The Things I Do

Teddy Thompson

It's getting harder and harder to live with myself
The things I do
I'm getting weaker in mental and physical health
The things I doAnd no one's coming to save me now
It's me that has to change somehow
One night out away from the therapist's couch
OuchI'm sinking lower and lower in my friend's eyes
The things I do
And I've turned into somebody I despise
Oh, the things I doAnd my standards are slipping day by day
I'll sleep with anyone who gets in my way
One bad hand away from a losing game
ShameShould I be thinking about myself at a time like this?
I'm not sure
I'm never happy but at least I get some peace
In this war but I could use more
The things I doAnd no one's coming to save the day
I'll have my fun and then I'll pay
One night out away from an early grave
And I need to be saved

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