

I swear to God I wasn't born to fight
Maybe just a little bit, enough to make me sick of it
But I-I-I-I can read between the lines
I want to run from everything
But my legs won't work, it's clear to me

I-I-I-I haven't been much myself
And I feel like my friends are being put through this hell
Feeling, I think that I'm living, if you could call it living
So brash and unforgiven
Ruled by the vibe I'm bringing
Serving myself
Serving myself

The timing's poor I know it's never right
It's hard to see this time of night
Hard to know the reasons why I fucked it up again
Still I breathe a sigh
It doesn't seem so lucky now
Maybe I can figure out

Why-y-y-y I haven't been much myself
And I feel like my friends are being put through this hell
Feeling, I think that I'm living, if you could call it living
So brash and unforgiven
Ruled by the vibe I'm bringing
Serving myself
Serving myself

Wait and see, I'll be making my own way now
I'll be making my own way now, to where I got to be
Wait and see, I'll be making my own way now
I'll be making my own way now, to where I got to be
(I-I-I-I haven't been much myself)
Wait and see, I'll be making my own way now
(And I feel like my friends are being put through this hell)
I'll be making my own way now to where I got to be
(Feeling, I think that I'm living, if you could call it living)
Wait and see, I'll be making my own way now
(So brash and unforgiven)
I'll be making my own way now to where I got to be
(Ruled by the vibe I'm bringing)
Serving myself
Serving myself