

# Alessia Cara, Best Days

So much harder to be honest  
With yourself at twenty-something  
Wish I knew what I'm becoming  
And felt the ground while I was on it

Hoping, waiting on a moment  
Not knowing if it's coming or it's going

What if my best days are the days I've left behind?  
And what if the rest stays the same for all my life?  
I'm running with my eyes closed,  
So it goes  
You live and then you die!  
But the hardest pill to swallow is the meantime  
All the best days is the ones that we survive

If i had know to feel the fire  
I would've thrown on a little tigher  
Cause you don't know a thing  
You miss till it's behind you

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