

Borderline

[Tove Styrke](#)

Tove Strike - Borderline

The boys of the empire, they set head fire
Pull the plug sire, I'll spit fire
Gents of the empire, strangle my desire
Pull the plug sire, and I'll spit fire
I'm borderline happy, and I'm borderline sad
I'm borderline good and I'm borderline bad
And I can't get rid of a tingeling fear
You'd sort me out if my head gets clear
I live my life in shackles, but I'm borderline free
I used to be blind and I still can't see
And I won't get around to a change of mind
As long as nobody breaks my stride
Tricks of the empire, make happy kids aim higher
Higher up they wet fire, fools of the empire
I went to school in the empire
Learnt the rules from a brat sire
I be a fool of the empire
'Til I break loose, spread fire
Burn it down!
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