

Blake Babies, Grateful

Somebody gave me this song, I just supplied the links.
I don't like to sit too long, for fear that I might sink.
I don't like to fly too far, for fear that I might fall.
Why can't I be steady, is there no middle ground at all?
All-all, all-all.

I need too much sleep, the days are always hazy.
Maybe I'll wake up some day, or maybe I'll get crazy.
Don't complain, you have it all, all there is is this.
Don't ever blink, just think of what you might miss.
Miss, miss

I have to go vomit now, but my mother isn't calling.
I don't like cliffs or roofs, I'm scared of jumping and falling.
Yesterday was years ago, I don't remember when I grew.
It might stop today, so can I spend the time with you?
You, you. You, you.

When I die, will I get to see everyone crying over me?
When I die, will I get to see everyone crying over me?
Oooooo!
When I die, will I get to see everyone crying over me?