Getting Smaller

[Nine Inch Nails](#)

Getting a little erratic here and I don't know who to trust
I guess they got a way of reading my mind, I guess I gotta adjust
I got my arms they flip flop flip flop flip, I got my head on spring
Well I thought I got you on my side, I haven't got fucking anythingI'm just a face in the crowd, nothing to worry about
Not even tryin' to stand out, I'm getting smaller and smaller and smaller
And I have nothing to say, it's all been taken away
I just behave and obey, I'm afraid I am starting to fade awayI cannot see through the cracks, when I'm pressed up on the wall
I'm not looking to stand up real high, I'd be happy to crawl
I think I'm losing my grip, but I can still make a fist
You know I still got my one good arm, that I can beat
I can beat myself up withI'm just a face in the crowd, nothing to worry about
Not even tryin' to stand out, I'm getting smaller and smaller and smaller
And I have nothing to say, its all been taken away
I just behave and obey, I'm afraid I am starting to fade awayAnd for what it is worth, I really used to believe
That maybe there's some great thing, that we could achieve
And now I cant tell the difference, don't know what to feel
Between what I've been trying to hard to see and what appears to be realFading away
Fading away
Fading away
Fading awayMy world is getting smaller everyday and that's okay
My world is getting smaller everyday and that's okay
My world is getting smaller everyday and that's okay
My world is getting smaller everyday and that's okay