

Diana Ah Naid, Cynical And Waking

I wake up, my head is soft
The pillows hard, and I'm lost
I hit the ground and laugh aloud
Get up after I get back down
I draw the shades, it's a proud day
And I just wanna be locked away
The radio says it's 20 to 8, it's too early or I'm too late
There's strings in me, planes and taxis
Free rides, cool rides, crooks and crazy's
Hard days, long nights, and I wake up before it's light
There's cold sheets, in house movies
Shit water but lots of wine
Fast talking, fast men, fast food, fast everything
I'm shocking, I'm shaking
I'm cynical and waking
I'm raucous, I'm rude
I'm too good to be true
I'm ugly, I'm stupid
I'm cruel and cold hearted
I'm raucous, I'm rude
I'm too good to be true
I miss everyone but you know
I miss myself most of all
The city hums, the lights are on
The carpet blends into the walls
I left blood on the sheets
There were tears where my fingers bleed
On the wall I left my name
Figured heres my claim to fame