

P.S. Shock the World

Less Than Jake

It's never been so crystal clear that i've been dying six months a year arguing with strangers about why i'm still here. no one lets me forget questions about my relevance and i'm starting to believe their arguments in my self-defense it's just my self-destructiveness and always wasting all my breath and it's still a mystery to me why i'm doubting all my dreams all the things that i say will someday fade away when the message in the songs has kept me sane all along. the years hit like like fist to face and some days i've tried to replace this person with the same god-given name. some days i shake till noon i've tried to explain to overcrowded rooms across these states my narrow point of view. but what can i do it's just my self-destructiveness and always wasting all my breath and it's a mystery to me why i'm doubting all my dreams all the things that i say will someday fade away when the message in these songs has kept me sane all along.