

PinkPantheress, Reason

I wrote this letter to remind myself the reasons I'm alive
I got to reason number five
With my pen, I wrote on and I tried
To find words that described all the times
I caught myself and realised there are good things just ahead of me
But right now it gets hard to believe
But I know that I'm safe when I leave

When you can't speak to me
And when I can't receive
The words I know you mean
You think can set me free

I know it's broken, but a little part of me thinks that I'm glad
I can go through things that make me sad
It's the only time off that I've had
Any more then I'd start to go mad

The reason that I had at number one
Was I like to
Know the feeling well of being loved
Then number two
I like the feeling of becoming numb
I can't choose
Which one I prefer because you can't

Speak to me
And when I can't receive
The words I know you mean
You think can set me free
It's better you leave me be

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