

# Wrestling

Self Esteem

You got form  
Not at all  
I get bigger than me  
You want more  
And as you pour away on me  
I start to see  
What I feel comfortably

And in my mind  
I'm wrestling that you don't wanna know  
There's just too much game playing for a call  
In the open moments you get nothing true at all  
So you get hard, you got me still, you got me cold

But we could get higher, higher  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
Higher, higher  
Higher, higher, higher, higher

You're not calling  
Feels like I want it  
But I know you won't do better than me  
And in between  
I do believe  
There is space  
A sea becomes a tree

And in my mind  
I'm wrestling that you don't wanna know  
There's just too much game playing for a call  
In the open moments you get nothing true at all  
So you get hard, you got me still, you got me cold

But we could get higher, higher  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
Higher, higher  
Higher, higher, higher, higher

My rules, my horse has four feet stuck on the floor  
And now your wife, your wife has to know this shit all her life  
And you're sure, you sure, you best believe I'm moving on  
And so you go, go on, be gone, I'm done

(But we could) get higher, higher  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
(But we could) get higher, higher  
Higher, higher, higher, higher  
(But we could)