

Unless you could see inside my head,
you couldn't possibly understand
I'm happier when things are falling apart at the seams
and you'd never know just by looking at me
and I'm strung out on the future
and burnt out on the past
sometimes I'd rather just burn this place right to the ground
And y'know it just may be me
but the parking lot with all those creeps
keeps me convincing me myself I'm completely sane
with sleep over rated
and my ideal outdated
I know that I wouldn't have it any other way
and I can't explain what this place races through my mind