

Alright

Yebba

I would say I smoke just to stand in the rain
But the true renegade drove off in a hearse
And paper planes spilled out like a tank of propane
Took flight over flame too true to rehearse

How I've grown ill of complaining and under-explaining my pride
Over the potions and pills 'cause all of my wells have run dry
Did I bite down my tongue? Did it come from my nose
To run down the sink and hide in the prose that I write?
Now I know that you've made up your mind

Silver rage washed up all the plans that we made
Yeah, it flooded the bank and yellowed our eyes
Golden grain boiled over a T-shirt stain
My shoulders strain all them stories of mine

'Cause although I've been here before, I've already burned out
the page
Guess there's no use in closing the door if I'm only as good as
my age
But did I forget and spend half of my life
On some alchemist in exchange for a kiss from the sky?
God knows if she's doing alright

Thinking straight only brought me back home the long way
Don't you see me that way 'cause I said it first?
And though we came from the mouth of an unknown name
I hated LA, and missing her made it worse

Someday I'll make it on out of here and leave all my weapons be
hind
'Cause there is no virtue in poverty, and all in all love is st
ill kind
You said, "Come on, make it plain," so I wrote you a poem
'Cause changing everything cost a handful of nothing this time
I wanna know if you're doing alright

And I know that you've made up your mind
Everything must get better in time
No need in twisting my spine
I'll see you on the other side
Yeah, I hope that you're doing just fine
God knows if you're doing alright