

Messed

MY first thought was the fire escape
But my therapist thinks I should take the hard way
Honest to God he might not be wrong
Cause I'm worried all the time and I'm learning how to escalate
I'll go to the doctor on my own

I'll ask you how I'm doing
When I'm running out of words and I want validation
As if you could hear it
When I'm writing in my bed for the radio station
I'll go to the doctor on my own

Change my hair
When I'm feeling impulsive and act like I don't care
I don't write to a rhythm
I'm convinced it'll fence in all my energy
Both thoughts saying something else
A cry for help
Or maybe not
Time flies please be nice
I'm really kind of sensitive and going through a hard time
I'll go to the doctor on my own
I'll go to the doctor on my own

The fire's big but my will is massive
Stubborn enough cause what I want's expensive
I know it's worth it cause it's all I wanna do
And the dreams I had were too vivid to sleep through
And I'll go to the doctor on my own