

One, two, three, four

I'm sick of writing songs for people who pretend to be as cool
as I am, then make all of the money off it
And I'm sick of showing up at studios at 1 PM when I'm still ti
red to make another person profit

Maybe I'm just getting jaded
Disappointed and frustrated
They tell me to wait my turn, but I'm running out of patience
'Cause I'm pushing 27, time to get my shit together
Took me all these years to learn

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