

# 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