

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