

Identity Theft

Sinch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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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