



Key: A
Composer(s): **David Graybeard**

Friends will ask me out, ask me where I wanna go
I don' really care, tell 'em I don' really know
I can make the motions, I can put on an act
But without the feelin', I feel like I am trapped
They're worried 'bout, yeah worried 'bout, the desolate blue (x2)

