

Billie Eilish „Getting older“

I'm getting I think I'm aging

I wish someone had told me I'd be doing this by myself

There's reasons that I'm there's a lot I'm for

But it's different when a stranger's always waiting at your door

Which is ironic 'cause the strangers seem to want me

Than anyone before (anyone before)

Too they're usually deranged

Last week, I realized I crave pity

When I retell a story, I make everything sound

Can't shake the feeling that I'm just at healing

And maybe that's the reason every sentence sounds rehearsed

Which is ironic because when I wasn't honest, I was still being ignored
(Lying for attention just to get neglection)

Now we're estranged

Things I once enjoyed (ah-ah)

Just keep me employed now

Things I'm longing for

Someday, I'll be of

It's so weird

That we care so until we don't

I'm getting I've got more on my shoulders

But I'm getting at admitting when I'm wrong

I'm than ever, at least that's my endeavor

To keep myself together and prioritize my pleasure

'Cause to be honest, I just wish that what I promise

Would depend on what I'm given (not on his permission)
(Wasn't my decision) to be abused, mmm
Things I once enjoyed
Just keep me employed now
Things I'm longing for, mmh
Someday, I'll be bored of
It's so weird
That we care so much until we don't
But next week, I hope I'm somewhere laughing
For anybody asking, I promise I'll be fine
I've had some trauma, did things I didn't wanna
Was too afraid to tell ya, but now, I think it's time