

# Mans Zelmerlow, Happyland

There's a hole in the soul oh Happyland  
We stay high in our castles made of sand  
there's a church where we go to numb the pain  
we messed up and I know you feel the same

and it goes on and I don't understand  
how we become a one man band  
oh lord, I guess all fucked up  
welcome to happy happy happy  
happyland!

There's a scar in the heart of Happyland  
in the shadow of where we used to stand  
so we sleep and we dream  
but our dreams don't mean a thing  
we could run but we're puppets on the string  
and I guess all fucked up  
welcome to happy happy happy  
happyland!

now we all wanna be happy  
no matter what now don't we?