

Içfñ not the joker who wins your game  
Whenever  
Your good excuses (they) turn out lame  
And Içfñ not  
Always the hand that helps you out  
Whenever  
The lucky loser runs out of luck  
So sit down and lean back  
Cause this might hurt a bit  
(I wonçfñ make your bed  
I donçfñ give a shit)  
Can you do anything on your own  
Without picking up the phone?  
Please donçfñ complicate it  
I feel so jaded  
Can you do anything on your own?  
Hey donçfñ you know  
I feel so jaded  
I feel so jaded  
...now  
I wait for the day when you come to see  
That nothing  
In our life ever comes for free  
Because youçfñe  
Sneaking through life at my expense  
With an empty head and empty hands  
Içfñ so worn out  
Içfñ not the joker in your game  
When your excuses turn out lame  
And nothing ever comes for free  
When will the lucky loser see?