

Be Calm

fun.

As I walk through the streets of my new city
My back feeling much better, I suppose
I've reclaimed the use of my imagination
For better or for worse, I've yet to know
But I always knew you'd be the one to understand me,
I guess that's why it took so long to get things right.
Suddenly I'm lost
On my street
On my block Oh why, Oh why
Oh why haven't you been there for me?
Can't you see, I'm losing my mind this time?
This time I think it's for real, I can see All the tree tops turning red
The beggars near bodegas grin at me
I think they want something
I close my eyes, I tell myself to breathe And be calm.
Be calm.
I know you feel like you are breaking down.
Oh I know that it gets so hard sometimes.
Be calm. I'm scared that everyone is out to get me.
"These days before you speak to me you pause."
"I always see you looking out your window."
"After all, you lost your band, you left your mom."
Now every single crack, every penny that I pass,
Says I should either leave or pick it up
But with every single buck I've made
I'm saddled with bad luck that came The moment I was baptized
Or when I found out one day I'm gonna die
If only I could find my people or my place in life
A when they come a'carolin'
So loud, so bright, the theremin
Will lead us to a chorus
Where we'll all rejoice and sing a song that goes: Oh be calm.
Be calm.
I know you feel like you are breaking down.
I know that it gets so hard sometimes,
Be calm.
Take it from me, I've been there a thousand times.
You hate your pulse because it thinks you're still alive
And everything's wrong

It just gets so hard sometimes
Be calm. I don't remember much that night,
Just walking, thinking fondly of you
Thinking how the worst is yet to come
When from that street corner came a song
And I can't remember the man,
The panhandler or his melody.
The words exchanged had far exceeded any change I'd given thee. Oh be calm.

Be calm.

I know you feel like you are breaking down.

Oh I know that it gets so hard sometimes,

Be calm.

Take it from me, I've been there a thousand times.

You hate your pulse because it still thinks you're alive

And everything's wrong

It just gets so hard sometimes

Be calm.

Be calm.

Songwriters

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