Miligrams

Allday

I need to feel it
It takes a lot to get me high these days
In minute
When it kicks in
And the milligrams in my blood stream
Simmer out

I wanted to make a party jam
For the girls with a tan and no underpants
Those type of girls say hey to me
And I look vacantly
Then don’t say anything they end up fucking my friends
And that's okay with me
Coz I don’t connect
I mean I used to have her angel wings
To take me to safety, inject me with her pain relief
And waited patiently for me to come off tour and maybe eat
At one of the places we would frequent
We laugh and say some things
Like remember when we said we’d share children
How laughable we piss on the grave of these dead feelings
Deeply connected
But so out of love regret revealing
Its ugly head
Next to her beautiful one I guess I'm tripping
Drugs are setting in, ejected sitting from the jet that's headed inland
To domestic bliss living arrangement I can tell is prison
My parent evidence it ends in tears, my premonition
Or worse still blank faces and hearts that forget their mission
I'm dippin'

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It's hard to lose the feeling and get it back
But once you lose the feeling its never back

Am I hypnotizing to you
When I sit here lying to you
When I think of time spent with you
I’m sick
Try not to spew
I’m not sympathizing with you, I’m misguided and putrid
I’m sick, tired and confused
I’m a little like you are
Just different kinds of abused
I miss vibing with you, drinking wine and a some juice
Our fickle minds interwined
And I do not regret it
Falling for these girls I hate
Even I applaud my method
Points awarded for effort
Right before I saw your message

If I’d not bothered to check it, when I didn't want your presence
If I never saw you again
I mean I’m just being condescending
The way I talk to you, lets be honest what’s the ending
This isn’t Hollywood
Although I was just on the strip
Passed out at 10pm, with cheap rum in my grip
In a rented suburban dreaming of her sucking my dick
My favourite memory is no longer real
Nothing much is

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In minute
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Simmer out

(three pills and I'm running out real soon)
It's hard to lose the feeling and get it back
(three pills and you know I'm out widoo widoo)

(three pills and I'm running out real soon)
But once you lose the feeling its never back
(three pills and you know I'm out widoo widoo)

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