

Fucked Up "The Other Shoe"

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We're dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Right on time here's the other shoe.
Clouds overhead start to loom.
Some born to win others fated to lose.
From the options we must choose.
My friend dread is right on time,
Can't start to think that it is fine.
Watch the tower as it starts to teeter.
The new lyrics follow the same old meter.
It can't be comfortable when the whole thing's about to
fall.

We're dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Butterflies, my stomach starts to heave.
What joyous blunder waits for me?
Finished first but I missed the start.
Hitched the mule behind the cart.
Take the rose by the thorns.
Hope for sun, but here's the storm.
So head outside and wait for rain.
Watch it all go down the drain.
It can't be comfortable when the whole thing's about to
fall.

We're dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
Dying on the inside
We settle in but it's time to go,
Taken to sea by the undertow.
Love the smell but I hate the taste.
Feeling good is such a waste.
Loved the book but I hate the end,
Gained a lover but I lost a friend.
Straight to worst, from the best.
Nothing can fill that hole in my chest.
It can't be comfortable when the whole thing's about to
fall.

