

Crooks

Single Mothers

If this is living the dream
Just kill me
Or at least wake me up
If this is reality
I need out of this situation 'Cause I'm a stencil, filled in with broken pencils
Aggressive but gentle
Treated like a rental
Thought I was special, but the truth keeps sinking in
Tried to drown out in denial
But the air keeps finding me
I feel handcuffed here
When all I want to do is flee the scene
'Cause I don't need to change
I see the power in inflicting pain
And I made up this entire game
So I know all the best rules to break I'm a weed
I want to take over everything
And I'm succeeding
At suffocating all my surroundings And you'll beg
And you'll cry
And I'll move on
And you'll try Am I hanging in or hanging on?
It gets so foggy when things go wrong
I'm no quitter, I just quit
When the situation demands it
If this is living the dream
Just kill me
Or at least wake me up
If this is reality
I need more stimulation If this is living the dream
Just kill me
Or at least wake me up
If this is reality
I need out of this situation

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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