

# Texas, Good Advice

Open the window I need some air  
So many people and there's such disorder here  
Familiar faces, found out lies  
And to distract I watch the passers-by

I wonder what they'd recognize  
And what they'd recommend to fill my days  
Possessions start to wear me down  
I need some good advice some good advice to wear my crown

I'm nervous can you help me  
I'm nervous can you help me  
I'm nervous can you help me  
Yeah I'm nervous can you help me

Inside they harbour secret thoughts  
They peek through windows that have twice been locked  
I have to walk to wear me out  
I need some good advice some good advice to wear my crown

I'm nervous can you help me  
I'm nervous can you help me  
I'm nervous can you help me  
Yeah I'm nervous can you help me

I fold my arms and pray to leave  
I've got a head full of ideas inside of me  
My lips pressed tight so as not to drown  
I need some good advice some good advice to wear my crown

I'm nervous can you help me  
I'm nervous can you help me  
I'm nervous can you help me  
Yeah I'm nervous can you help me

Giving me some good advice  
Can never be wrong  
If I know it's you

Give me some good advice  
Can never be wrong  
If I know it's true

Give me some good advice  
Can never be wrong  
If I know it's you