

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