

Forty Deuce, Complicated

Just around midnight the stars light my way
I walk with my feet off the ground
I go to a place that my head has never been
Somehow it's pulling me down

Automatic voices in my head
Am I living, am I dead?

It gets so complicated in my mind
And I don't know why
It gets so complicated all the time
No matter how hard I try

I try to fight my way out of this place
Theses empty streets turn me down
You say the truth right in front of my face
But that won't turn me around

Automatic voices in my head
Am I living, am I dead?

It gets so complicated in my mind
And I don't know why
It gets so complicated all the time
No matter how hard I try

I can't fake it, I'm not changing, I am wasted...
Complicated