

## Swing

Knuckle Puck

I've been feeling stagnant and cracked underneath  
I try to sleep it off but I can feel it in my dreams  
I'll give them what they wanna see  
A kid lost in his twenties  
Oh, what a sight to see

Constant pressure weighing down on me  
It gets better, they want me to believe  
Constant pressure weighing down on me  
It gets better, they want me to believe

Not much to show for this time spent alone  
I swing but I miss every time

Not much to show for this time spent alone  
I swing but I miss every time  
There's so much fight inside, and I've fought the good fight  
But I just can't let this one go

Feel the rush of blood beneath the skin  
Can't keep myself from dwelling on this like you did  
Cause it's so dark here, more than it ever is  
Close the shades, clear my head, slump back to bed again

I've always wanted to believe that this meant something  
We've always wanted to believe that this meant something

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There's so much fight left inside