

# Fake Nice

## Beach Weather

I don't wanna be fake nice no more, no more  
And I wanted to tell you but now what for?  
I don't wanna be fake nice no more, no more  
Saying sympathetic somethings  
But I'm feeling more like nothing

If I'm being honest  
I've been reckless with my head again  
And maybe that's a promise  
So tonight I'll raise the dead

So I can sleep at night  
For the first time  
I hope they don't bite  
'Cause I don't have the appetite

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Sick of being sorry  
I spaced out. What'd you say again?  
I don't need a party  
Just the voices in my head

So I can sleep tonight  
For the first time  
I hope they don't bite  
'Cause I don't have the appetite

Karma's a bitch, and I can't control it  
If I floated off, why would anybody notice?  
I cry 'til I'm tired, but I never show it  
Addicted to a dopamine dream  
Oh, what a scene!

I'm tired of being fake nice  
Tired of never feeling right  
Tired of the vampires and turnpikes  
Tired of the late-night highs  
I just wanna stay inside  
And get lost inside my mind

Make my noise and shatter the world  
Then leave it all behind...

Just leave it all behind  
Leave it all behind

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