

Halsey - 929

tom:

Intro: **G**

I really was born at 9:29 AM on 9/29

You think I'm lying but I'm, I'm? being ?dead serious

Okay, I'll?prove it

[Primeira Parte]

Well, who am I? I'm ?almost 25

Can't remember half the time that I've been alive

'Cause half was in a cheap apartment

And half was on the Eastside (Eastside)

They said don't meet your heroes, they're all fuckin' weirdos

And God knows that they were right

Because nobody loves you, they just try to fuck you

Then put you on a feature on the B-Side

And who do you call when it's late at night?

When the headlines just don't paint the picture right

When you look at yourself on a screen and say

"Oh my God, there's no way that's me"

And I, I quit smoking, well recently, I tried

And I bought another house, and I never go outside

And I remember this girl with pink hair in Detroit

Well, she told me

She said, "Ashley, you gotta promise us that you won't die

'Cause we need you," and honestly, I think that she lied

And I remember the names of every single kid I've met

But I forget half the people who I've gotten in bed

And I've stared at the sky in Milwaukee

And hoped that my father would finally call me

And it's just these things that I'm thinkin' for hours

And I'm pickin' my hair out in clumps in the shower

Lost the love of my life to an ivory powder

But then I realize that I'm no higher power

That I wasn't in love then, and I'm still not now

And I'm so happy I figured that out

I've got a long way to go until self-preservation

Think my moral compass is on a vacation

And I can't believe I still feed my fucking temptation

I'm still looking for my salvation

[Refrão]

Soft and slow, watch the minutes go

Count out loud, so we know you don't keep 'em for yourself

Watch the minutes go

Count out loud, so we know you don't keep 'em for yourself

I think I have a confession to make

I feel like (So we know you don't)

I need to say that I was really born at 9:26

I saw my birth certificate, and I'm a liar

And I'm a fucking liar

Soft and slow, watch the minutes go

Count out loud, so we know you don't

Keep 'em for yourself

Acordes

