Celebrating Nothing

[Phantogram](#)

Tell myself I'm fine in celebrating nothing
And all the time I waste on celebrating nothing
How many times can I blow it all
How many times will I burn it down
Give me a reason to stay alive
I've got the feeling we're gonna die
I hide behind my eyes and lies and broken mirrors
And every day I say this time around my vision's getting clearer
How many times can I blow it all
How many times will I burn it down
Give me a reason to stay alive
I've got the feeling we're gonna die
Give me a reason to stay alive
I've got the feeling we're gonna die
How many times can I blow it all
How many times will I burn it down
How many times can I blow it all
How many times will I burn it down
Give me a reason to stay alive (we're gonna die)
I've got the feeling we're gonna die (we're gonna die)
Give me a reason to stay alive (we're gonna die)
I've got the feeling we're gonna die