Iron Chic "Shits/Giggles"

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I'm anxious, I think I'll be alright
And I'm wasted but I'm not gonna waste the night
Maybe I'll go outside, maybe get a life
Making stupid faces
I'm begging the question
And wasting the answers
Just for the fuck of it
I'm staring x-rays, I can see what's inside
I'm weightless but I'm not gonna wait all night
Desperate places call for more desperate measures
We're destined for failure
Playing our parts in it
I'm braced for the ending
I'm through pretending now
Like I'd been from the start of it

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