

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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And I wanted to tell you but now what for?
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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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