

It's my arms that wrap you up nice  
It's my arms, it's my arms baby  
Small rooms with record exec types  
Whisper away my future lately

I'll introduce you to producers  
I'll write your songs and make them way damn shorter

I'm so confused  
This industry has made me cold  
I trusted you to make me shine bright  
This is almost getting old

Shock me with fear it's taking longer  
Blood sweat and years will make me way damn stronger

It's my words that fail to give insight  
I blame you, blame me baby

I'm so confused  
This industry has made me cold  
I trusted you to make me shine bright  
This is almost getting old

It suits me just fine

This is the package I'm sending  
These are the clothes that I'm wearing  
These are the words that I'm saying  
These are the notes that they're playing

I'll introduce you to producers  
I'll write your songs and make them way damn shorter

I'm so confused  
This industry has made me cold  
I trusted you to make me shine bright  
This is almost getting old

And it suits me just fine