

Little Sara, you're a diamond in the rough, and I know that you don't hear this all enough,
And I'm sure that's why your wrists have tons of cuts, and I'm sure that's why you think you're not enough.

On your 19th birthday, you thought that you were done; tons of people in your home, but it only felt like one,
'Cause your brain can only think about the waiting loaded gun,
But your friends are all still here, so pretend you're having fun.

All your friends they wanna drink 'cause it's your birthday, but you've been drinking straight probably since last Thursday.
Drinking is the only thing that makes you feel just okay, it keeps the trigger finger off the trigger and at bay.

Your mind can only think about the things it shouldn't. Your brain is filled with thoughts of wishing that ya didn't.
Little Sarah, perk your ears up, try to listen, but she can't hear a sound because she's locked in a prison.

She can barely see the pavement. She can barely read the signs.
People think she's complicated, but never wanna look inside.
'Cause she's a little too R-rated, and they're a little too damn blind.
She's just looking for her angels, but they're a little hard to find.

Little Sara, you've been skipping out on class, and any minute now, your friends are gonna ask,
Why the hell you're always acting sorta sad? And why the hell your weed just never seems to last?

But the truth is, you don't wanna let your secret out, 'cause they think it's wrong for you to take a different route.
All except your mom, too bad that she's just not around, and don't get me wrong, those words you've tried to get them out.

But their views been skewed from their plastic news, from their plasma tubes, so they won't fit in your shoes.
Except for Sunday blues, but you got Monday blues, and you got Tuesday blues, damn, every day ya might lose.

All your friends, they wanna smoke 'cause it's a Friday.
But you've been smoking straight probably since last Sunday.
I know you know you shouldn't say that you are okay,
But you still look 'em in the eye and lie then go to use your ashtray.

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Little Sara, last night, you got it bad, in that moment, you could barely even
Add up two or three reasons why you're glad, and I guess that's why you grabbed your pen and pad.
It was 6:14, and you could barely even read, all the words you'd written down when it was time for you to leave.
Your phone was on the ground and you could barely hear it ring. Couldn't even hear a sound, couldn't feel a single thing

Now it's 6:15, and you're on your knees, blood is on your sleeves, and your lungs won't breathe
Eyes are watering, body's shivering, and you're wondering what is happening.
Now it's 6:23, and they're on their knees, begging "Jesus please, can you make her breathe?"
'Cause they finally see what was happening underneath their nose and underneath your sleeves.

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