

## Tied Up

Middle Class Rut

I went wrong  
And now I'll deal with it  
But these days  
I just don't fuck with it  
I just don't fuck with it

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And now I'll deal with it  
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Stuck in a trap  
That I set for myself  
Just in case  
This case didn't come with a lock  
The only key that I brought  
I knew was broken

Tried to look around for a window  
So I'll be on all four walls  
Waiting on the fact that there ain't nowhere  
For these lungs to breathe

But I guess it ain't all that bad  
I guess it could be worse  
I got to stop guessing  
Because this head of mine is starting to hurt

So I'll say "Whoa, stay alive! There ain't no place here left for me"  
"Whoa, stay alive! There ain't no place here left for me, yea"

Get up, get out, and lose this anger  
Get up, get out, and lose this anger  
Get up, get out, and lose this anger  
Get up, get out, and lose this anger

I can't see clear no more  
My eyes don't open wide  
They just look up  
Going through the book that I ain't read yet

And I guess a couple pages got torn  
I guess they got burnt  
I guess they got thrown away  
The words are written  
Don't belong to me

So I'll say "Go ahead and die, you're powerless without a lie"  
"Go ahead and die, you're powerless without a lie, yea"

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