

Sick Joke

Neck Deep

Don't wake me up
It's the best that I've felt in weeks
And to be completely honest
I'd rather be happily dead or asleep

Sit back and listen, close your eyes if you feel it
'Cause I'm questioning everything, it's affecting all my decisions
I saw you in the mirror and switched up my rhythm
Am I chasing a dream?
Or am I caught in the middle of it?

Sometimes I wonder
If life is some sick joke
Will I wake up and it's over?
No, I'm still here and I'm not dead
(No, I'm still here and I'm not dead)

And most days, it all feels the same
I can't tell no difference in pleasure and pain
And it makes me sick, sick joke
Like life is shoving its fingers to the back of my throat

And sometimes I wonder
If life is some sick joke
Will I wake up and it's over?
No, I'm still here and I'm not dead
And I'll hold on to a moment
Like a sad kid to a blanket
Would you tell me that I'm okay?
That I'm still here and I'm not dead

(No, I'm still here and I'm not dead)
(No, I'm still here and I'm not dead)

Sit back and listen, close your eyes if you feel it
'Cause I'm questioning everything, it's affecting all my decisions
I saw you in the mirror and switched up my rhythm
Am I chasing a dream?
Or am I caught in the middle of it?

And someday, I'll find you
Like an old key to a locked door
Is it all just some sick joke?
Am I still here?
'Cause I can't tell

Sometimes I wonder
If life is some sick joke
Will I wake up and it's over?
No, I'm still here and I'm not dead
And I'll hold on to a moment
Like a sad kid to a blanket
Would you tell me that I'm okay?
That I'm still here and I'm not dead