

Less Than Jake, Even Trophy Boys And Girls Sing

Sometimes my head gets so crazy from all
this contemplating
So different from the mistakes I've been making
And tragedies we're facing...

So tell me can money buy your point of view?
Even trophy boys and girls sing the blues
The things that you're haunted by; you're in so high
Inside your candy-coated life
When perfect isn't making sense,
When perfect makes you sick!

I'm so tired with my hands always shaking
And I've been concentrating
On how my seconds I can go without breathing
Or days i can go without feeling

So tell me again, how your parents fucked you up!
With traditions from the bluest blood!

The things that you're haunted by and lived so high
Inside your candy coated life
And perfect isn't making sense
And perfect's making you feel sick
Your life is in a constant panic
Perfect package turning tragic
Seems to make a perfect fit
Of how empty your perfect life has been

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