

Sixteen

Real Friends

Just when I think I need someone,
they wrap their arms around my old bones
And I start breaking apart
I walk away from anyone that cares about me
But I swear my skin's not as rough as I make it out to be
The saddest part is I've been distant since I was sixteen
It keeps me up in bed
I'm stuck here with all the choices I've made
And the chances I was too afraid to take
I've called myself young and stupid,
but lately I feel old and desperate
I find it kind of weird how you find yourself when you have no one
I look for the right things in all the wrong places

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