

Carptree "Pressure"

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Days
They drift
Into each other
I cannot
Tell one from another
And everything
I planned each time
Surprise me

I cannot find
Peace of mind
Because I'm always way behind
Everything
Everyone
I can't seem to catch up

Perfect strangers family
Friends
It doesn't matter
In the end
I know that at
Some point
I will disappoint them

Things of no or great
Importance
Doesn't matter
I tend to blend them
And randomly
I tend to forget them

All is essential
I really ought to
I should
I have to
I got to
I must
(And) on top of everything
I'm supposed to be happyPressure

Pressure
Pressure, pressure, pressure

All things are measured
By everybody
All the time

Nauseous
Tunnel vision
Headache
Anxiety
Confusion
Aggravation
(And) on top of everything
I'm supposed to be happy

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