

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