

My Pick

Acid Drinkers

I feel an urge to melt
To vanish like the day
To fly above the trees
To try another way

My nerves are blowing...
I take my pick... (2x)
My fists are burning...
I need that kick... (2x)

I need to leave behind
The chains that keep me bound
To spread my wings and fly
So high above the ground

My nerves...

I'll try another way