

Somewhere In Between

Witt Lowry

Look

I miss when AI didn't run the world and people would consume less than they would create
I miss when gas didn't cost what I used to make back when I used to make minimum wage
If low serotonin levels are linked to depression, are SSRIs just for numbin' the pain?
Kinda like how my dad used to get drunk off the liquor to quiet the thoughts in his brain
Look, as you can probably tell, lately my head and heart have been scattered all over the place
I miss when people saw me as a person and not as the product of what I create
I wish that we were encouraged to critically think but instead they just label you crazy
Now I know, if I start gettin' too deep on a track, there's no way that the playlist'll play me, damn
If I made Witt, then the question is am I also the creator of Mark?
How many of you state your name and your job when somebody asks you who you are?
We've all been conditioned to thinkin' that life is as simple as fillin' in boxes
I used to prioritize people who only ever thought of me as an option, now

I'm somewhere in between bein' alone and bein' lonely
It doesn't really matter what they say if they don't know me
As people push and pull, you start to question who you are
Now everyone around you wants to sell you for your parts, yeah

Like an old jeep, or a Nissan, a Chevy
I guess you'll really find out who your friends really are when the subject starts gettin' too heavy
I miss when we would take photos to capture the moment and not just to post them online
I don't know when were duped into thinkin' that money was ever worth more than our time
I don't like feelin' like if I'm not postin', then I'm just a ghost and I barely exist
We're all addicted to this little box in our pocket, somethin' no one wants to admit
I think it's crazy I'm labeled as strong if I say that I go to the gym every week
But if I replace the word "gym" here with "therapy sessions," then everyone labels me weak
Either way, I been workin' on me
I miss the simpler times
I miss when people were genuine friends, not because of your clout but because you were kind
I miss when I wasn't used to get clicks and views by people desperate for attention
I know they're chasin' that dopamine hit that they get when they see that they have a few mentions, damn

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I was blinded by the lights and all the lies that they told me
Once you like who you're alone with, what's it mean to be lonely?
I have nightmares where I'm fallin' and there's nothin' below me
For too long I've let these feelin's and opinions control me
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