

Tired

Drapht

Tired of being uninspired
Where's the fire that I used to roar
In the person that I was before

I'm feeling drained today, feel like I'm not aiming straight
Feel like I'm off-gaming, I'm not saying like I've got brain decay
My head is pounding and it's sounding like an 808
I need a razor blade, either that or a Gatorade
I wanna go inside, know it might be a shame to say
But I just wish that I could split and everybody stayed away
I need to take a break, maybe even a great escape
'Cause day to day, the theme song from Neighbours plays from my neighbours place
At my wits end, I just don't know which end
Wanna be a good mate, feeling like a shit friend
Got some things I should change
Thought that I should list them
Wrote myself an email, was too afraid to hit 'send'
Even in school, they would say Complete is a tool
He didn't [?], but then for a weekend interval
He can be cool, he done meet more people
Saying I'm evil, taking me for a fool
I'm just fucking tired, that's the reason I'm unreasonable

I'm tired
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Yeah, I'm tired
I'm tired, can't find a break
Where's the fire that I used to burn inside me
Way before this race

I'm uninspired by the people that I once admired
I guess they went from being heroes, to a bunch of liars
And now I'm driving down a rocky road with punching tires
And like a birthday cake, feel like I'm under fire
I wonder why, why am I so exhausted?
So distraught that I'm nauseous
So distorted, it's torturous
This audience doesn't care how gory my story is
Time with my stepdaughter is more important than this horse shit is
Maybe I'm down on my knees 'cause I know that nothing is left
Maybe I'm getting back up to my feet
And I'm giving my vision a hundred percent
Maybe I'm gonna regret it if I don't say 'fuck it'
And get up and get it, and having to spend the endeavours
Was messing my head up, I said that I never would let it
I'm weathered and tired
I'm tired of all the bias, tired of all the censorship
Tired of crossing wires
Tired tryna make sense of this, tired of all the liars
These bags under my eyes tell ya how tired I am
I am—

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The doctor gave me these pills
He said, "Take it with some milk, two before every meal"
He said, "Take a bit to feel any difference or change that they make"
Kinda quick to fill the prescription, my brain it would say
Does he think it's real? Doesn't see when I'm laying awake
And praying to God, hey doctor, did I mention
I've lost a lot of friendships
But were they real or were they just meant to stop
'Cause they're only sending their messages when I would be on top or trendin
g
Hey doctor listen, I know that you ain't my psych
But can we pretend for a second these jabs, will they save my life
My livelihood's on the line, I'm used to jabs in the side
But they're normally not the type that are sacrificing inside
And I'm tryna do what is right, but divided by all the whys
Like why did I watch my diet for the last half of my life?
And why are my brothers crying after rolling the dice?
And why do you keep questioning why?
You surprised? I'm fucking tired

Burnt out, worn down
And maybe I'm to blame for the way they're feeling
Maybe I'm the one who don't know what real is
Or maybe I'm just-

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