

# Complain

## Too Close To Touch

Cut my heart out, so I left myself in bed  
What a sellout, didn't hear a word you said  
It's best to let me bleed  
I'm the mess you couldn't clean  
Drown the hell out, wash it down and grit my teeth

I, I, I take  
What I'm prescribed  
Just to get me by  
Hope it gets me by

I don't know why it feels like life hit pause, but  
Everybody else is moving forward  
Maybe I'll get my shit together, maybe I won't, whatever  
I've got no one left to blame, but I can't complain  
I got no one left to blame, but I can't complain  
I got no one left to blame, but I can't complain

Happy people are the best at playing dead  
What do we know? Drown it out till we forget  
Catch you by the counter now with a diamond in your hand  
Last year I'd be jealous but it ain't for me just yet

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I been sick of myself, and I wonder what happened  
'Cause I'm missing the things that I know I can't have and  
Every day I wake up to another bad habit  
Another bad habit, numbing my sadness

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