

Identity Theft

Sinch

Why am I lying to myself
When everyone else sees right through me
And all the products they sold me
I let them mold me
Don't I feel like such a man?
I'll hide my guilt and my regrets
Smoke a thousand cigarettes
I'll slowly tear myself apart

Till suddenly I'm in
The middle of the part I love
There's no rest
For these feelings
And I have had enough time
To think

Several different ways to waste your time
And mine will be the one that digs my grave
But anyway
I can see for miles and miles
Troubled are the few who reach for the stars
And I don't even know what the hell we are
But honestly
I'm starting to think that I'm lost

When suddenly I'm in
The middle of the part I love
There's no rest
For these feelings
And I have had enough time
To think

So don't shoot me full of your lies
I know the profits song
It moves the bones around
And round we go
The sight examples why I'm right
I don't move the same
I can barely tell myself apart

Till suddenly I'm in
The middle of the part I love
There's no rest
For these feelings
And I think that enough is enough

So don't tell me
The same stories
Cause I've heard them all before
There's no telling
What you're selling
But I don't want it anymore

You think you've got it all
But you don't have what I'm looking for