

Cycles

Beach Bunny

Always searching for something
Looking at the place that I should be
But I'm nothing
Nobody, nobody
So, I try to be smarter
Letting go of pointless remedies
I'm a robot
A product of society

Wake up, hide your face in make-up
Try to be good enough
Or at least pretend
You're everyone's best friend
Only find happiness in money
Acting like somebody
But inside, you feel dead
Do it all again

I wanna be perfect
Supermodel life, white-picket fence, house
I wanna be worth it
The girl that you dream about
I wanna be normal
Live, try
Work, die
It's so cyclical
To be mortal
Seems like such a constant struggle

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Tired of the same routine
What's the point in being free?
If I only wanna live to please
Do I ever really live for me?
Do I even know myself at all?
If nothing's under my control
Maybe it's a mortal toll
We'd do anything just to feel whole
And I'm tired of it