Borderline

Tove Styrke

The boys of the empire
They set head fire
Pull the plug sire
I'll spit fire

Gents of the empire
Strangle my desire
Pull the plug sire
And I'll spit fire

I'm borderline happy and I'm borderline sad
I'm borderline good and I'm borderline bad
And I can't get rid of tingling fear
You'd sort me out if my head gets clear
I live my life in shackles but I'm borderline free
I used to be blind and I still can't see
And I won't get around to a change of mind
As long as nobody breaks my stride

Tricks of the empire
Make happy kids aim higher
Higher up they wet fire
Fools of the empire

I went to school in the empire
Learnt the rules from a brat sire
I be a fool of the empire
'Til I break loose spread fire
Burn it down

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