

# Dead

Phoebe Ryan

I've made mistakes, been dishonest  
Self-estranged, did what I wanted  
I was a fake, I slept just the same  
I'm not a saint, no, I'm not a saint

Oh, no it doesn't make sense  
Oh, no I don't understand

When things are good  
I don't believe that they're for real  
I really wish I could just tell myself I gotta feel  
Feel something else instead  
Cause lately life is like a dream  
It's messing with my head  
I must be dead

I've been a wreck, took things too far  
Made a mess, felt like a star  
I've broken hearts and goddamn I slept the same  
I'm not a saint, no, I'm not a saint

Oh, no it doesn't make sense  
Oh, no I don't understand

When things are good  
I don't believe that they're for real  
I really wish I could just tell myself I gotta feel  
Feel something else instead  
Cause lately life is like a dream  
It's messing with my head  
I must be dead

So, suddenly it's all picture perfect  
Life is so good and I don't deserve it

When things are good  
I don't believe that they're for real  
I really wish I could just tell myself I gotta feel  
Feel something else instead  
Cause lately life is like a dream  
It's messing with my head  
I must be dead

I must be dead  
I must be dead (I must be dead I don't believe it)  
I must be dead (I tell myself I could be dreaming)  
I must be dead (I must be dead I don't believe it)