

Sister Hazel, What Kind Of Living

Its not working anymore
I'm stuck in things I've always done before
I am broken, I am sore
I don't wanna live in here anymore
Woe, somethin's got to go

[Chorus 1]
I've gone and made myself sick
Smokin' cigarettes
Bein' such a dictator
And sooner or later I'll die
Nobody there will even think to cry
What Kind of living is that
Woe, Somethin's got to go
Woe, Woe Yeah
What kind of living is that

It's not easy being here
I run in circles like I've done for years
I am angry, I am scared
How much more 'til I disappear
Woe, somethin's got to go

[Chorus 2]
I've gone and made myself ill
Wastin' time
Stuck in years of frustration
I've never been patient at all
I can't run until I learn to crawl
What kind of living is that
Woe, Woe Yeah
What kind of living is that
Woe, No-No-No Somethin's got to go

[Chorus 1]