

Rollin'

Bag of Toys

Well i'm mutilated, compensated all the shit i ever hated
Everything i ever needed all the times i've been sedated

Don't drink much / i don't know why
always seems like i'm too drunk to drive

But that's ok, i moved away and sold my shit the other day
And now i'm sitting in the car waiting for you

you don't miss me / but damn she's fine
It always turns out to waist my time...

So i'm rolling, Yes I'm rolling

I took a cooler in, a fifth of gin and mixed it with a little g
rin
And shared it all night with a sexy pretty little thing

I'd kinda like to see / Maybe it's just me
Streaking through the halls of this of this lobby

Cuz i don't drink that much / Sometimes i lie
Always seems like i'm too drunk to drive

Because you don't miss me / but damn she's cool
I always turn out to play the fool

So i'm rolling, Yes I'm rolling, So i'm rolling, Yes I'm rollin
g

Well I raised the bar and crashed my car and drove it to a fore
ign shore
and pushed that little fucker until it wouldn't go no more

I sold that beast / And hitchhiked home
Stuck with a phycho and no telephone

But that's alright, I lived in spite to tell the tale of that n
ight
And now i'm sitting in the bar waiting for you

Getting trashed / But that's just fine
Nothing else good to do with my time

So i'm rolling, Yes I'm rolling