

Pressure Cracks

Grieves

I feel like I've been breathing out of an exhaust pipe
On the job site, with a fist full of brittle sand
Should have seen it coming
A mile away from the little hill in which I'm making a stand on
It makes a man of me (doesn't it?)
And if it never kills me then I get a pass
Wish I could've opened up the air around me
Just a little bit so I could take a gasp
Who the hell is watching?
Put a notch in my belt, keep it on the tracks
Shoulda woulda coulda never made a difference
When you're playing chicken with your only chance
But it made a man of me, right? Mad man
That gotta dance around and play his sounds
Wish I knew back then what I know now
Yeah, look at me now!

Dodging forever
Spending a fortune to figure it out
I don't believe it
Never learned how
All of this pressure is driving me wild
Look at me now

I'm starting to feel like it's stacking on my shoulders
Another soldier with little patience to see the dawn
Fought a lot of odds, in the name of cause
Put em in a box buried in the lawn
But I learned a lesson from it, didn't I?
And if I didn't who the hell is gonna teach me?
I've been looking for answers
And none of em ever offered a lesson that'll reach me
Who can see me?
Losing personal relationships like people do they house keys
I've been outside, looking inside
With a shadow casted all around me
And they doubt me
Try to throw a little part of me away with every frown
Just wish they saw what I know now
Yeah, look at me now!

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