

# Alone

Witt Lowry

Yeah, his name is Tom, but his friends call him T  
They go in the bed at three, he's barely been gettin' sleep  
Yeah, he has a family that he never gets to see  
Spends his time on the poster, people he wants to be  
He needs another dopamine hit, every like, every pic  
Influencers out here influencin' him  
Don't realize that they're not influencin' shit  
But to buy some more products to make them more rich, motherfuckers  
Tom wants attention  
Don't realize real life is worth more than his mentions  
He's stressin', works nine-to-five just to pay for his pensions  
He questions his purpose, feels low, so he posts to suppress it  
"Let the comments rain"  
A bunch of people leavin' likes but don't know his name  
A bunch of people leavin' likes but don't know his pain  
The biggest battle that he fights is his own damn brain, fuck  
His self-worth is tied to an app  
Another day, another panic-attack  
Another person on his pics remindin' him of everything that he lacks  
He doesn't cry, so instead he just laughs and says

I feel the push and the pull  
Evil in my head won't go  
I've been here before  
Think I need help, I know  
'Cause I don't feel myself no more  
When I could never close these doors  
And my head is so alone  
Never felt this far from home

Yeah, her name is Susan, but her friends call her Sue  
Got pregnant, had a baby last June and she should be over the moon  
But lately she's been feelin', it's hard and harder to move  
She struggles to do the things she used to love and I knew  
But she's supposed to be a mom, shit  
Her feelings feel like they been thrown into a moshpit  
And everyone keeps congratulating her like she just won a fuckin' Grammy  
Since her granny passed away, she's been an inch away from lost it  
Went to bed nauseous, woke up feelin' nauseous  
Can barely pay the bills or fill the fridge in her apartment  
Went online for help, but all she found was people talk shit  
Her baby has to grow up in a world so toxic, damn  
Was havin' kids a mistake? Heh  
No one admits it, even if they relate  
She hits a feeling that she's better replaced  
Been gettin' high and drinkin' wine just to get through a day  
Just too much on a plate, doctors tell her just to take more pills  
Tried one, she don't like how it feels  
Knows that people have it worse, but it doesn't make her pain less real  
Tells her friends, time will hopefully heal, 'cause

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Yeah, his name is Mark, a lot of people call him Witt  
He started makin' music just to show 'em he can spit  
Make a little money, buy his mom and dad a whip  
Proved to everyone who doubted now that he could make it big  
Motherfuckers, on the way, use his pain to paint the people his picture  
The ones that want the most of, they never started off with ya  
Somehow he has it gone off and lost himself into liquor  
Or sold his soul for a playlist to play his shit, can you picture this?  
Almost losing your sister, then you losing your dad  
Then you losing your love or the love that you thought you had  
Then you losing yourself writing "Losing You," calling MAX  
You're blessed and you fuckin' know it, feel bad for just feelin' bad, but  
He's scared that everyone will use him  
Every day is more a product and less and less of a human  
Lately he's been feelin' like Truman, would people care if they lose him?  
They criticize, but can't help playing him the music, I feel the-

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