

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