Overdose

Beyond Unbroken

Turn back the clock to how I came to be
A kid with a dream who's so angry
A loner on guitar and skipping out on class
And teachers keep telling me that I won't last
Half past eight and I'm about to break
Doctor's keep saying it's my A.D.D
(Straight F's on your card)
Yeah that means "Fuck you!"
Saying I'm crazy and to drop the rockstar
Dream and be a good doctor "I'd make a good doc"
Maybe I could make a good lawyer somehow

It's like I'm falling fast straight through the glass
The pills they tend to never last oh no
I'm starting to let go
Seeing black when I react
My head's wrapped up, no turning back I know
I'm like an overdose

Little taste of fame and groupies everywhere
Left my old band cause my heart wasn't there
(Bro you're making a mistake - Did he really cut his hair?)
They're calling me crazy and I really don't give a shit
Someone call a good doctor "Is there a good doc?"
Probably time to find a good Lawyer right now

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The pills go down, the sun comes up
I'm never giving up
The same old fashion with new passion
I'm never growing up

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