

The Struggle

Tove Lo

So you're deep like the ocean
But your bod' was a potion
I believe in karma
Set the waves into motion

Cold, cold, cold, cold hands over me
Fuck, fuck, fuck some sense into me
Gold for loneliness, I won't pay
Fuck, fuck some sense into me

The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real

So you got all the answers
Hold the reigns, I'm your dancer
Pull me underwater
Tell me nobody gets hurt

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I've got my way with words
Don't believe me
Pretend like I don't hurt
I don't, I don't, I don't
I've got my way with pain
Don't believe me
I numb myself to blame
I don't, I don't, I don't
Don't, don't

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