

Press My Luck

Blake Mills

When you moved you made me
Clean up after your ass
And under all that clutter
Was straight-up broken glass
Don't worry
I won't press my luck
I know things get clearer
When they're fucked

Another wildfire season
Ripping through the face
I'm almost getting used to
The futuristic hellscapes
Don't worry
I won't press my luck
Things start getting clearer
When they're fucked

Robot arms can't hold me
The healing was a scam
And someone checks my vitals
But think I'm dying, man
Don't worry
I won't press my luck
I know things get clearer
When they're fucked

When you moved you left me
Burned another bridge
Carloads off to donate
Fucking garbage in the fridge
Don't worry
I won't press my luck
No
Things start getting clearer
When they're fucked