

Stressed Out

twenty one pilots

I wish I found some better sounds no one's ever heard
I wish I had a better voice that sang some better words
I wish I found some chords in an order that is new
I wish I didn't have to rhyme every time I sang
I was told when I get older, all my fears would shrink
But now I'm insecure, and I care what people think
My name's Blurryface and I care what you think
My name's Blurryface and I care what you think
Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out
Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out
We're stressed out
Sometimes a certain smell will take me back to when I was young
How come I'm never able to identify where it's coming from?
I'd make a candle out of it, if I ever found it
Try to sell it, never sell out of it, I'd probably only sell one
It'd be to my brother, cause we have the same nose, same clothes, home grown, the stone's
throw from a creek we used to roam
But it would remind us of when nothing really mattered
Out of student loans and tree house homes, we all would take the latter
My name's Blurryface and I care what you think
My name's Blurryface and I care what you think
Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out
Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out
Used to play pretend, give each other different names, we would build a rocket ship and then we'd fly it far away
Used to dream of outer space, but now they're laughing at our face singing "wake up, you need
to make money", yeah
Used to play pretend, give each other different names, we would build a rocket ship and then
we'd fly it far away
Used to dream of outer space, but now they're laughing at our face singing "wake up, you need
to make money", yeah
Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out
Wish we could turn back time to the good old days
When our momma sang us to sleep but now we're stressed out
We used to play pretend, used to
play pretend, money
We used to play pretend, wake up you need the money
Used to play pretend, used to play pretend, money
We used to play pretend, wake up you need the money

Used to play pretend, give each other different names, we would build a rocket ship and then
we'd fly it far away
Used to dream of outer space, but now they're laughing at our face saying "wake up, you need
to make money", yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>