

The Methadones, Who Am I?

You keep hoping you'll wake up and have the answers to your life.
The more you search, you find the reckless driver of your mind.
You think if you keep trying to figure out where it all went wrong.
You can move one step further to a place where you belong.
You keep asking yourself - who am I?
Trying to be everything to please everyone you can.
Don't know which way to turn to, but no one can hold your hand.
And make you find the answers that you need.
No one outside yourself can lead your destiny.
You keep asking yourself - who am I?
Don't want to believe that any of this is real.
Yet you can't turn off the emptiness you feel.