

Garbage, Soldier Through This

You work too hard
So when you come home to me, you're tired
And you don't want to talk about it
You envy my drive
And how I am motivated

We'll go down to the park
Check out the carnival for a ride
And try to forget all about it
I'm out of control
And you don't appreciate it.

Believe it
I need it
I feel intoxicated
I love it
I want it
Don't make me leave you for it

You say I have changed
Self-centered and vain
And you don't respect me for it
The world is the same
So I play the game
And you've got to hate me for it

So we're re-arranged
There's no one to blame
But still you resent me for it
I call all the shots
I hold all the cards
And you feel emasculated

Believe it
I need it
I feel intoxicated
I love it
I want it
Don't make me leave you for it

Believe it
I need this
I feel intoxicated
I love it
I want it
Don't make me leave you for it

How do we reconcile this?
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We're able to soldier through this
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