

# **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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