

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