

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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