

Middle Man

Elvis Depressedly

Falling, falling, falling
Falling ill
Visions of a middle man I want to kill

I rot away while no one notices
I'm getting clean of everything while my mind gives
I bite my tongue and buy a gun online

Make peace with God before I cross the finish line

Falling, falling, falling
Falling ill
Visions of a middle man I have to kill

I make my case while no one notices
I've given freely everything I have to give
I speak in tongues when I say goodbye online

Make peace with God before I cross the finish line