

# Picking Up

Biig Piig

I'm in a daze  
Been 23 days  
Stuck in a phase  
I'm fucking sick of it  
I'm fucking sick of this place  
No one remembers my name  
I swear if the ground starts to shake  
I won't be scared of it  
I won't be scared of it  
I won't be scared of it

Think I might take a trip  
For just a moment  
I need something to give me serotonin  
Oh, I'd die for a fix  
Yeah, boy, I'm broken  
That's why I'm calling  
Picking up

Crashing 'til I'm numb  
Oh, my God  
I gave you my best  
And it's not enough  
Kick me while I'm down  
Won't you, love?  
Won't you, love?

I'll be gone by tomorrow  
But before it's too late  
With the time that I borrowed  
I just needed to say  
You have trouble reading my mind  
And I know that you're sick of it  
Some things are best kept inside  
Don't wanna get into it

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