

TIME OF UR LIFE

Welcome to the best days of your life,
bet you can't wait to feel alive.
You better have fun while you have the time,
but don't you dare rush
'cause you'll be here a while.

Welcome to the best time you'll ever have.
Follow all the rules and you'll be glad.
If you ever say no they'll hurt you bad,
so you keep your head low;
that's the best advice you'll ever have.

I just don't know where to start,
what do I say?
God, it's so hard.
You still want that teenage dream?
But there's so much that they don't want you to see.

They won't like your clothes,
no they won't like your makeup.
They told me I would grow
but I'm still only five foot.
They'll just watch you fall apart
and you'll be sick of hearing,

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Education's all you need,
you'll get the skills for your degree,
as well as envy expertise.
The kids'll make you insecure
and now it seems that

You don't like your clothes,
no you don't like your makeup.
They told you you should know by now
that "you can't sit with us"
They'll just let you fall apart
and you'll be sick of hearing,

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Welcome to toxic friends,
lose them as they pretend
that your back didn't hurt their knife
but god it's just the best
time of your life.

Welcome to insecurity,
have fun without your sanity,
and you'll forget how to smile,
but god it's the best
time of your life.

I NEVER SAY NO

Do you ever just think
what do you miss when you blink?
I've been tryna see it all.
Do you ever just miss
the time you dream and you'd wish
that you could jump without the fall?

I'm so hardly self aware
and I think that so much is so unfair
and I hate myself in pictures
and I can't admit a single thing
to myself and every song I write
is about somebody else,

and I never say no,
wish that I'd know.
Could you please just spell it out to me?
'Cause you make it look so damn easy,
but no
I just don't know.

Do you ever just wanna laugh at your own jokes?
I laugh at them all.
Why am I so obsessed with what they think might be best?
As if it's their call.

I'm so hardly self aware
and I think that so much is so unfair
and I hate myself in pictures
and I can't admit a single thing
to myself and every song I write
is about somebody else,

and I never say no,
wish that I'd know.
Could you please just spell it out to me?

'Cause you make it look so damn easy,
but no
I just don't know.

I just don't know,
slipping outside of myself again.
No, I just don't know,
god I better stop and count to ten.
No, I just don't know,
so in love with who I am to them.
I just don't know.

God
I just don't know,
why do we always play pretend?
No, I just don't know,
guilt has always been my closest friend.
I just don't know,
when will the sad girl hours end?
I just don't know.

I'm so hardly self aware
and I think that so much is so unfair
and I hate myself in pictures
and I can't admit a single thing
to myself and every song I write
is about somebody else,

and I never say no
I never say no
I never say no
oh, oh, oh.

BENEATH YOUR JEANS

Another dark road
I'm heading home,
d'orsay heels
on cobblestones,

are those footsteps getting louder?
Do you think they're getting close?

I'm on my way to the night train,
I'm scared to be alone today,
because my shoulders are showing,
I ran in the pouring rain.

We got problems,
nobody's gunna solve them,
so we'll walk around as if this is still
okay.

When I smile
do you think that means
that I wanna see
beneath your jeans?
My lips are red
and it goes unsaid
that I am yours.

Another girl don't wanna speak
because she's scared of what might be.
Will the boys think she's a liar?
Will the girls think that she's weak?
I hope she knows I'm proud of her,
no one deserves this kind of hurt.
Oh I know how she feels,
she ran in the pouring rain behind me.

Old problems,
nobody's gunna solve them.
So we'll walk around as if this is still
okay.

When I smile
do you think that means
that I wanna see
beneath your jeans?

My lips are red
and it goes unsaid
that I am yours,

and I'll have the scars
and you'll have the power
and I'll be the one
who feels like a coward
'cause I can't fight
and you're much stronger
I hope it's not like
this for much longer.
You say that it's not
everyone here,
but how the hell am I supposed to know
how to feel?
when we are taught to believe,

that when I smile
you think that means
that I wanna see
beneath your jeans.
My lips are red
and it goes unsaid
that I am yours.

PROPAGANDA

I've got a question no one's gunna ask,
regarding lessons learnt in the past,
give me a second gotta make this last,
before we run our little minds back
to the warning signs so fast,
oh, you've gotta be fast.

Paper magazines are over now,
what other ways can we fool the crowd?
Show them what they're not,

hit them in the spot,
that hurts most 'cause god why the hell
not?

It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda

I've got a question no one wants to hear,
do we like and follow just to hide fear?
Oh, summer sun is the worst time of the year,
don't wanna post 'cause I don't look like her.

It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda

If they lie
who's gunna try
to decipher
the mess they made?
What's behind
the filtered life,
unreal time?
Oh, what a shame.

I've got an answer no one's gunna like,
we're not up to changing archetypes,
don't wanna step just a little outta line,
'cause we're just too busy tryna seem right.

It's probably propaganda
It's probably propaganda
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It's probably propaganda

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HELL IS A TEENAGE GIRL

The school bell rang one morning,
I followed her to the bathroom.
I stood there watching,
she didn't have a clue.

She's so concerned now with her lipstick shade.
I think the red colour covers her shame,
but she's overwhelming,
I'm scared of her.

All rise, girls with the pink jackets.
All sigh, the boss is back at it.
Ask why, no one is asking it.
You look the same.

You're so concerned now with her lipstick shade.
You hate the colour but you're just two faced.
Prom queen so keen to ruin everyone's life.

She walked from the mirror
as I took her place,
I saw what could have killed her:
a version of my face.

All rise, girls with the pink jackets.
All sigh, the boss is back at it.
Ask why, no one is asking it.
You look the same.

That's why we say:

Hell is a teenage girl.

Hell is a teenage girl.
All rise, girls with the pink jackets.
All sigh, the boss is back at it.
Ask why, no one is asking it.
You look the god damn same.

Hell is a teenage girl.
Hell is a teenage girl.

I MISSED THE JOKE

Everybody's laughing at me.
I think I missed the joke.
Only tried to be happy,
but I ended up alone.

Haven't been to many parties.
Left early from them all.
Dressed up all nice just for nothing,
to end up staring at the wall,

but I've been a victim
of compromise.
Tell me to be quiet
and you won't ask me twice,
'cause I'm scared of crying,
'cause what will I miss?
You say that I'm a monster
but oh my god,
you made me like this.

God, I'm such an over thinker,
need everything in place,
because people made me question
if I should hate my own face,

So I've been a victim
of compromise.

Tell me to be quiet
and you won't ask me twice,
'cause I'm scared of crying,
'cause what will I miss?
You say that I'm a monster
but oh my god,
you made me like this.

I feel my tears streaming,
but my smile's intense.
Those around me screaming
and then it all makes sense,
people are so threatened by
someone's happiness,
and now they hate the outcome
because they made me like this,

I feel my tears streaming,
but my smile's intense.
Those around me screaming
and then it all makes sense,
people are so threatened by
someone's happiness,
and now they hate the outcome
because they made me like this,
like this,

Oh I've been a victim
of compromise.
Tell me to be quiet
and you won't ask me twice,
'cause I'm scared of crying,
'cause what will I miss?
You say that I'm a monster
but oh my god,
you made me like this,

I feel my tears streaming,
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Those around me screaming
and then it all makes sense,
people are so threatened by
someone's happiness,
and now they hate the outcome
because they made me like this.

JADED  

I wonder what you might be telling people.
Was I a liar, and did I betray you?
A friendship ring made of strings
stuck to my hands and knees,
you tied the knot so tight I couldn't undo it.
Was that your intention?
What was your intention?

I'm glad we've drifted away from each other,
and I'm glad that I know my worth,
but I got so lost in the hands of a stranger,
you don't understand your own words.

I wonder if you'll ever realise it,
your views are just too harsh for me to get it.
You hate a lot and I got caught
in being sad
'Cause you'd get mad
if I walked away
and I'd never say
that you were wrong
it's not ok.
Was I a friend or just a piece
that you'd use?
Did you use me?
Did I make you look good?
Was it just nice
to have a girl
by your side?

I'm glad we've drifted away from each other,
and I'm glad that I know my worth,
but I got so lost in the hands of a stranger,
you don't understand your own words.

And you tried to take it all down,
god I'm so sick of it now.
You made me jaded
about every god damn thing.
You get so angry so quickly.
When did you ever fight for me?
What kind of friend let's me sink?

I'm glad we've drifted away from each other,
and I'm glad that I know my worth,
but I got so lost in the hands of a stranger,
you don't understand your own words.

And you tried to take it all down,
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When did you ever fight for me?
What kind of friend let's me sink?

You made me jaded
about every god damn thing.

WELL I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY 🛼

Late night,
sitting in my bedroom,
I'm thinking 'bout
the next time I'll see you,
and all the things I might have left to say.

Will I fight?
Will I regret it?
Will I try or
will I forget it?
Don't worry,
I'll probably cry anyway.

Well I hope you're happy
with the person you made me.
I hope you see yourself
in every single mistake.
I guess it's true that
all the bad things that's happened
to me,
made me who I am,
what I am,
and who you didn't want me to be.

Same night,
the same angry words unsaid.
Decided to
keep it in my head.
Pick your battles,
that's how I might play.

(ugh, what did she just say?)

No point in wondering what I did wrong,
not my problem I didn't belong.
I can't fight with jealousy anyway.

Well I hope you're happy
with the person you made me.
I hope you see yourself
in every single mistake.
I guess it's true that
all the bad things that's happened
to me,
made me who I am,

what I am,
and who you didn't want me to be.

They say,
"Just try to fit in or you'll never be happy"
and they say that,
"Girls support girls"
Well, that's news to me.

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Well, that's news to me.

I hope you're happy
with the person you made me.
I hope you see yourself
in every single mistake.
I guess it's true that
all the bad things that's happened
to me,
made me who I am,
what I am,
and who you didn't want me to be.
They made me who I am,
what I am,
and who you didn't want me to be.