

No money, not a pot to piss
But a fuck to give, haven't got one
I'm riding shotgun in a 306
Eat your Weetabix, feeling love drunk
Sometimes, I wanna kill myself
'Cause failure has never been an option
Whilst living in the real world
I don't feel like I'm a real person

So, tell me did you say something?
Did you say something? No, you're paranoid
It's like, I ain't got a choice
Misunderstood church boy, and I always been a happy boy
You either work hard for it
Or you jacked up, in the gym, on steroids
I couldn't deal with half the things
So, I put 'em in a pile, it's worth while

No heart, fried my hard drive
Glass eye, crying out, never know what's in store
Every time they talk, they talk, they talk
And listening becomes a chore
I wanna press reset, I wanna press restore
I wanna swim, get drenched, in Holy water
Baptized in the blood of my enemies
I just shrug and breathe heavily

Scold me, no more diving when I'm out of my depth
Tie me up, and leave me when I'm holding my breath
Oh, what a waste of time, what a waste of time
Low at the best of times

Question everything, but fuck it I'm free
Dragging my feet, I sweep the dirt underneath
My Persian rug, I'm trusting no one but me
You are what you eat, I must be nothing (nothing)

Oh, we all get sad sometimes, what's a wishbone with no backbone?
Phone distracts me from my life, make plans, but I'm bound to cancel
Roaming data don't provide a tariff with no hassle
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