

Constant competition and criticism between friends
we'll bite and fight with our might until we win in the end
I've got one up on you you've got one up on me
overlooking each other's worthy qualities
I'm sorry it's got a hold of me
and I pray I can't shake free
I'll damage my pride, it'll hurt me
so tangled up in ENVY
I lash out at you you strike back at a chance
low blows anything goes at each others expense
We're choosing up teams we're picking up sides
we try to nudge and we won't budge an inch for our pride
I'm sorry it's got a hold of me
and I pray I can't shake free
I'll damage my pride, it'll hurt me
so tangled up in ENVY
Conceit false prestige
same old story hunt for glory
will I ever see humility and will it ever manifest in me
and when the damage's gone, no one won
and that's our idea of fun
Enough