

# Expectations

Sir Sly

Pressure's on, pressure's high  
Pressure's heavy on my mind  
Weight is here, weight is right  
Weight is heavy on my spine  
Truth has holes; truth, it swells  
Sometimes truth can feel like hell  
And it's full, and it swells  
In the end, we'll all be well

How did expectations get so high?  
Got a wicked thirst to feel alive  
How did expectations get so high?  
Now I have nowhere to run and hide  
Run and hide

Ideas move, ideas pull  
Can ideas be controlled?  
Fear has grown, fear so old  
Fear is pulsing in my skull  
Hope below, hope on high  
Hope in ocean, hope in sky  
People come, people try  
People gone in the blink of an eye

How did expectations get so high?  
Got a wicked thirst to feel alive  
How did expectations get so high?  
Now I have nowhere to run and hide  
Run and hide

Losing control, losing control  
Losing control, losing control

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Got a wicked thirst to feel alive  
How did expectations get so high?  
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