Dead

[Phoebe Ryan](#)

I've made mistakes, been dishonest
Self-estranged, did what I wanted
I was a fake, I slept just the same
I'm not a saint, no, I'm not a saint
Oh, no it doesn't make sense
Oh, no I don't understandCHORUS:
When things are good
I don't believe that they're for real
I really wish I could just tell myself I gotta feel
Feel something else instead
Cause lately life is like a dream
It's messing with my head
I must be dead
I've been a wreck, took things too far
Made a mess, felt like a star
I've broken hearts and goddamn I slept the same
I'm not a saint, no, I'm not a saint
Oh, no it doesn't make sense
Oh, no I don't understandCHORUS:
When things are good
I don't believe that they're for real
I really wish I could just tell myself I gotta feel
Feel something else instead
Cause lately life is like a dream
It's messing with my head
I must be dead
So, suddenly it's all picture perfect
Life is so good and I don't deserve itCHORUS:
When things are good
I don't believe that they're for real
I really wish I could just tell myself I gotta feel
Feel something else instead
Cause lately life is like a dream
It's messing with my head
I must be dead
I must be dead
I must be dead (I must be dead I don't believe it)
I must be dead (I tell myself I could be dreaming)
I must be dead (I must be dead I don't believe it)

Lyrics provided by