

Smoke detector on the ceilin', I already know the feelin'.  
Devil on my shoulder's real, we've been here before.  
Constellations in the carpet, and it's not even gettin' dark yet.  
There's always thunder in August, before the storm.

Now my friends don't call me anymore 'cause they know that  
I won't make it out the door to come over,  
Used to the weight of the world on my shoulders, ah.

**Help me, I'm still waitin' for someone to tell me  
This won't last forever, but it's hell for me,  
just to remind myself I'm supposed to breathe.  
There ain't nobody else that can help me, screamin' in the shower isn't healthy.  
Holdin' it together, but it's hell for me.  
I'm not the person that I'm supposed to be.**

I don't think I'm makin' progress, talk about a fuckin' process.  
I don't wanna have to work for it anymore.  
No wonder I wake up exhausted when every night I'm turnin', tossin'.  
'Cause all I do is think about what I don't wanna think about, oh.

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I'm supposed to be ...