

Our trip had ended, I didn't know what I had to do  
Who really cares at all, gotta get away somehow  
We settled on a place where the open road had closed  
And we'd tried too many times before

And I spent the night alone, with three things on my mind  
Money, pills, and girls, money, thrills, and girls  
Been looking through the pages of some magazine that I've read  
a thousand times  
And the food all starts to taste the same and it's 6:09 AM  
And there's nothing on TV, and I'm fucked, just look at me

Watching Simpsons, afraid to call you  
I know I fucked up, I know I owe you  
700, please don't hate me  
I'll get a job and I'll pay you back somehow

One more night alone, and you can take it  
There'll be more tomorrow  
Same magazine, same tasteless food  
Same TV screen, same shitty mood

And I feel like it can't get worse