

Hooked on Bliss

54-40

Won't quit worrying over things
I lay awake so fate will bring
Nothing seems what it's worth
I don't know if I've earned my birth
Maybe I could take a stand
Set examples for a man
But I would end up playing tricks
All my life is politics
You won't see me crying
Another day and still I crave
A new addition to my ways
I won't admit I'm hooked on bliss
But being alone is still the shits
A cheated life is cheaper still
An unearned kiss an unearned thrill
Alone at night I'm in that place
There's no reflection of my face
You won't see me crying
I don't hear screaming when I turn on the
set
My hands are bleeding like Chomsky
says
If I took the time to see what mattered
My little world would be stripped and scattered
If I ever finally cherished
I believe then that I would perish
Maybe on that day
I'll give myself away