

# 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