

Stuck

Peter Bjorn and John

Some of us work for no one
While some of us get a job
Some of us travel far and wide
While some of us stay inside

Some of us rest with the sundown
Some of us stay awake
Making a five-course dinner
Look like a piece of cake

And I wanna believe they're happy
I wanna believe they know
'Cause some of us always doubt the idea
That it could be simple

The more I search
The less I know anything
I'm used to someone
Not to looking for something
Anything goes
And nothing's definitive
Used to believe
Now I'm stuck in my trying
Stuck in my trying

Don't let prejudice fool you
Don't jump on too high a stool
Beware that the ones that used to screw you
Just look like they play it cool

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