

Clockwork

Alessia Cara

Am I a fire or the lighter?
Am I full of it?
Is it me or is it all of them?
I'm like my father, I am stubborn
I'm my mother's kid
I'll guilt myself into pain until there's nothing left
(Nothing left)

The air is getting gray now
I see it on the way down
Yeah, yeah
It's picking up the pace now
It's quicker on the way down, down, down

It's like clockwork
Wheels turn
Heals hurts
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
It's like clockwork
Bad, worse
Tired of sittin'
Livin' with it till it drops

Clockwork
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Heals hurts
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
It's like clockwork
Bad worse
Tired of sittin'
Livin' with it till it drops

Can't run from what I'm made of
But why can't I
Identify with parts that I'm supposed to recognize?
I got a tight grip on the lesson
This time I won't let it go
Until I let it go, there it goes

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