

Tate McRae, chaotic

I have this paralyzing fear that I'll maybe go nowhere
But God forbid me ever admitting I could be scared
And I can't stand my friends right now we got nothing in common
But being lonely's worse than just having friends that don't care

You said it looks like I've been going through hell
How did you know? How could you tell?
Ask me to explain myself,
Well...

I'm trying my best here to be brutally honest
Nobody said changing would be this exhausting
A foot on the break 'cause it's been making me carsick
How could you blame me?
Growing up is chaotic

Don't wanna say it but I really think that I miss him
Might seem stupid but I still look through all our texts
Who knew wanting someone could ever make me this desperate
I don't think that I'll do that again

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And maybe I'm just blowing all this shit up in my head
But I can't help it
No, I can't help it
Fooling myself thinking I'll never love again
'Cause damn I felt it
I really felt it
And maybe I'm just blowing all this shit up in my head
But I can't help it
No, I can't help it
Spending too much time on things I know that I'll forget
But damn I felt it...

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How could you blame me?