

## Worried

Birds in Row

Is there a limit to trust or do we all walk blinded?  
When the grounds end,  
Will we stop or will we keep running?

I guess were good at believing,  
With hands on our eyes,  
Hands on our ears  
And guns in our mouth  
A blade in the skull  
And a good job at the f\*cking mall

I've been worried  
And don't really know  
Why we still wave through the shit  
Staring at the skies

We hate what we do,  
We hate where we go,  
But still have to smile with a scarf hiding the rope

I like walking alone  
Parrots ain't no good company  
Can't you shut up and take your hand off my shoulder?  
I'll cut off this arm, though it takes me forever

I've been worried  
But don't really know  
Why keep running  
And where we go