

Moceanu

Bayside

I'm s-I-c-k of my meaningless life
Where c-h-a-n-c-e-s pass me by
It's r-e-a-l-I-t-y
Presold, you are lady of terrible guilt
That's not my I-d-e-a of f-r-e-e will
It's r-e-a-l-I-t-y

Mr. c-o-o-l at all the shows
Your a-t-t-I-d-u-d-e is old
This is r-e-a-l-I-t-y

And you might ask why
Nothings ever how it seems
I think I knew more when I was thirteen
When did life get so real?
And now I feel like I'm losing my mind
And I used to think all the time
And now thinking hurts and feeling is worse
I liked reality better when it was a dream

This is r-e-a-l-I-t-y

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