

## Recovering

### Boys Night Out

old habits die hard, growing bitter from trying to be broken  
while these comfortable routines are smothered with affection  
well, i choose to switch between the two  
i choose whatever convinces you, that I should be allowed to  
slip through the cracks and get back to the living  
these walls are unforgiving  
send someone to check on me and take notes on my recovery

one pill will get me through the day  
but I take two anyway  
when I take three pills the song begins to play  
one that won't go away. And even though I know  
one pill will get me through the day  
I take two anyway  
when I mix four pills with a drink the song starts to play  
its in the back of my head and its everywhere  
and its all I can think about

its all spinning out of control  
for one day this thing is out of my hands  
while under severe supervision,  
everything is, everything is  
but when unsuspected, addiction is under the radar  
and anything goes, so here I sit,  
comatose almost

I float between hospitals and halfway homes  
between halfway living and halfway lying  
and I know all the awful things that no one needs to know  
I take my medicine and make them believe that i'm a better man

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but still I hear the song  
its everywhere  
surrounding me and ringing in my ears.  
the perfect song will call for sedatives, sacrifice and sing-alongs  
so sing along