

I don't feel a single thing, have the pills done too much?
Haven't caught up with my friends in weeks, and now we're outta touch.
I've been driving in L.A. and the world, it feels too big,
Like a floating ball that's bound to break, snap my psyche like a twig.

And I just wanna see if you feel the same as me:

Do you ever get a little bit tired of life?
Like you're not really happy but you don't wanna die?
Like you're hanging by a thread but you gotta survive? 'Cause you gotta survive ...

Like your body's in the room but you're not really there?
Like you have empathy inside but you don't really care?
Like you're fresh outta love but it's been in the air? Am I past repair?

A little bit tired of tryin' to care when I don't.
A little bit tired of quick repairs to cope.
A little bit tired of sinkin', there's water in my boat.
I'm barely breathin', tryna stay afloat.

So I got these quick repairs to cope, guess I'm just broken and broke.

The prescriptions on its way with a name I can't pronounce,
And the dose I gotta take; boy, I wish that I could count.

'Cause I just wanna see if this could make me happy.

Do you ever get a little bit tired of life?
Like you're not really happy but you don't wanna die?
Like you're hanging by a thread but you gotta survive? 'Cause you gotta survive.

Like your body's in the room but you're not really there?
Like you have empathy inside but you don't really care?
Like you're fresh outta love but it's been in the air? Am I past repair?

A little bit tired of tryin' to care when I don't,
A little bit tired of quick repairs to cope,
A little bit tired of sinking, there's water in my boat.
I'm barely breathin', tryna stay afloat, so I got these quick repairs to cope.

Do you ever get a little bit tired of life?
Like you're not really happy but you don't wanna die?
Like a numb little bug that's gotta survive, that's gotta survive?