

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