

# Demons

Rare Americans

It's one of those days, a cycle phase  
I need to deal with the all the shit in my head  
God, I wish I was dead  
And it's been piling up, taking up  
A little too much space in my brain  
Can't fight 'em, can't hide 'em  
Can't live right beside 'em  
The only answer is to come clean man and right 'em  
Be honest with me, I'll be honest with you  
We can start over, like we were brand new

And I know  
The highs and lowest of lows  
I've seen a lot of this life, baby  
More than I care to show  
And everything lately's a mess  
Got the weight of the world on my chest  
The seasons keep come and leavin'  
And we're still here fighting our demons, our demons

It's one of those days, a cycle phase  
I need to deal with the all the shit in my head  
God I wish I was dead  
But it's been piling up, racking up, taking up  
A little too much space in my brain  
And I have been trying to fake it love  
But man is this patch ever getting rough  
I'm speaking off the cuff  
I'm speaking off the cuff

And I know  
The highs and lowest of lows  
I've seen a lot of this life, baby  
More than I care to show  
And everything lately's a mess  
Got the weight of the world on my chest  
The seasons keep come and leavin'  
And we're still here fighting our demons, our demons  
Demons, our demons