

# Swing

## Knuckle Puck

I've been feeling stagnant and cracked underneath.  
I try to sleep it off but I can feel it in my dreams.  
I'll give them what they wanna see.  
A kid lost in his twenties.  
Oh, what a sight to see.  
Constant pressure weighing down on me.  
It gets better, they want me to believe.  
Not much to show for this time spent alone.  
I swing but I miss every time.  
There's so much fight inside, and I've fought the good fight, but I just cant let this one go.  
Feel the rush of blood beneath the skin.  
Can't keep myself from dwelling on this like you did, cause it's so dark here.  
More than it ever is.  
Close the shades, clear my head, slump back to bed again.  
I've always wanted to believe that this meant something.  
We've always wanted to believe that this meant something.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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