

Cut Me

Moses Sumney

When I'm weary
And so worn out
Ooh, when my mind's clouded and
Filled with doubt
That's when I feel
The most alive
Masochistic kisses
Are how I thrive

A stiffness (in)
Inside my neck (and)
Bangin' my head (a)
Against the desk (woah)
If there's no pain (is)
There any progress

That's when I feel
The most alive
Endurance
Is the source of my pride

Might not be healthy for me but seemingly I need
What cuts me, cuts me, cuts me, cut me, cut me, cut me

Guess I'm a true immigrant son
No vacancies, no vacations
Sure, I could do better than this
But I don't, I wont, I don't

Might not be healthy for me but seemingly I need
What cuts me, cuts me, cuts me, cut me, cut me, cut me

Might not be healthy for me but seemingly I need
What cuts me, cuts me, cuts me, cut me, cut me, cut me

Hurt me, hurt me
Hurt me, hurt me