

Real Friends, Late Nights In My Car

I've been up spending every late night in my car
Listening to all these sad songs
I know it sounds weird
But they're helping me move past all these things running through my head
I'll blame the mid-west and sleepy eyes

I'm not where I should be
I'm not what I could be
But I'm not who I was

Nostalgia gets the best of me
When I wake up it's the same day
It fucks me up
And makes me miss who I used to be
All I have are thoughts of me from back when I was 18
And my bony knees

Don't want it to be like my teenage years
I was naive and weak back then
Without much trouble on my shoulders
If I don't break
I won't know how to put myself back together

Nostalgia gets the best of me
When I wake up it's the same day
It fucks me up
And makes me miss who I used to be
All I have are thoughts of me from back when I was 18
And my bony knees

If you never break
You'll never know how to put yourself back together

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