

Struggle

Tove Lo

So you're deep like the ocean
And got your bottles of potion
I believe in karma
Set the waves into motion

Cold, cold, cold, cold hands over me
Fuck, fuck, fuck some sense into me
Gold for loneliness, I will pay
Fuck, fuck some sense into me

The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real

So you got all the answers
Hold the reigns on your dancer
Pull me underwater
Tell 'em nobody gets hurt

Cold, cold, cold, cold hands over me
Fuck, fuck, fuck some sense into me
Gold for loneliness, I will pay
Fuck, fuck some sense into me

The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real

I've got my way with words
Don't believe me
Pretend like I don't hurt
I don't, I don't, I don't
I've got my way with pain
Don't believe me
I numb myself to blame
I don't, I don't, I don't
Don't, oh-oh
Don't believe me, yeah, oh

Cold, cold, cold, cold hands over me
Fuck, fuck some sense into me

The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real
When you don't tell me how you feel 'bout this love
The struggle is real