

# Getting Smaller

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Getting a little erratic here and I don't know who to trust  
I guess they got a way of reading my mind, I guess I gotta adjust  
I got my arms they flip flop flip flop flip, I got my head on spring  
Well I thought I got you on my side, I haven't got fucking anything  
I'm just a face in the crowd, nothing to worry about  
Not even tryin' to stand out, I'm getting smaller and smaller and smaller  
And I have nothing to say, it's all been taken away  
I just behave and obey, I'm afraid I am starting to fade away  
I cannot see through the cracks, when I'm pressed up on the wall  
I'm not looking to stand up real high, I'd be happy to crawl  
I think I'm losing my grip, but I can still make a fist  
You know I still got my one good arm, that I can beat  
I can beat myself up with  
I'm just a face in the crowd, nothing to worry about  
Not even tryin' to stand out, I'm getting smaller and smaller and smaller

And I have nothing to say, its all been taken away  
I just behave and obey, I'm afraid I am starting to fade away  
And for what it is worth, I really used to believe  
That maybe there's some great thing, that we could achieve  
And now I cant tell the difference, don't know what to feel  
Between what I've been trying to hard to see and what appears to be real  
Fading away  
Fading away  
Fading away  
Fading away

My world is getting smaller everyday and that's okay  
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My world is getting smaller everyday and that's okay

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