

# Garbage, Soldier Through This

You work too hard  
So when you come home to me, you're tired  
And you don't want to talk about it  
You envy my drive  
And how I am motivated

We'll go down to the park  
Check out the carnival for a ride  
And try to forget all about it  
I'm out of control  
And you don't appreciate it.

Believe it  
I need it  
I feel intoxicated  
I love it  
I want it  
Don't make me leave you for it

You say I have changed  
Self-centered and vain  
And you don't respect me for it  
The world is the same  
So I play the game  
And you've got to hate me for it

So we're re-arranged  
There's no one to blame  
But still you resent me for it  
I call all the shots  
I hold all the cards  
And you feel emasculated

Believe it  
I need it  
I feel intoxicated  
I love it  
I want it  
Don't make me leave you for it

Believe it  
I need this  
I feel intoxicated  
I love it  
I want it  
Don't make me leave you for it

How do we reconcile this?  
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We're able to soldier through this  
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