

## Living In the Storm

The Pretty Reckless

There's something wrong with all of my friends  
Empty heads and violence I'm trying to pretend  
That it's not me  
I can be anything I want to be  
I'll try to ignore it  
This banging at my door  
And I'm living in the storm

They're dropping bombs on all of my friends  
Every time I turn around they're blowing up again  
But it's not me  
Out on the streets  
I don't know who any of you people are  
I'll try to avoid it  
Try to avoid this  
This vulture at my door  
And I'm living in the storm

I know I'm alone  
All on my own  
I'm already dead and cold  
Cold, cold, cold, cold

They're killing brains in all of my friends  
When I look inside of 'em there's nothing happening  
But it's not me  
I can think  
I think I'll stay right where I am  
I'll try to ignore it  
Try to ignore this  
This banging at my door  
And I'm living in the storm  
I, I, I'm living in the storm  
I, I, I'm living in the storm  
Me, me