

# 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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