I'm unstable, I'm a mess
Are words that came to mind
I'm unable to regret
The words that came to life

It's a game where we pretend I never crossed the line He's a neighbor, she's a friend A perfect compromise

This town is running with a Sick crowd, running with a Sick crowd, running with a Sick crowd

This town is running with a Sick crowd, running from a Thick cloud, running with a Sick crowd
This town is begging for a Dismount, from another
Big mouth
Sick crowd

She's a victim, she's a threat A tightrope conga line When you know that there's a net You might just fall to fly

I'm addicted, I'm obsessed With making you complete Nothing can hold me back Except a lack of sleep

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This town is begging for a Dismount, from another
Big mouth
Sick crowd

I've been
Stuck in my ways

This town is running with a Sick crowd, running from a Thick cloud, running with a Sick crowd
This town is begging for a Dismount, from another
Big mouth
Sick crowd