

I used to think that  
I should be good at everything  
Now I know I was wrong

I used to think that  
I should do right by everyone  
Now I know I was wrong  
A couple of things is enough

But now I know that  
Every wave is just that – cresting and crashing  
If it haunted you then  
Now you don't remember it

Sever every microscopic atom of connection to  
"I can barely keep myself afloat when I'm not saving you."

Resurrected from the basement  
I'm at capacity, I'm spilling out of me  
Desecrated and complacent  
I'm at capacity, I'm spilling out of me  
It's got nothing to do with me

I used to think one man could fill me up  
But now I know that if I'm always stuck  
Obsessed with somebody else  
Distracting myself from looking at myself

Sever every microscopic atom of connection to  
"I can barely keep myself afloat when I'm not saving you."

Resurrected from the basement  
I'm at capacity, I'm spilling out of me  
Desecrated and complacent  
I'm at capacity, I'm spilling out of me  
It's got nothing to do with me

I was raised an East Coast witch like  
Doing nothing's sacrilegious  
Triple overtime ambitious  
Sentimental, anxious kid

I was raised an East Coast witch like  
Doing nothing's sacrilegious  
Triple overtime ambitious  
Sometimes nothing is delicious

Resurrected from the basement  
I'm at capacity, I'm spilling out of me  
Desecrated and complacent  
I'm at capacity, I'm spilling out of me  
It's got nothing to do with me