

Been shut down one too many times
I'm embedded in the ground
These critics don't know how to lie
I just wish I could mute all their mouths

And I know, we all get low
But I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one
I really don't

The peaks and troughs they hit us all
We all live in the waves we've created
Wouldn't know we're flying without the falls
But I'm underground screaming for something

And I know, we all get low
But I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one
No I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one
No I don't know how I'm gonna get up from this one
I really don't

Too deep to see the waterline
Too young to know that I'll be fine
The fragile always fall apart
You made my ache your art

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