

## Stressed Out

Twenty One Pilots

I wish I found some better sounds no one's ever heard

I \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_ I sang

I was told, when I get older, all my fears would shrink

But now I'm \_\_\_\_\_, and I care what people think

My name's Blurryface and I care what you think

Wish we could \_\_\_\_\_ time to the good old days

When our momma sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out

Sometimes a \_\_\_\_\_ smell will take me back to when I was young

How come I'm never able to identify where it's comin' from?

I'd make a \_\_\_\_\_ out of it, if I ever found it

Try to sell it, never sell \_\_\_\_\_ of it, I'd probably only sell one

It'd be to my brother, 'cause we have \_\_\_\_\_ nose

Same clothes, homegrown, a stone's throw from a creek we used to roam

But it \_\_\_\_\_ remind us of when nothing really mattered

Out of student loans and \_\_\_\_\_ homes, we all would take the latter

My name's Blurryface and I care what you think

Wish we could turn back time to the \_\_\_\_\_ days

When our momma sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out

We used to \_\_\_\_\_ pretend, give each other different names

We would build a rocket ship an' then we'd fly it far away

Used to dream of \_\_\_\_\_ space, but now they're laughin' at our face

Sayin', "Wake up, you need to make money!,"

\_\_\_\_\_ we could turn back time to the good old days

When our momma sang us to sleep, but now we're stressed out