

## Pressure Cracks

Grieves

I feel like I've been breathing out of an exhaust pipe  
On the job site, with a fist full of brittle sand  
Should have seen it coming  
A mile away from the little hill in which I'm making a stand on  
It makes a man of me (doesn't it?)  
And if it never kills me then I get a pass  
Wish I could've opened up the air around me  
Just a little bit so I could take a gasp  
Who the hell is watching?  
Put a notch in my belt, keep it on the tracks  
Shoulda woulda coulda never made a difference  
When you're playing chicken with your only chance  
But it made a man of me, right? Mad man  
That gotta dance around and play his sounds  
Wish I knew back then what I know now  
Yeah, look at me now!

Dodging forever  
Spending a fortune to figure it out  
I don't believe it  
Never learned how  
All of this pressure is driving me wild  
Look at me now

I'm starting to feel like it's stacking on my shoulders  
Another soldier with little patience to see the dawn  
Fought a lot of odds, in the name of cause  
Put em in a box buried in the lawn  
But I learned a lesson from it, didn't I?  
And if I didn't who the hell is gonna teach me?  
I've been looking for answers  
And none of em ever offered a lesson that'll reach me  
Who can see me?  
Losing personal relationships like people do they house keys  
I've been outside, looking inside  
With a shadow casted all around me  
And they doubt me  
Try to throw a little part of me away with every frown  
Just wish they saw what I know now  
Yeah, look at me now!

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Look at me now