

Cynical

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I don't know when I got scared
Scared of my imagination
Used to see beautiful things
Now I got this sick fixation

I'm playing out every single fear I've ever had
Scrolling through the pictures, seeing all I don't have
Believing every negative feeling is a fact
I don't wanna get used to that

Why do I beat myself up and tear myself down?
I'm so good at being critical
I guess I'll learn it's hard to get hurt
When you're good at being cynical

I'm jealous of when I was young
And everything was right there waiting
Wanted the sky, aimed so high
Instead of lowering my expectations

I don't know how else to keep my feet on the ground
And stop the voices in my head from getting too loud
I think I'm realizing no one figures it out
And I gotta get used to that

Why do I beat myself up and tear myself down?
I'm so good at being critical
I guess I'll learn it's hard to get hurt
When you're good at being cynical

If I hope and it doesn't work, then
I know, it's gonna hurt, so I'll
Make a joke, act like nothing wrong
And put another layer of armor on

(Why do I beat myself up and tear myself down?)

Why do I beat myself up and tear myself down?
I'm so good at being critical (so good)
I guess I'll learn it's hard to get hurt
When you're good at being cynical
(When you're good at being cynical
I'm so good at being cynical)
I'm so good at being cynical
(I'm so good at being cynical)