

Happy Birthday

Tiny Moving Parts

Tired arms
Sweaty palms
Yet I still keep my fingers crossed

I hope you're okay
I hope you're okay
Fuck

I've gotta go somewhere far enough away
I've made mistakes
And I am constantly afraid
I think I think too much
I think I think too much
Your hill's too high to climb
I wish I had the guts
I wish I had the guts
Just enough to get over it

Yet I still keep my fingers crossed

I hope you're okay
A smile can only bend so far
Before it breaks
And your comfort falls apart
I thought I had another chance
Last year when you left
Well I was wrong
It's all gone
I was wrong

I think I think too much
I wish I had the guts
Just enough to get over it

Getting stoned in the back of a car
You have no idea where you are
But you're satisfied with life
And you don't think twice of it

Every day you celebrate, celebrate
Like it's your birthday, your birthday
Well happy birthday
Celebrate