

Been shut down one too many times  
I'm embedded in the ground  
These critics don't know how to lie  
I just wish I could mute all their mouths

And I know, we all get low  
But I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one  
I really don't

The peaks and troughs they hit us all  
We all live in the waves we've created  
Wouldn't know we're flying without the falls  
But I'm underground screaming for something

And I know, we all get low  
But I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one  
No I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one  
No I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one  
I really don't

Too deep to see the waterline  
Too young to know that I'll be fine  
The fragile always fall apart  
You made my ache your art

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