

Ariana Grande, Half Life

My self-worth measured in text back tempo
It's been two days and eight minutes too slow
Well, there may well be others but I still like to pretend
That I'm the one you really want to grow old with

I've got a schedule to stick to, got a world to keep sweet
You're so much to everyone all the time
Will it ever slow down? Will I ever come first?
The universe contracts to sigh

It's a half life with you as my quarter back
A daft life
It's a half life with you as my quarter back
A daft life

Hold me
Hold me
Hold me darling, please

You know you'll never be lonely, no you'll always be loved
And maybe you'll never need more than that
But for the surplus that loves, what's to become of us?
Does it even register on your conscience?

Long for one last showdown from a box in a crowd
Air compressed tight to explode
I'm clenching my ticket to the only way out
As you disappear in a puff of smoke

It's a half life with you as my quarter back
A daft life