

Mess

Noah Kahan

If I could give this all back
I would be home,
In the morning I'd wake up in a cold sweat
Take a flight back
To the city I was born in
And I would wipe
Myself clean
Of what I knew
Was unimportant
I'd want typical things
I'd try to fit back into
All my old clothing
And I would prove
Myself wrong
That all along the
Problem was me
With all my bitterness gone
Happy, I'd be I'll move back home forever
I'll feed the dogs
And I'll put all
My pieces back
Together where they belong
And I'll say I'm a mess,
I'm a mess
Oh god, I'm a mess
And I'll take 89 to Boston
See my love and I'll help her
Set up her new apartment
And we'll get drunk
And she'll say
Shit, you're a mess,
You're a mess
Good god, you're a mess
Oh, you're a mess,
You're a mess
Good god So I paid off my debts
But I found the world boring
So I called my old friends
But they only ever ask me
How tour is
And there's still weight
On my back, I just try to ignore it

I guess the stage was my mask
I forgot the way
I looked before I wore it And I would prove myself wrong
That all along the problem was me
With all my bitterness gone
Happy, I'll be I'll move back home forever
I'll feed the dogs and
I'll put all
My pieces back together
Where they belong
And I'll say I'm a mess,
I'm a mess
Oh god, I'm a mess
And I'll take 89 to Boston
See my love and I'll help her
Set up her new apartment
And we'll get drunk
And she'll say
Shit, you're a mess,
You're a mess
Good god,
You're a mess
Oh, you're a mess,
You're a mess It's not what I had hoped
Now I find comfort
In the cold I'll move back
Home forever
I'll feed the dogs and I'll put all
My pieces back
Together where they belong
And I'll say I'm a mess,
I'm a mess
Oh god, I'm a mess
And I'll take 89 to Boston
See my love and I'll help her
Set up her new apartment
And we'll get drunk
And she'll say
Shit, you're a mess,
You're a mess
Good god, you're a mess
Oh, you're a mess,
You're a mess
Good god