

# Getting Tired

## Braids

Getting tired, of the, I wish I could just be with you  
It breaks my heart  
How alone am I?  
I'm sitting alone in this room  
The room and I  
Baby I could laugh, a little at my long and pouted mouth  
A waited grin,  
It is winter now, I must prepare for all I cannot bareMyself and I  
Ha ha ha,  
Laugh a little  
Ha ha ha  
You're so brittle  
Ha ha ha, laugh a little  
Ha ha ha,  
You're so brittleIn the car at home  
My hands like little clams, moist and cold  
That grey window  
So a piece of mind  
I'm driving across the lawless foes  
Soon I want to want hold  
Finding sadness, I'm the one to joust at the truth  
I'm swearing things,  
Tears are singing now  
Along into dark corners of my mouth  
Feel I have dreamtHa ha ha,  
Laugh a little  
Ha ha ha  
You're so brittle  
Ha ha ha,  
Laugh a little  
Ha ha ha  
You're so brittle

Songwriters

AUSTIN TUFTS, RAPHAELLE STANDELL PRESTON, TAYLOR BONNER SMITHPublished by  
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