I'm Failing to See How This Is a Good Idea

Blackhole

And I can't sleep and the sun is rising,
Another 37 hours before I can sleep.
My days and nights are rolling into one,
And I'm losing track of where I am.
And I'm failing to see how this is a good idea.
The heavy breathing and the blood coming up from my lungs.
I'm failing to see how this is a good idea.
The heavy breathing and the blood coming up from my lungs.
There is no reason for you to worry about me,
I'm doing fine just watch and see.
Ok, I'll admit that there are some things that really fucked me,
But I'm over it now, so get off my back and let me fucking be.
And I can't sleep and the sun is rising,
Another 37 hours that I've been awake.
My days and nights are rolling into one,
And I'm losing track of who I am.
And I'm failing to see how this is a good idea.
The heavy breathing and the blood coming up from my lungs.
I'm failing to see how this is a good idea.
The heavy breathing and the blood coming out from my mouth.
Fuck this.
The way we fall so fast and hard,
With no one to catch us when things fall apart.
No wonder we're broken and wrecked from the start
When everything's ruined because of our past.
Ok, I'll admit that there are some things that really fucked me,
But I'm over it now, so get off my back and let me fucking be.
Now hear me out.
My back's fucking breaking and I can't hold this weight.
Try carrying the world with nothing but hope.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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