Glass Deers

The Braids

I found my place in the wishing well
I found my place not feeling well
Now I'm at such great heights here
Now look at me, my dearOh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked upI found my place in the wishing well
I found my place not feeling well
Now I'm at such great heights here
Now look at me, my dearOh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked up
Oh, I'm fucked upHere, just right here
And it's all ahHere, just right here
And it's all, ahOh
OhAnd it's background
Describing my house
'Cause God knows,
God knows what I do bestAnd it's background
It's been upset
'Cause I know
I know what makes a manSo, I
Shoot you

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