

# Circles

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Hope is just a joke  
We grab and choke it in the palm of our hand  
We fake it till we make it  
Just to break it like it's part of the plan

We're running in circles  
Yeah, we're running in circles

It's in under the skin  
We scratch and itch and tear each other apart  
Then pull each other up  
Brush off the dust and stagger back to the start

Because we're running in circles  
Yeah, we're running in circles

We could make our way through hell  
But we keep tripping on ourselves  
Yeah we're running in circles  
Yeah we're running in circles

Yeah we're running in circles

We could make our way through hell  
But we keep tripping on ourselves  
Yeah we're running in circles  
Yeah we're running in circles

Yeah we're running in circles  
[repeat till end]