

Big 10-4, Irony Is Thick

Stepped over clothes, evidence of a late night fast food binge,
I threw on the same blue jeans just to do it all again,

For now these are the days I push through the crowds,
To make my way,

I'd feel a little better if I could steal a minute,
Push me right back or somewhere towards the middle,
I know I've been a little left of center,
These self-righteous thoughts burn inside my head again,
Are you there because the irony is thick,
The things that make me happy are the things, the things that make me sick,

Buried my phone, I don't think I'm going to show my face,
I called into work today, I'm a hopeless waste of space,

For now, these are the days I pray for the clouds,
And pull the shades,

I'd feel a little better if I could steal a minute,
Push me right back or somewhere towards the middle,
I know I've been a little left of center,
These self-righteous thoughts burn inside my head again,
Are you there because the irony is thick,
The things that make me happy are the things that make me sick,

And I've been worried about you,
Being worried about me,
Now I'm worried about me,

Are you there because the irony is thick,
The things that make me happy are the same things, the things that make me sick,
I'd feel a little better if I could steal a minute,
Push me right back or somewhere towards the middle,
I know I've been a little left of center,
These self-righteous thoughts burn inside my head again,
Are you there because the irony is thick,
The things that make me happy are the things that make me sick