Is this a tragedy?

Don't point it out to me

It's like I'm dreaming Got a feeling I'm not getting better But tragedy hasn't happened yet, whatever I know better And I can't admit That it tastes like shit I know I can quit whenever I know better Such a tasty habit I'll tell you all about it Hey, yeah From the floor This ain't fun anymore I'll get my life together Just when they tell me to stop I'll justify whatever When my feet catch up It's okay I turned off the smoke alarm 'Cause I'll do anything to get a hit of dopamine I can't outrun it when it's stitched inside my genes It's in my genes (It's in my genes) Run, run, perfect son Don't drink till you're twenty one Taking twenty tokes a day And you won't like what you become I'm sorry, mum Such a tasty habit I'll tell you all about it Hey, yeah From the floor This ain't fun anymore I'll get my life together Just when they tell me to stop I'll justify whatever When my feet catch up It's okay I turned off the smoke alarm I turned off the smoke alarm I won't stop running till I hear the sirens coming Won't stop running till I hear And then I won't stop running till I hear the sirens coming Won't stop running till I hear And then I won't stop running till I hear the sirens coming Won't stop running till I hear And then I won't stop running till I hear the sirens coming Won't stop running till I hear

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