How Are You

Seth Sentry

Tell me what you need
Tell me how you are
Hold that thought
And just keep on telling me you're fine
All we gotta do
Is tell a little lie
Hold that thought
And just keep on telling me you're fine

How am I? I feel good, I feel all right
I can't complain, okay I lied, I could look maybe if I tried
Feel like I could just lie down here on the street and I'd be content
I feel tired now but I feel wired later on in my bed
Feel like I have just been living in my head
So I've been paying double rent
I feel like cleaning up this clutter and this mess
Feel like doing gateway drugs while I am sitting on the fence
I feel I've woven my regrets into a nest, but I digress
I feel all right! I'm feeling better than before
If this talk was any smaller it won't fit me anymore
Yeah I feel fine, got everything I didn't want
I got paid, I got my fucking name in slightly bigger font
I feel I blinked and thirty years just came and went
Shit when they asked me what I'd like to be I shoulda said content
I feel finer than a speck of dust but no one here relates
'Cause when I ask 'em how they are they always say all right
I'm fine I'm fine I'm fine all right, all right I'm fine I'm fine o-okay
Is that all you want me to say? I'm so bored it's always the same
What's the point of talking that way when your story's all on your face?
Hide that real portrait away, yeah good morning Dorian Grey
I feel like-I feel like you are so consistent
I feel like you should probly whisper me the trick to it
'Cause I could go and change completely in an instant
I'm weak, but I'm powerful, I'm fine thanks, how are you?

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So how am I? Marvellous
I'm glad you interrupted me to ask me this
Nah I've been a motherfucking basketcase
I hate love, I'm done with it, I'll never break a heart again
I'm sorry
I'm worried that I'm dumb and no-one's told me yet
Drugs and drunkenness, I've gone little Hunter S
Sitting on my rooftop long after the sun has set
Bits of moon scattered like some trinkets in the darkness
There just ain't nobody like me and I feel like I just can't connect
So I just wanna run away just like my fucking father did
Or slip inside my head to find the city where nobody lives
No friendly charlatans, no bitter glass of fake champagne

To gargle, rinse, and spit back at those two-face little Harvey Dents
That smell of sulfur every time a rapper gets it in their head
That they are dope as hell boy, I am unconvinced
But I digress, how am I? Fine I guess
If you wanted me to answer fine then why the fuck you askin' then?

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