

Bitter End

The Revivalists

I'm trying too hard to pretend, lately
Quit changing the rules that I bend, daily
I'm wasting the time that I spend, chasing
The you that I hold in my head, escaping

With you under my skin, I'm sinking
Getting stoned with my friends, I think of you
Even the Midas touch is gonna turn to rust
In the bitter end, baby

The soles of the shoes on my feet, are faded
And all of the people I meet, are waiting
For letters I'll never complete, saying
The world that I built in my dreams, is caving in

With you under my skin, I'm sinking
Getting stoned with my friends, I think of you
Even the Midas touch is gonna turn to rust
In the bitter end, baby

Why'd you fuck with my heart
It's plain to see
I was holding on to more than this could ever be
I read it but I don't believe it
I said it and I don't regret it at all, baby

With you under my skin, I'm sinking
Getting stoned with my friends, I think of you
Even the Midas touch is gonna turn to rust
In the bitter end, baby