

# Hard Sell

## The Crane Wives

I'm trying to make something of myself  
On my better days, I go for the hard sell  
But I feel like I'm working with barbed wire and moth wings  
'Cause I can't really get a hold on anything I'm one deep breath away from a breakdown  
My nerves are wrecked and coming unwound  
The world is hostile, and I'm fragile, and I need  
Someone to kiss the cuts and tell me to keep trying Is it me? Is it really just me?  
Does everybody have it together or are we all pretending?  
Is it me? Is it really just me  
Holding it together with one loose string  
That I can't stop, I can't stop  
I can't stop pulling I rip myself apart at the seams  
I find one weak spot and start unraveling  
Hoping I can find a better me  
A fresh new start buried underneath Is it me? Is it really just me?  
Does everybody have it together or are we all pretending?  
Is it me? Is it really just me  
Holding it together with one loose string  
That I can't stop, I can't stop  
I can't stop pulling Can we stop pretending now?  
Can we stop pretending now?  
Can we all admit that we don't have it figured out? Can we stop pretending now?  
Can we stop pretending now?  
Can we all admit that we don't have it figured out? Is it me? Is it really just me?  
Does everybody have it together or are we all pretending?  
Is it me? Is it really just me  
Holding it together with one loose string  
That I can't stop, I can't stop  
I can't stop pulling  
I can't stop pulling  
I can't stop pulling

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

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