

# Pressure

Raleigh Ritchie

I keep thinking I'm in a rush  
Maybe I've been thinking too much  
Maybe I don't want it enough  
It's way too much pressure

I cope badly when I'm madly, deeply alone  
Knee deep in stone  
Decent sleep and melatonin showing up when I'm not slowing  
Down and out is my default  
I thrive on, drive on high results  
Low gain, Rogaine, balding  
No shame, treadmill, Usain

Nobody asks me if I'm okay  
And even if they did I would lie and just say  
"I'm fine, good vibes, goodbye, good day sir"  
The hater inside is the Vader of shade

I've never been a Go-Getter  
Who knew being better was so much pressure

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Maybe I don't want it enough  
I need to get up  
Relieve some pressure

I buy shit, like it for two days, then hide it  
And I get excited then drop off a cliff  
Eyes on the prize  
And the prize is a life realising that time's not a right, it's a gift  
Fuck up, stuck up, speak up or shut up  
Champagne socialist, I'm a hypocrite  
Melt like butter when other's suffer  
Tell myself it's all relative

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I'm too hard on myself but not in the right way  
It won't help if I stay in my bed all day  
So I should seek real help so I can help myself  
And work on that part before someone else

I should be a vegan, and stop eating living things  
Recycle properly, and stop just binning things  
Be nice to strangers, dance with my wife  
And celebrate, instead of hate, appreciate life

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Breathe