

Let's Go

Absynthe Minded

Tonight I'm losing debts
You gotta stay in line
I gotta write it all down

You know nobody listens
To the words that you say
This ain't no fucking poetry
This is what I gotta say

You gotta think
Speak up
But you just sit
And use it up
Make up your own mind
Speed it up
Do it for the lady
Do it for luck
For luck...

I'm tired of the same old crowd
I've seen it happen everytime
So move your ass and don't play dead

I'm feeling coltrane why is this
Everybody remenisce
Remote from all the teenage scam
But I am?

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