

We Can't All Be Heroes

Wax

[Intro:]

I wake up in the morning, it's the same old thing
Another day alone just rhyme writing (oh)
It's getting a little old
Feeling kind of cold

[Verse 1:]

When do you say you took your dream too far
And finally come to grips with the person you are
I think for some of us the dream's too vivid
And the gift we've been given is the curse that comes with it
If you strive for perfection and progress
You beat your own ass in the process
Man I'm satisfied never
My shit always could be better
Shit the verse I'm saying now could be way more clever
I remember when there wasn't no pressure
I just do this
Before the music was part of a to do list
I love writing but why I'm clueless
It's peaceful yet deceitful
Like a Buddhist Judas
And it's fucking up my brain
But somehow it's the only thing that keeps me sane
I guess I'm like a little goth art student
Take away his pen, next day at school he starts shooting
But arts stupid
If you consider the bitter cost of this
All the relationships I've lost to this
All the times that I hit ignore when my family and friends they would call f
or this
A constant state of exhaustiveness
I give my all to this
A stressful endeavor like tiger woods probably thinks that golfing is
I should get a office gig
But I can't cause I'm over here dreaming
And as I write another song I just feel like screaming

[Hook:]

Stop fucking with me
Stop judging me
I just want to live comfortably
And I ain't talking about wealth
I'm talking about my brain
I'm talking about mental health

Stop fucking with me
Stop judging me
I look around and suddenly
I realize that there's nobody else
The only one judging me is myself

[Verse 2:]

Most people they got big dreams and big plans
End up as a big flock of sacrificial lambs
A single achiever
Can make a billion believers

Look at the children they're all willing and eager
Like when I was a kid I watched Jordan play
And dreamed of being up on the NBA court one day
Realized early that I didn't have it
That don't mean that there ain't people that took that stab at it
Like my man every day practice shooting baskets
Dreaming about playing for the magic or mavericks
High school star a 30 point a night average
4 year college starter alright average
Didn't get drafted
Still he could see the dream
Now he's 35 playing for some European team
Knees fucked up constantly throbbing
Now he's popping Oxycontin
And it's becoming a problem
Had to move back with his mom
And she want him to get a job
But he doesn't have any qualities they need
Can't put 3-man weave drills
Under specialty skills
More and more he eats pills
Prescription refills
He still sees that dream that vision and it haunts him
A voice inside his head and it taunts him
His mom thinking that he's on something
And she right
As he screams in the middle of the night

[Hook:]

Stop fucking with me
Stop judging me
I just want to live comfortably
And I ain't talking about wealth
I'm talking about my brain
I'm talking about mental health

Stop fucking with me
Stop judging me
I look around and suddenly
I realize that there's nobody else
The only one judging me is myself

[Bridge:]

I wake up in the morning it's the same old thing...
I wake up in the morning it's the same old thing...
We can't all be heroes
Shit, it's hard enough not to crack under the pressure of average expectations
Most of my heroes were drug addicts
So dream high and be prepared to fall really fucking far

[Verse 3:]

Take a walk around the city
Tour L.A
Listen to what addicted women on the corner say
Study their words many of them weren't born this way
Many moved here back in the day
Thinking that they'd be the next Dorris Day
There was role she was born to play
But somewhere she went astray
Some people crack on the day that disappointment comes
When they realize they ain't one of the annointed ones
She saw the vision

And she came here on a mission
Audition after audition
But she never caught a glimpse
Of success and then she got older
And the industry disowned
Told herself that it was over
Now she never ever sober
And it drove her to the point
She can't control her own emotions or addictions
But she still sees the vision when she's dreaming
A voice in her head like a demon
And she on sunset at the bus stop screaming

[Hook:]

Stop fucking with me
Stop judging me
I just want to live comfortably
And I ain't talking about wealth
I'm talking about my brain
I'm talking about mental health

Stop fucking with me
Stop judging me
I look around and suddenly
I realize that there's nobody else
The only one judging me is myself

But, stop fucking with me