

Get Bent, Forest Ave

A vacant look on stranger's faces.
Unfamiliar streets and lonely places.
I feel like I'm a few steps behind.
Sometimes I ask myself, what am I doing here?
Empty bars, drunk declarations.
I ask myself, what am I doing here?
Empty bars, drunk declarations.
Bad neighborhoods, fucked up situations.
I feel like I'm a few steps behind.
Everything seemed a whole lot easier,
where everything moved slower,
in the place that I knew better.
Sometimes I ask myself, what am I doing here?