

Stressed Out - twenty one pilots

Lyrics

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"Stressed Out"

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

I wish 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 every time I sang

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

But now I'm insecure, and I care what people think

My name's Blurryface and I care what you think

My name's Blurryface and I care what you think

Wish we could turn back time

To the good old days

When our mama sang us to sleep

But now we're stressed out (oh)

Wish we could turn back time (oh)

To the good old days (oh)

When our mama sang us to sleep

But now we're stressed out

We're stressed out

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

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

I'd make a candle out of it if I ever found it

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

It'd be to my brother, 'cause we have the same nose

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

But it would remind us of when nothing really mattered

Out of student loans and tree house homes, we all would take the latter

My name's Blurryface and I care what you think

My name's Blurryface and I care what you think

Wish we could turn back time

To the good old days

When our mama sang us to sleep

But now we're stressed out (oh)

Wish we could turn back time (oh)

To the good old days (oh)

When our mama sang us to sleep

But now we're stressed out

Used to play pretend, give each other different names

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

Used to dream of outer space, but now they're laughing at our face saying

"Wake up, you need to make money", yeah
We used to play pretend, give each other different names
We would build a rocket ship and then we'd fly it far away
Used to dream of outer space, but now they're laughing at our face saying

"Wake up, you need to make money", yeah

Wish we could turn back time

To the good old days

When our mama sang us to sleep

But now we're stressed out (oh)

Wish we could turn back time (oh)

To the good old days (oh)

When our mama sang us to sleep

But now we're stressed out

We used to play pretend, used to play pretend, money

We used to play pretend, wake up, you need the money

Used to play pretend, used to play pretend, money

We used to play pretend, wake up, you need the money

Used to play pretend, give each other different names

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

Used to dream of outer space, but now they're laughing at our face saying

"Wake up, you need to make money", yeah

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