

It is What It Is

Blood Orange

I've kept it open, and wanted nobody to be my friend
I've wasted moments in the Bowery light, and lost it all
So are you smoking, don't tell me baby you can't work this out
I've wasted moments in the Soho nights, and lost it all
Time will tell if you can figure this and work it out
No one's waiting for you anyway so don't be stressed now
Even if it's something that you've had your eye on, it is what it is
On your own worries, I'm nothing even when
I'm with my friends
But you make me think that I'm alive, when I'm alone
Why wasn't it real?

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