

# 4am

## DJ Brody

I walked around my good intentions  
And found that there were none  
I blamed my father for the wasted years  
We hardly talked  
I never thought I would forget this hate  
Then a phone call made me realize  
I'm wrong

If I don't make it known that  
I've loved you all along  
Just like the sunny days that  
We ignore because  
We're all dumb and jaded  
And I hope to god I figure out  
What's wrong

I walked around my room  
Not thinking  
Just sinking in this box  
I blame myself for being too much  
Like somebody else  
I never thought I would just  
Bend this way  
Then a phone call made me realize  
I'm wrong

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