

Money

bAnoffee

I have been waking up late
And it already feels too hard
I just wanna stay in the dark
Your messages are making me cry, so
I'm like an ankle weight
Drag me round all of your days
You're driving down on the freeway
Crying on the hands-free

This is how it happens
But I know I'm fine
This is how I get stuck
Everything's so fucked
Don't wanna worry?
I'll stay offline

This is all my garbage
You've got yours, here's mine
Everything's not perfect, so I'll
Make a chart, put it all in line

Money, money, money
Couldn't make me happy, happy, happy
Nothing could
Nothing could
I know, I know, I know
I won't get up, get up, get up
But I should
But I should

I've been, I've been losing my feet
Never awake, never asleep
My eyes all red and bruised
But I kinda like the look I think
I could just wait till the end of the week
Wait for this dose to increase
But when a minute feels like an hour
And an hour a year, what do you think?

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