

I try so hard to be good  
I get these bad ideas  
I try so hard to be good  
It doesn't always work out  
It doesn't always work out  
But I try...

To feel the sunlight on my eyes  
Shake off the shadows  
That were following me around  
It's very nice you know and quite a lot to take in  
To feel the sunlight and start growing again

I taught myself to push it away  
I was watching, watching you do it to me  
I taught myself to throw it away

And you get used to being happy  
you get used to it, used to it, used to it...

I like to think about the clouds...  
How they are moving  
Sometimes it's nice to stay home...  
When everybody goes out  
It's nice and quiet when they call it's so loud  
I don't understand

I shuffle cool across the boulevard  
My feet move steady, my shoes go up and down  
I'm always late you know...  
Late and never ready  
I keep it steady though  
When I get tight and all up right

I taught myself to push it away  
I was watching, watching you do it to me  
I taught myself to throw it away

And you get used to being happy  
you get used to it, used to it, used to it...

Make no mistake to be user don't mean loser  
Witty and cruel they are so easy to confuse  
You'll learn eventually or...  
Eventually you'll lose it...  
Eventually you'll lose it...  
Get used to it...