

## How Low

### Against Me!

I wake up around four or five.  
Eat, shower, and get dressed in about an hour's time.  
Take my vitamins, check my messages, and call around to some friends.  
Make plans for dinner and drinks sometime after nine.

We're definitely going to call it in early tonight.  
Need to dry out, take some time to clear my mind.  
Before I know it here I am again, 2 o'clock in the morning.  
Standing in a bar with a drink in hand.

How low can you go  
before you can't turn around?

Seriously, this is my last and final time.  
I'm making some big changes in my life.  
No you won't catch me down here again waiting to score,  
sweaty money palmed in my hand. What are you cutting this with anyway?  
'Cause I have got some really really big plans.  
And today is the day I'm putting them into action.

Then before I know it here I am again,  
six o'clock in the morning,  
rolled up dollar bill in my hand.

How low can you go  
before you can't turn around?

I'm sick of feeling like I'm losing my mind.  
Sick of doing the same things most night after night.  
Sick of self-loathing and self-absorption,  
self-destructive narcissism.  
I'm sick to death of being constantly fucking sick of.

I don't know who I can trust.  
Thought there was us, but no,  
there is no one.