To: My Old Self

Real Friends

I spend my nights thinking the worst
And telling myself that everything's going to work out
I keep kicking myself in the mouth
Opening up every cut that should be a scar by nowI need the hope I always tell my friends about
I need the hope I always tell my friends aboutI sleep with the TV on, it covers up my feelings about the past
Here I am lying awake thinking about how things used to beI'm sick and tired
I'm sick and tired of being at the same old place in my head
Give me peace of mind
I always backtrack to my old self
When I'm holding on to despair and cracks in my life
I'm holding when I need to let goI sleep with the TV on, it covers up my feelings about the past
Here I am lying awake thinking about how things used to be
Doubt is the soil that fear grows in
I'm dirty from head to toe
Doubt is the soil that fear grows in
I'm dirty from head to toe
Doubt is the story of how fear grows in
I'm dirty from head to toe
I'm dirty from head to toe
I'm dirty from head to toe
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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