

## Mr. HYDE

Braden Bales

I'm the poster child for sinners  
Afraid of the winter  
I bought a one way to L A X

(Ohhh)

I lost my Bible, reduced and recycled  
I use my phone now to scroll through text

Holy - I'm out of control  
I'm moving onto the fast life  
And downers seem to speed me up not slow me down

The old me is taking control  
I'm morphin' into a bad guy  
Like Jekyll's out of town  
I'm turning into

Mr. HYDE  
I think he'll make you cry  
He brings the baddest nostalgia  
Man, you should see him gaslight  
It's not a pretty sight  
I lost when I tried to fight him

(Ohhh)

I beg your pardon  
Everything sounds distorted  
Like every thought departed when everyone snorted (blow)  
Now my hobby's airing my dirty laundry  
And if nobody stop me  
I think this wind's about to (blow)

I could just say I'm fine when I'm busy nights  
I've officially lost it  
Just a flight's what it costed  
Hyde is finding his stride while Jekyll's in mosh pits  
I promise I didn't want this  
I can't believe I'm so lost

(He's turning into Mr. HYDE)  
I think he'll make you cry  
He brings the baddest nostalgia  
Man, you should see him gaslight  
It's not a pretty sight  
I lost when I tried to fight him