

(Woah-oh-oh)

(Woah-oh-oh)

What the fuck am I supposed to do?
I couldn't do it if I wanted to, I'll be
Damned running circles in my room
Poser boy, in my shoes
You're just a ruffled guy
Think about the ways you found a place to
Tell I'm an off-brand pile of shitty things I can't do
But I want to

Baby, I don't want to go
But I'm going under
I don't wanna lose control
Baby, don't make me go home (Woah-oh-oh)
'Cause I'm going under
I don't wanna lose control (Woah-oh-oh)

(Woah-oh-oh)

(Woah-oh-oh)

I've been working week after week (Woah-oh-oh)
I don't know when I clean my sheets
I'm a local catastrophe
Anthropology can't tell me why
I feel like I'm falling through the title of my calling
I don't know why I'm so cold

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