

No Panic

Handguns

Spinning like a dead rat on its wheel
Under the influence, we carry concealed
Dying to crop out the angst that we feel
Quarter life crisis, now we crack and we peel

Pack it up, pick it up, and throw it all away

Pick it up, pack it up, and smoke it all away

Pack it up, pick it up, and throw it all away

Pick it up, pack it up, and smoke it all away