

There must be perfect words
for feeling alone around the people that love you.
They hide their concern,
and keep their mouths shut while they watch you come unglued.
"You are their oldest son!
They raised you better to be healthy and strong!"
I haven't felt that way in so long.

But I'd be fine if I could just shake this feeling
that all I am is spinning out of control.

And it's slowly becoming clear
that your friends and your family can't bear
to tell you that they've been watching as you get worse all the
se years.
And it's still there, the rising fear
that your dependence is more than your share,
and you're one step closer to nowhere near.

But I'd be fine if I could just shake this feeling
that all I am is spinning out of control.
Tonight it's hard not to feel like a failure
when I count the scars on my fingers and know
there's nowhere else to go.

I'm finding out that all this means
is I'm falling apart at the seams,
I'm finding out that all this means
is I'm falling apart, I'm falling apart at the seams,
seams, seams, seams

But I'm coming clean.
And there's not much room to breathe
between my inconsistencies
and the constant reminder
that I've always been this weak.

But I'd be fine if I could just shake this feeling
that all I am is spinning out of control.
Tonight it's hard not to feel like a failure
when I count the scars on my fingers and know
there's nowhere else to go.