Hurting On Purpose

Whethan

I don't feel myself in the daytime
Late night, I'm late night
No, I don't feel myself in the daytime
Everything is too real, bright lights

I've been pushing ninety-five, I'm headed to the ocean
I've been drinking, smoking, smoking, drinking, drinking, smoking
And it's good 'cause it's bad, cuts and it kills
But I'm sick of how it feels

Don't you know I'm hurting on purpose?
Don't you know I'm hurting on purpose?
Don't believe what lies on the surface
I'm in love, I'm in love with the pain
Don't you know I'm

What? What? What? What?
What? What? What? What? (Don't you know I'm)
What? What? What? What?
What? What? What? What? Don't you know I'm
What? What? What? What?
What? What? What?

I don't feel alive in the middle
High, low, I'm high, low
I don't feel alive in the middle
Not even just a little bit
Back, forth

I've been smoking, drinking, drinking, smoking, smoking, drinking
I've been doing what I shouldn't 'til my mind ain't thinking
And it's good 'cause it's bad, cuts and it kills
But I'm sick of how it feels

Don't you know I'm hurting on purpose?
Don't you know I'm hurting on purpose?
Lately though, that shit isn't working
Had enough, had enough of the pain
Don't you know I'm

What? What? What? What?
What? What? What? (Don't you know I'm)
What? What? What? What?
What? What? What?
Don't you know I'm hurting on purpose?
Don't you know I'm

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