

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