

## SAD AND BORED

bülow

Locked up for days, I'm up in chains  
Counting the ways to get out of this basement  
Self-medicate, I'm going insane  
Smoke in the air, bring on the haze  
Sippin' on Henny, but nothing to chase  
RX for the pain, I'm going insane

You say you feel sorry for me, I'm not sorry  
Yeah this is the best that I've been, I'm not happy  
The truth is that I'll never be, but at least I don't need to pretend  
Yeah everything's boring and bleak, I'm not hoping for better  
I made my peace all my life  
And the truth is that I'll never be, but at least I don't need to pretend

I'm sad and bored  
Bored, bored, bored, bored  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored in my shelf  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored, bored, bored, bored  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored in my shelf

Maybe I'm sick, only one player's  
In Casablanca because he's so gangster  
My boy's in jail, I'm a cliché  
Running my mind till I comatose  
45 whiskey and double the doze  
Room for the heart, room for the soul

You say you feel sorry for me, I'm not sorry  
Yeah this is the best that I've been, I'm not happy  
The truth is that I'll never be, but at least I don't need to pretend  
Yeah everything's boring and bleak, I'm not hoping for better  
I made my peace all my life  
And the truth is that I'll never be, but at least I don't need to pretend

I'm sad and bored  
Bored, bored, bored, bored  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored in my shelf  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored, bored, bored, bored  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored in my shelf

You got me in my bag  
Got my boy bummed out, life's a drag  
And I don't want a tap, but I puff a drag of these menthols  
Feel like the devil's pissing on my mental  
And I'm all pissy like it's raining down a shit storm  
I'm just tryna kick it like a couple hundred centaurs  
But you won't let me chill, so I'm even more pissed off  
Say the wrong word, and it's motherfuckin' lift off  
(Blah) [?] Bangkok to North Korea  
[?] screaming  
I'm so numb, I'm just tryna feel anything

Pill poppin' [?] mixin' out with Hennything  
And now I'm feeling nauseous, the anticipation's killing me  
Bang bang, give me 50 shoes like I'm centipede  
Reject our negativity, we were the similes  
[?] to everything that you was into me  
Sad and bored

You say you feel sorry for me, I'm not sorry  
Yeah this is the best that I've been, I'm not happy  
The truth is that I'll never be, but at least I don't need to pretend  
Yeah everything's boring and bleak, I'm not hoping for better  
I made my peace all my life  
And the truth is that I'll never be, but at least I don't need to pretend

I'm sad and bored  
Bored, bored, bored, bored  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored in my shelf  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored, bored, bored, bored  
I'm sad and bored  
Bored in my shelf