

Teenage Mind

Tate McRae

Some girls get all done up, lose their face to repair
They attend every party, but it's taking them nowhere
Some think it's funny, say they don't even care
But on the inside they wish they were there
What has it come to now?
We all wanna be like the rest
Can't describe just how
But we're all a beautiful mess
One moment we're broken and then we're fine

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