

Let me tell ya little story
About a kid from the middle
Had my mind set on glory
Whatever I had to give
I had no anchor to keep me from forever drifting
Caught up in danger somehow I have survived

I was always looking for trouble, trouble, it always followed me
I would always have to do a double, a double cuz one just ain't enough
Of all the liquor and enough of pharmaceuticals
All at once I up and pulled the bamboo out my cuticles
The bullshit the trouble was coming from me, honestly

I got a mind full of weapons
In the battle of me versus myself
And everything that I kept in
I'm finding the courage to tell
The sweetest repose comes in the strangest of places
I never supposed clarity would find me

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Point of contention, pain will both motivate and
Lead to you change, whoa
It's been said before, I'll say it again
You only will get, one spin oh-oh

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