

BoyWithUke, Kind Of Sick Of Life

I don't wanna take out loans
I don't wanna be at home
I don't wanna say goodbye
And I don't wanna be alone
I just wanna stay inside
I don't know how or where I'd hide
And I don't want a suicide
But I'm getting sick of life

I wake up every morning feeling like a sack of shit
And it don't matter if it's pouring outside
Cause I'm so sick of all the fallacies and galaxies
I make with all the sticks I find
And words that rhyme, I try to cry
I tried to mind my pessimist
But consciousness is closing in
Any my resolve is wearing thin
Impulsiveness is my illness
And demons like to listen in
I'm falling through the corridor
Of all the things that I adore
I open doors and find a corpse
But I ignore it of course
Yeah I ignore it of course
Yeah I ignore it of course

I just wanna spend the night
I just wanna stop the fighting
I hear inside my head
I just wanna hold you tight
I just kinda feel uneasy
When it approaches evening
There's monsters in my bed
And there's no one that can save me
Lately, I've been feeling crazy
Numbers in my head I'm counting student loans and babies
Maybe I'll be looking around for daisies to put upon my coffin
I'll be buried in shortly

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