

Souvenir

Milca

I never knew what I was gonna be
Somebody saw what I couldn't see and lifted me up now
I never thought I could be worthy of
Lovin' under the sky above, don't let the wonderful
Why does everybody have to fit in?
feel so damn comfortable in their skin does that mean I am the Souvenir of sadness
Method to the madness
Hands up if you feel this
Anyone who has this Stand up, nobody's dying to save you
Speak up, nobody's waiting to see you
Wake up, nobody's working to pay you
Let me make it clear you'll have this Back then, nobody knew in the schoolyard
Now then, you have grown up to be this hard
Go then, walk through this world with your heart scarred
You're the souvenir of sadness They never knew what I was gonna say
Punch me and kick me and run away
You know who you are so
Now look at me what do you have to say?
Never cared much for you anyway, you know who you are so
Now look at me what do you have to say?
Never cared much for you any, we're happy childhood backlash Souvenir of sadness
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