

This isn't normal, you get it all yeah  
I see it in your hands  
You still complain from being in pain  
You're making custom pain

Don't you say you tried to give it up  
Don't you say you're still growing up

It doesn't meet your eyes, doesn't even meet your heart  
And it is our vice, hold it so it doesn't fall apart  
Of everything we've done, wish I could say it was fun  
And it is our vice, hold it so it doesn't fall apart

It can get hard, you bite down on your heart but  
You'll never fall uncirculated  
You still complain, say it makes you insane  
You're making custom pain

Don't you say you tried to give it up  
Don't you say you're still growing up

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