

Durry, I'm Fine (No Really)

Lately I've been making friends with the voices in my head.
But I'm afraid if I listen too long they might start making sense.
Maybe I should get some help, or I could medicate myself.
But I'm afraid if I get fixed then there might be nothing left.

Am I gone too far?
Did I fall too hard?
Am I in too deep to see the surface anymore?
Should I even try if I'll just spew another lie?
If you ask me how I'm doing I'll just fake another smile and say I'm fine.
I'm fine.

No really I'm fine.
I swear I'm fine.
No really I'm fine.

If I'm honest I get nervous that my act is getting old.
I'm like a freak show in the circus, I've only got one trick to show.
Spinning like a broken clock, grind until the gears stop.
I've been waking up an hour before my alarm goes off.

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I swear I'm fine.
No really I'm fine.

Another day in paradise.
Slugging at that nine to five.
Working hard or hardly working.
Mondays, am I right?
How's the weather?
Never better.
Did you catch the game last night?
I think I'd rather die.

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Did I fall too hard?
Am I in too deep to see the surface anymore?
Should I even try if I'll just spew another lie?
If you ask me how I'm doing I'll just say i'm doing fine

No really I mean it I'm doing sooo good.
I've got my little job and my little apartment.
And I used to have a cat but that isn't allowed anymore, so I had to get rid of it.
But that's ok cause I actually have a great view from my window.
I can see the entire parking lot all the way up the curb, the views are great.
How are you?