

Phobia

Nothing But Thieves

I love the night but not the stars
The fame suckers in their block-long cars
I fucking hate the internet
Five-star hotel and I don't feel well
I lost a night or maybe two
I think I'll cancel the honeymoon
I fucking hate the internet
Five-star hotel, I don't feel well

And I could use some healing soon
Before I lose all feeling soon

It may be rage or may be hope
I'm at the stage that I fear the most
I wanna know your phobia
Go on, press send, and we can make friends
I crossed a line a life ago
I might be dead but I just don't know
I'm shutting down the internet
Big shot hotel, I don't feel well

And I could use some healing soon
Before I lose all feeling soon

I get some pills but not some help
From love junkies in their private hell
I wanna know euphoria
Green light, red wine, and I don't feel fine
I lost a life a line ago
You might be here but I just don't know
This used to be the internet
Fat cat hotel, I don't feel well

And I could use some healing soon
Before I lose all feeling soon

I get the rage so live in hope
I'm on a stage and I just can't cope
You'll see this on the internet
Go on, press like, and make my clicks spike
I lost the plot or maybe two
Remind me who the fuck are you?
Why don't we hit the minibar?
Five-star hotel, I don't feel well

And I could use some healing soon
Before I lose all feeling soon