

Passengers, Circus

Sick of begging
Sick of trying to please
Sick of the struggle
Sick of your fake id

If I ever feel your scent again
You're one fist too close
If I ever see your shadow again
You're going down the hard way

They call me the comedy clown
They feed me waste in the gutter
They call me the comedy clown
I am waste in the gutter

Sick of begging
Sick of trying to please
Sick of the struggle
Sick of your fake id

If I ever see you again
I'll be close to my grave
If I ever lie to you again
I'll be dirt