

## **Diana Ah Naid**

# **"Cynical And Waking"**

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I wake up, my head is soft  
The pillows hard, and I'm lost  
I hit the ground and laugh aloud  
Get up after I get back down  
I draw the shades, it's a proud day  
And I just wanna be locked away  
The radio says it's 20 to 8, it's too early or I'm too late  
There's strings in me, planes and taxis  
Free rides, cool rides, crooks and crazy's  
Hard days, long nights, and I wake up before it's light  
There's cold sheets, in house movies  
Shit water but lots of wine  
Fast talking, fast men, fast food, fast everything  
I'm shocking, I'm shaking  
I'm cynical and waking  
I'm raucous, I'm rude  
I'm too good to be true  
I'm ugly, I'm stupid  
I'm cruel and cold hearted  
I'm raucous, I'm rude  
I'm too good to be true  
I miss everyone but you know  
I miss myself most of all  
The city hums, the lights are on  
The carpet blends into the walls  
I left blood on the sheets  
There were tears where my fingers bleed  
On the wall I left my name  
Figured heres my claim to fame

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