

Stressed Out
by Twenty One Pilots

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 "Blurryface¹," 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.

Wish we could turn back time, to the good old days,
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 treehouse homes, we all would take the latter.²

My name's "Blurryface," and I care what you think.
My name's "Blurryface," and I care what you think.

¹ *Blurryface* is the name of the band's album. The band cares what people think about the songs on their album. "Stressed Out" is one of the songs.

² The men in the band have student loans to pay. When they were boys, they had tree houses. If they could choose between student loans and tree houses, they would take the second one—tree houses.

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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!"

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!"

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Wish we could turn back time, to the good old days,
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!"
We used to play pretend, used to play pretend money.
We used to play pretend. "Wake up, you need the money!"

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!"