

## Blunt

### "Coping"

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Primal, evil what am I  
Tongue-tied 'til the day I die  
There's no love made mermaids  
It's just distraction or so they

And I'm too tired to care about it  
Can't you see this in my face, my face

When I feel this strange can I go through this again?  
When I feel this strange can I go through this again?

It's a sorry state you're getting in  
The same excuse is wearing thin  
There's no self control left in me  
What was not will never will be

And I'm too tired to care about it  
Can't you see this in my face, my face

When I feel this strange can I go through this again?  
When I feel this strange can I go through this again?  
(...Or am I just coping?)

And I'm too tired to care about it  
Can't you see this in my face  
The emphasis on coping  
Can't you see this in my face, my face

When I feel this strange can I go through this again?  
When I feel this strange can I go through this again?  
(x2)  
(Can I be dreaming?...Or am I just coping?)

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