

I counted back from twenty-mississippi,
I let the chips fall as they very well please,
And by the time you even spoke my name,
It was already too late and I know that you will miss us.

You'll miss us. You'll miss us.
You'll miss us, Ooh.

And by the time the dialogue fades,
Heaven comes and heaven goes away.
This is a fight (yeah, it's a fight).
Hold on to the voices in your head.

Standing up under the weight of it all,
And I'm hoping they see me soon after the storm,
But then hope is a four-letter word that I wrote on my fingers,
When nothing else even came close.

Woo, you'll miss us. You'll miss us.
You'll miss us, aw yeah.

I'm restless, yeah, but I'm making it out,
So stand up and make a sound.
I'm standing alone, yeah, but I'm making it out,
Stand up and make a sound.

I feel like everybody else is gone.

I could have been anyone from anywhere,
But I chose to be me, right here.

I could have been anyone from anywhere,
But I chose to be me, from right here.

And I could have been anyone from anywhere,
But I chose to be me, yeah, from right here.

And I could have been anyone from anywhere,
But I chose to be me, from right here.

And I could have been anyone from anywhere,
But I chose to be myself, from right here.