

Mans Zelmerlow, Happyland

There's a hole in the soul oh Happyland
We stay high in our castles made of sand
there's a church where we go to numb the pain
we messed up and I know you feel the same

and it goes on and I don't understand
how we become a one man band
oh lord, I guess all fucked up
welcome to happy happy happy
happyland!

There's a scar in the heart of Happyland
in the shadow of where we used to stand
so we sleep and we dream
but our dreams don't mean a thing
we could run but we're puppets on the string
and I guess all fucked up
welcome to happy happy happy
happyland!

now we all wanna be happy
no matter what now don't we?