

Little Disaster

Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness

Stuck on the highway, 11 a.m.
I am driving through LA in traffic again
I thought I was a writer but lately
I feel like a hack

They called me a hero
But I was a sinner
I drank before lunch
And I took drugs with dinner
Then burned every bridge that I crossed
On the long journey back

Oh, I won't lie
When I was young and high
Crossing the distance flying
Got me there faster
You can stare at the runway lights
Dreaming of days in flight
But don't you go crashland twice
You little disaster

I passed the apartment at Sunset and Vine
Where I lived with my friends
And we smoked ourselves blind
It's crazy how time can turn chaos and crime into magic
Today I'll make music
Drive home to the beach
Kiss my daughter goodnight
As she's falling asleep
I live with this hunger
But everything I need
I have it

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I was tilting at the wind
I was running in circles
So hard catching your breath
If you never slow down

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