

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 anythingI'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 tryingIs 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 pullingI 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 underneathIs 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 pullingCan 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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