

Falling Sick, Simple Needs

at nights when all us weirdo freaks
crawl out and have a blast
making sense ain't easy
the daylight hours can't save us now
we'll leave them in the past
making sense ain't easy
we're tired of being let down
we're tired of thinking too much alone
let's fit into something else
we haven't yet outgrown
we're the dreamers no one cares to meet
driven by inspiration
making sense ain't easy
the punx they won't show on tv
content in our isolation
making sense ain't easy
this world can't use a fuck up
it's so quick to suck up
all the phony shit
I get drugged up to escape
it's too easy to get all tangled up
in life's big net of nothing
meaning can be found in the simplest things
escape ain't exactly hiding
we all need some hiding
from everything