

Içfñ not the joker who wins your game
Whenever
Your good excuses (they) turn out lame
And Içfñ not
Always the hand that helps you out
Whenever
The lucky loser runs out of luck
So sit down and lean back
Cause this might hurt a bit
(I wonçfñ make your bed
I donçfñ give a shit)
Can you do anything on your own
Without picking up the phone?
Please donçfñ complicate it
I feel so jaded
Can you do anything on your own?
Hey donçfñ you know
I feel so jaded
I feel so jaded
...now
I wait for the day when you come to see
That nothing
In our life ever comes for free
Because youçfñe
Sneaking through life at my expense
With an empty head and empty hands
Içfñ so worn out
Içfñ not the joker in your game
When your excuses turn out lame
And nothing ever comes for free
When will the lucky loser see?