

Mantra

Sam Fender

"Please stop trying to impress people who don't care about you"
I repeat as a mantra
I've known this wicked waltzer all too long
It's the cycle I'm stuck on
And I'm trying to be better, but I fall at every hurdle

Please stop trying to find comfort in these sociopaths
Their beauty is exclusively on the surface
As they pull you side to side
With all their drugs and who's who stories
And fill that empty space from being a child
Or something like that

Straddle these rusted wheels and pedal through the gridlock
On this dry summer evening
Turn my phone off, I'm not receiving anything or anyone
Just the sound of the empty caverns in my skull
Self-loathing will be culled
If I rise above this lull