

# Identity Theft

Sinch

Why am I lying to myself  
When everyone else sees right through me  
And all the products they sold me  
I let them mold me  
Don't I feel like such a man?  
I'll hide my guilt and my regrets  
Smoke a thousand cigarettes  
I'll slowly tear myself apart

Till suddenly I'm in  
The middle of the part I love  
There's no rest  
For these feelings  
And I have had enough time  
To think

Several different ways to waste your time  
And mine will be the one that digs my grave  
But anyway  
I can see for miles and miles  
Troubled are the few who reach for the stars  
And I don't even know what the hell we are  
But honestly  
I'm starting to think that I'm lost

When suddenly I'm in  
The middle of the part I love  
There's no rest  
For these feelings  
And I have had enough time  
To think

So don't shoot me full of your lies  
I know the profits song  
It moves the bones around  
And round we go  
The sight examples why I'm right  
I don't move the same  
I can barely tell myself apart

Till suddenly I'm in  
The middle of the part I love  
There's no rest  
For these feelings  
And I think that enough is enough

So don't tell me  
The same stories  
Cause I've heard them all before  
There's no telling  
What you're selling  
But I don't want it anymore

You think you've got it all  
But you don't have what I'm looking for