

# Choker

Twenty One Pilots

I don't bother anyone  
Nervous when I stand  
Choking on the circumstance  
Only smoking secondhand  
Cut us open, spread us out  
Dry us in the sand  
Lay the fibers side-by-side  
And you'll begin to understand

I know it's over  
I was born a choker  
Nobody's coming for me.  
...coming for me

I don't bother anyone  
Never make demands  
Choking on the circumstance  
Self-sabotage is a sweet romance  
Seems like all I'm worth is what  
I'm able to withstand  
Sooner I can realize  
That pain is just a middle man.

I know it's over  
I was born a choker  
Nobody's coming for me.

I see no volunteers  
to co-sign on my fears  
I'll sign on the line  
Alone.

I'm gonna change my circumstance  
I know I need to move right now  
'cause...

I know it's over  
I was born a choker  
Nobody's coming for me.  
(only smoking secondhand)

Like a little splinter  
buried in your skin  
Someone else can carve it out  
But when you've got the pin  
It hurts a little less  
and you can even push it further in  
When your body's screaming out  
Trust your mind's listening.  
Like a silhouette that you can barely see  
As the shadow casts upon the ground  
where you'll eventually  
lay forever, but the day goes on  
the sun moves behind you  
You get taller, bolder, stronger,  
and the rear-view only blinds you  
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