Indian Giva

Middle Class Rut

I'm around the only ones, sittin' on a doorstep
Waitin' on a good one to go ahead and let me in?
I'm drippin' like a faucet, leakin' my soul
You better come and get some before I don't got no more
And yeah it seems so easy to breathe
But sometimes, it just ain't
It just ain't
And yeah it seems so easy to breathe
But sometimes, it just ain't
It just ain't

There's so many people around trying to get in your way But I'm going to be who I am So I'll open the door and reach for somethin' more A match to burn the light that shows me where I need to go You'll give me the shirt off your back, make sure it fits me Then ask for it back You'll ask for it back And yeah it seems so easy to breathe But right now, it just ain't It just ain't And yeah it seems so easy to breathe But sometimes, it just ain't It just ain't And yeah it seems so easy to breathe But sometimes, it just ain't It just ain't