

Circles

David Cook

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]