

Doesn't Feel the Same

Witt Lowry

Being here just doesn't feel the same
In my head is where I spend all day
But I don't wanna waste this moon
Wish I could love me the way I love you
Bein' here just doesn't feel the same
In my head is where I spend all day (Yeah)
But I don't wanna waste this moon
Wish I could love me the way I love you

The way I love you
The way I love you
But I don't wanna waste this moon
Wish I could love me the way I love you (Yeah)

Therapy sessions to deal with the stress
Guess the pain doesn't stop once you got a blue check
Think that I'd give a fuck 'bout the drama when there's generational trauma
My fame doesn't want to address
People I've never met try to come for my neck
Guess I'm easy to hate, but I'm hard to offend
You see, we could spend all of our time searchin' alternate timelines
And still wouldn't find one where we'd become friends
Knew to call for the place where I stay in your head
Is it torture to know you will never consent?
I told Dan, "Send me somethin' that's close to four minutes
'Cause I've got a lot to get off of my chest"
I need depth to connect, I need time to reflect
Listen, I've got some faults that I need to accept
Like the fact that I never check in on my sis
Even though it's as easy as sendin' a text
Guess I always forget, there's no cards ever sent
I lost track of what's truly important to gain
Used to pray to the Lord to remove all the fake
And then I looked around, there was nobody left
Well, guess I was blessed, Mom says I should rest
Girl says, "Mark, the truth is you're not like the rest"
They told me, at best I would work at a desk
Lookin' back, damn, it's funny how people project
I've got vibes to protect, I've got lines to perfect
This is workin' on somethin' 'til nothin' is left
This is somewhere I went when my life was a mess
Time I take all these demons and put 'em to bed
Rip 'em out of my head, they say, "Rip me apart"
I still think about when I wrote "Into Your Arms"
See, I poured out my heart
Just for people a couple years later to say, "We just like Ava's part"
They don't care about art, they don't care how it's made
Guess our biggest and best work aren't always the same
See, the difference between being indie and not
Is I keep my percentage and they get the fame
Look, I'll take that train, cards are close to the vest
See, they're all playin' checkers while I'm playing chess
And since when did we start to steal art from real artists
For follows on TikTok and likes on the Net?
The blatant disrespect is appallin' at best, yeah
You let an AI dictate all the thoughts in your head, yeah
The bulk of your follows are bought, so where are your friends? Yeah

I put in the work and then I let the work do the rest

Yeah

Had someone tell me I'm a sinner 'cause I cuss in my raps
What about the ones who made fun when my dad passed?
If I tell 'em, "Fuck off," I'm bound to fit God's wrath
'Cause some people in the past decided that that's bad
Their music is mediocre, the effort is half-ass
Their album is ten tracks, they didn't write half that
Their label sent over demos and told 'em to rap that
That makes them a cover artist, I'm sorry, but that's facts
They tell me, "Retract that," you see me laughed at
When all that really matters is I get the last laugh
How's that feel to have your mom and your dad pay every bill that you have?
Maybe I'm mad 'cause I never had that
She's postin' her Cash App, she enters a cap card
She used to use Facetune, but just to edit her butt
Takin' pictures of her and all the girls at brunch
It's a front, she's been miserable the last few months
Enough's enough, I'm lyin', but I spill my guts
I can't even write a line 'less it packs a punch
Don't ask for much, instead I never have to rush
You saved money, but it's funny, need money to save us
I'm done with the fake love, they told me they need songs
So they ask, "Mark, why's your art take so long?"
Well, what's more important than pourin' yourself in somethin'
That you know will live on even after you're long gone?