

## Stranger In These Times

Sum 41

I'm born of broken molds, don't ever think you're like me  
Your tied up in the past, the best has passed you by  
I'm on a different plane, so watch yourself, tread lightly  
(Don't expect me to understand you)  
You need to rid yourself of desperation

I'm feeling claustrophobic  
Not sure if I can take it  
Hoping no one knows it  
That I'm just trying to fake it  
I'm about to blow it  
My feet and hands are shaking  
I think that I'm about to tear this place apart

How long, how long will I pretend I'm fine  
While I'm living this life?  
A stranger in these times  
How long, how long 'til I can answer why  
I'm gonna live and not die  
A stranger in these times?

I'm bored of imbecilic morons, dear God, it's frightening  
Your time is up so I'll just leave you all behind  
'Cause nothing's sacred and I'm betting it's not likely  
(I don't expect you to understand me)  
That you could find yourself a new temptation

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My insecurities are telling me to turn and walk away  
They get the best of me and reality just slowly slips away

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