

Losing the Plot

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Welcome back insomnia
Ushered back into silence only when everyone else is sleeping
And 'cause the city is sleeping
No one ruthless is rushing to get to the front of the line as usual

'Cause I am losing the plot
I am grieving the end of superwoman-ing
I have laid down my cape
As though I haven't risen like a phoenix from a thousand deaths
As though I have not been reborn to notice that
My mission is not dead yet

I'm exhausted midas
Reigniting a hunger that typically fuels those of us
Still searching for something outside ourselves
'Cause this city bears violence
And everybody is rushing to sob at the podium
And thank the ones who loved and exploited well

I am losing the plot
I am grieving the end of superwoman-ing
I have laid down my cape
As though I haven't risen like a phoenix from a thousand deaths
As though I haven't been reborn to notice that my mission is not dead yet

The light at the end of the tunnel
The one I have always prayed for is a train
At a hundred miles per hour
And it promises to break my bones if I don't stand still
Rip my heart out ambition mill or bust
With my relevance in dust

And I am losing the plot
I am grieving the end of superwoman-ing
I have laid down my cape
As though I haven't risen like a phoenix from a thousand deaths
As though I haven't been reborn to notice that my mission is not dead
As though this fame and pressure has not been a vice around my head
As though my heart has not kept all my cynicism under the mattress
And I can't keep it up
Though the fire is not out yet
I am losing the plot