

I talk to myself like I'm losing
No surprise I'm not moving, moving
Hours wasted picking, choosing
I wish it wasn't so confusing
Into fading daylight cruising
I'm still driving

Tell me why
I love to overcomplicate my stupid little life
Tell me why
I always fabricate the reasons for my own demise
My own demise

I'm allowed to process (who's got time to?)
Thought we made some progress (yeah, I'd like to)
Reach out and be honest
Something tells me I should hold my breath
Tell me why
This happens all the time, implicated in a lie
Negotiations breaking down but I'm still driving

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