

Every morning I put it on.  
I walk outside and I am gone.  
And I don't seem to mind anymore.  
I can't think what it was like before.  
I wore it all the time.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

In the evening I take it off,  
But there's another one underneath,  
And I can't seem to find the bottom of the stack I  
Just might lose my mind and never get it back, but  
At least I'll get inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

At least I'll get inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

There's a feeling that I get sometimes.  
It's so small that it's easy to hide.  
It's like a howling voice from the distant past.  
It seems I've got no choice when it comes to this.  
It's building up inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

It's building up inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh