

How can I laugh at a time like this?  
I guess my sense of humor's sick  
I inhaled a red balloon  
soon I'll be over the moon

With every step that I take  
I wanna take it all back  
back home is too far away  
the devil's calling my cab  
don't wanna cause any pain  
I'm only making it worse  
I gotta get out  
and make this better

tell my mother that I miss her  
tell my father that I tried  
don't confuse my little sister  
let her sleep on it tonight  
with the sticks and stones I'm  
made of  
I swear I tried the best I could  
I still wanna be a winner  
I want to be good

I want to be good

How did I, how did I end up here?  
hands on the wheel with a gripping  
fear  
stomach churns, but I have faith  
I'm driving to a better place

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I want to be good (good!)  
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I want to be good (good!)