

The Fuss

Against the Current

Bad scene, sixty thousand degrees
Don't know what you want from me
We all speak but nobody thinks
And I'm looking for a way to leave

I'm going off again, off again
I'm going off again
Yeah my temperament, temperament
It's too rough for them

What's the fuss, the fuss about?
I've been tryn'a suss it out
Everybody here, everybody's just zoning out
What's the fuss, the fuss about?
All the words and what to doubt
Everybody here, everybody's just floating 'round

Bad dreams, something stuck in your teeth
Little tragedies on repeat
Wound me, I'm not feeling the scene
You gotta give me something I believe

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Can you tell me what's the reason
I'm not feeling what you're feeling
Give me something to believe in
Or give it up, or give it up now

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