Well I've been going out and getting thin
And I've lost a couple friends that I've traded in
I'm a flying kite in a parking lot
All the precious things I once had are now gone

I'm going nowhere on an elliptical
And sometimes I just wonder why I can't ever be still
I'm running circles and I'm chasing the past
I'm going nowhere fast, nowhere fast

I need to validate, to scratch an itch
All the triumphs that I've had are hanging on my fridge
Am I killing time, or running out?
All the precious things I do are always by myself

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So quick to deny all the problems
I'm spinning out to some natural cause
Out my window, there's enough of the sunlight
To wake me up from the celebrant pause
Fold out like a map on the surface
I know you always like to start with the point
I can't promise I'm the sum of it all
But I'll try to align

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I'm going nowhere