

# BROCKHAMPTON, My American Life

Dead tired, feelin' stupid  
It's just my American life I'm dreaming man  
New shoes, new apartment  
That's all, my American life  
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say  
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say  
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing to say  
And I got nothing to say, and I got nothing, nothing  
And I got nothing to give, that's why I made you the same  
I been climbing this wall, how much more can I take?  
Sometimes I think about God, but then I think of those days  
Sometimes I wish we could speak, but I have nothing to say  
Dead tired, feelin' stupid (Feelin' stupid)  
And this is my American life

Thank you, thank you  
Thank you all, let's get it, let's get i, let's