

Bad Art Weirdo Ideas

Beach Slang

The sound of your heart is wired to break
Too fucked up to love, but too soft to hate
The hum of your lungs is my favorite thing.
and the air you shove out into my mouth
I've always felt stuck, alone or ashamed
The gutter's too tough, the stars are too safe
I'm always that kid always out of place
I try to get found, but I've never known how.
I'm tracing the lines on your handsome face.
The scars on your arms, the shape of your veins.
We are not alone.
We are not mistakes.
Don't whisper now.
We're allowed to be loud.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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