

Freakshow

Ghostpoet

Ain't left the city in months
I guess Westfield knows what I want
Feel funny if I died, still heavy
So, I swipe left and figured out

It's a freakshow
Nothing came from following you
So easy to see
You strung me along
It's a freakshow
Ooh, yeah, I feel it all over my body
Let me out
Let me go
It's a freakshow

Shutters down, nothing to see
We're all living here confused, the life's slumber, weak, I'm beat
All these electric doors giving me jitters, man
It's a nightmare, I'm screaming out

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So easy to see
You strung me along
It's a freakshow
Ooh, yeah, I feel it all over my body
Let me out
Let me go
It's a freakshow

Stuck in my corner of doubt
Tried to break free of misery, whatever many shop or cloud
All these tired eyes are leaving me paralysed
So, I sit back and let it out

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