

Note To Self

From First to Last

Two roads, split off from here,

And my life goes running in opposite directions.

Exaggerating the barrier between who I am, and who I want to be.I wanted to be that breath of fresh air,

When everything smelled so insincere.

But this taste still lingers in my mouth,

Deceit has ways of sticking around.

And I'm ready to disappear, Vacation seems far...From here.Note to self: I miss you terribly.

This is what, we call a tragedy.

Come back to me, Come back to me, To me.

Note to self: I miss you terribly.

This is what, we call a tragedy.

Come back to me, back to me, to me.I can feel my mind, wandering again.

Into where I don't know, and will I ever get home?

Time starts moving, faster than I can.

And I'm sick of this scene, I need to break the routine.I can feel my mind, wandering again.

Into where I don't know, and will I ever get home?

Time starts moving, faster than I can.

And I'm sick of this scene, I need to break the routine.Two roads, split off from here,

And my life goes running in opposite directions.

Exaggerating the barrier between who I am, and who I want to be.Which part of me is lost? I feel so close, and yet I am so far.

Which part of me is lost? I feel so close, and yet I am so, far!

Songwriters

BLOOM, DEREK ALAN / HARGROVE, JAMES DARRELL / RICHTER, TRAVIS BRANDON /
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