

Tell me all the things I'm supposed to like  
What you want to hear, what think is right  
I'm not present, my thoughts are misaligned

Cause every time I close my eyes too tight  
It's the Fall of 1929  
A panic, playing out in black and white

I fill myself with doubt, I feel like I sold out  
I feel like I am down, I'm down without a doubt  
I feel like I let down, everyone around  
I feel like nothing counts, I'm down without a doubt  
I've filled myself with doubt

Maybe I was made for normal life  
Where I'm in at 9 and I'm out by 5  
And there's goals, I'd hit them every time

I could sell plans of different types  
To wealthy men and their trophy wives  
And go home, see the kids at night

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Never good enough, never satisfied with nothing  
Never good enough, never satisfied with nothing  
Never good enough, never satisfied with nothing  
Never good enough, never satisfied with nothing  
Never good enough, never satisfied with nothing  
Never good enough, never satisfied with nothing

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