

Big Brekky

Beddy Rays

Get up, roll out
Won't leave the house till I face the couch
Get ready, big brekky
Better let it settle
Make my way out to the kettle

I said I wasn't gonna drink
But I let myself down each week
What's this mental health?
Why do I do this to myself?

Brings me up
Is it a part of my history to
Knock me down
Too close to tell, too far to see
Does the apple fall far from the tree?
Guess I took a bite and it poisoned me
When I'm up, come around

Well, it's been a long week
Swimming in these sheets
Conjured up ramen, DVDs
Found my reflection needs a clean
Doused it in a bottle of apathy

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