

Guess I should be feeling pretty, but I only feel alone
Everybody thinks they know me, but I know they really don't

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