Identity Theft

Pro Audio

Am I lying to myself, when everyone else here sees right through me?
And all the products they've sold me, will I let them own me
Don't I feel like such a man? I'll hide my guilt and no regrets
Smoke a thousand cigarettes and slowly tear myself apart
'Til suddenly I'm in the middle of the part I love
There's no rest for these feelings
And I have had enough time to think
There are several different ways to waste your time there
And mine will be the one that digs my grave
But anyway
Well I can see for miles and miles
Troubled are the few
Who reach for the stars
And I don't even know what the hell we are
But honestly I'm starting to think that I'm lost

When suddenly I'm in the middle of the part I love
There's no rest for these feelings
And I have had enough time to think
So don't shoot me full of your lies, I know the profit song
It moves the bones till round and round we go
Can cite examples why I'm right, I don't look the same
I can barely tell myself apart
Then suddenly I'm in the middle of the part I love
There's no rest for these feelings
And I think that enough is enough
So don't tell me the same stories, 'cause I've heard them all before
There's no telling what you're selling
But I don't want it anymore, you think you've got it all
But you don't have what I'm looking for

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