

# TALK, A Little Bit Happy

Old, old souls  
Don't know they're old  
Until they're on the edge  
Trying to process  
The loss of old friends  
Scars, old scars  
I keep in jars  
Collect them like a badge  
Won't forget the past  
Those old, old friends

Turns out all of my highs are making love to my lows  
Making fun of my boundaries, sticks and stones  
You say "love" I believe it to the bone

If I could see  
How you see me  
I could be  
A little bit happy  
And through your eyes  
I realize  
I could be a little bit happy  
Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy  
Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy

Cold, so cold  
Even tippy's birds went home  
But I'm still standing here  
Counting all my tears  
Trying to feel what you felt for years

Turns out all of my highs are making love to my lows  
Making fun of my boundaries, sticks and stones  
You say "Love" I believe it to the bone

If I could see  
How you see me  
I could be  
A little bit happy  
And through your eyes  
I realize  
I could be a little bit happy  
Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy  
Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy

Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy  
Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy  
Ah, ah, ah, a little bit happy