

Every morning I put it on.
I walk outside and I am gone.
And I don't seem to mind anymore.
I can't think what it was like before.
I wore it all the time.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

In the evening I take it off,
But there's another one underneath,
And I can't seem to find the bottom of the stack I
Just might lose my mind and never get it back, but
At least I'll get inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

At least I'll get inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

There's a feeling that I get sometimes.
It's so small that it's easy to hide.
It's like a howling voice from the distant past.
It seems I've got no choice when it comes to this.
It's building up inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

It's building up inside.

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh