

Bayside, Moceanu

I'm s-i-c-k of my meaningless life
Where c-h-a-n-c-e-s pass me by.
That's r-e-a-l-i-t-y.

Praise o-u-r lady of terrible guilt,
That's not my i-d-e-a of f-r-e-e will.
That's r-e-a-l-i-t-y.

Mr. c-o-o-l at all the shows
Your a-t-t-i-t-u-d-e is old.
This is r-e-a-l-i-t-y.

And you might ask why
Nothing's ever how it seems.
I think I knew more when I was 13.
When did life get so real?

And now I feel like I'm losing my mind,
I used to think all the time.
Now thinking hurts, and feeling is worse.
I liked Reality better when it was a dream.

Na na na na na na na na na na na na na na na.

This is r-e-a-l-i-t-y.