

The Things I Do

Teddy Thompson

It's getting harder and harder to live with myself
The things I do
I'm getting weaker in mental and physical health
The things I do

And no one's coming to save me now
It's me that has to change somehow
I'm one night out away from the therapist's couch
Ouch!

I'm sinking lower and lower in my friends' eyes
The things I do
And I've turned into somebody I despise
The things I do

And my standards are slipping day by day
I'll sleep with anyone who gets in my way
I'm one bad hand away from a losing game
Shame!

Should I be thinking about myself at a time like
this?
I'm not sure
I'm never happy but at least I get some peace
In this war
But I could use more

And no one's coming to save the day
I'll have my fun and then I'll pay
I'm one night out away from an early grave
And I need to be Saved