

## The Pill

### Atmosphere

The pill. Fuck it. Swallow it

I stopped reading the paper, quit watchin' the news  
I don't answer the phone and I'm payin' the dues  
I pace my steps to match the speed of my breathing  
Place my bets and keep my feet upon the ceiling  
Waiting for the stop sign to turn green  
I ain't got time to learn the hard way  
I gave candy to the babies, kisses to the ladies  
And charisma to the kids playin' down at the arcade  
Party

In my think straight type advice  
Bake the cake and sink your face into the frosting  
Take a break from all the aches and strifes  
This pain is just another stain on the box springs  
Sometimes I sit outside and watch the people walk by  
And try to understand why they don't fly  
And other days I lock myself up in my room  
And let the four corners close in until I'm consumed  
There ain't a whole lot of continuity  
And all I want is what I already gave up  
I give advice that I don't follow  
'Cause it's twice as hard to swallow  
When you know precisely what the pill is made of

Take the pill. Swallow it