

Incomplete

Switchfoot

He's washing face to start his day
He's lonely, lonely, lonely, lonely
Nothing in the mirror ever shows him what's within

Now he's checking out the faces
On the back of the milk
He's sour under all this pressure
He thinks the missing person looks an awful lot like him

And he starts his engine
But he knows he's missing gears

Incomplete!
Where will you find yourself?
Incomplete!
Where will you find yourself?
(3rd time- Where will you lose yourself?)
'Cause you're the missing person now
Step outside your doubt
And let yourself be found!

He's sick of the race just to save face
He's tied and tried, he's sick and tired
He's tired of the holes that are keeping him incomplete

He'll push the pedal to the floor
Like the day before
He's trying to be always trying
Try to find an end to justify his means