

I was working out the kinks when I was 25.  
An open love beginning, an end so near in sight.  
But in my bed and with my friend I wish I never tried.  
I learned sometimes our love can cross the line.

Every day's a battle for the ones who want my time,  
Like one big game of chicken and no white flags in sight.  
If seconds were measured in skin alone, I'd be nothing but my bones.  
This skeleton don't wanna be polite.

I hope you don't find it offensive. I'm over here building my fences.  
My energy is getting expensive now.  
I hope you don't find it offensive. I'm over here building my fences.  
Eventually you're gonna figure it out.

My day is a sea of constant texts and rings.  
Doggy paddle, frantically replying to these things.  
Water lungs, I bite my tongue, swore I'd never sink.  
I need to not communicate, I think.

I hope you don't find it offensive. I'm over here building my fences.  
My energy is getting expensive now.  
Oh, I hope you don't find it offensive. I'm over here building my fences.  
Eventually you're gonna figure it out, you're gonna figure it out.

I build them to the sky. No matter how I try.  
I hope I won't be left behind.  
I build them to the sky. No matter how I try.  
The grass is always greener on the other side.

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My energy is getting expensive now.  
Oh, I hope you don't find it offensive. I'm over here building my fences.  
Eventually you're gonna figure it out. You're gonna figure it out.

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My energy is getting expensive now.  
Oh, I hope you don't find it offensive. I'm over here building my fences.  
Eventually you're gonna figure it out. You're gonna figure it out.