

# WASTED

Chase Atlantic

I had a dream, it was so realistic  
Woke up in tears with a bottle of whiskey  
Overslept once again, if there was sunlight I missed it  
Crucified to my bed  
Crucified to my bed  
I like to sleep 'cause it feels like I'm dead (Feels like I'm dead)  
Blood in my dreams, see vivid scenes full of red, oh  
Feels like the devil put a gun to my head  
Pulled the trigger but missed  
Pulled the trigger but missed me, oh

Yeah, that motherfucker missed me (That motherfucker missed me)  
Now I'm ridin' with the top dropped off  
Through the city feelin' goddamn tipsy, yeah (Goddamn tipsy)  
Me and all my demons jumpin' out when he hit the corner left side, yeah (Left side)  
You should see us on our best nights, yeah (Best nights)  
We all got vices, mine is  
Every single night I roll the dices

And now I'm wasted  
Can't pick my face off the floor on some GTA shit  
She says I've been here before  
And she fucking hates me  
My life was better before all of this fame hit  
I'm fucking wasted, no oh

Oh, oh  
What a mess (What a mess)  
Honestly I think that I'm depressed, yeah  
But nonetheless I'ma down another bottle, keep my foot up on their necks, yeah (Necks yeah)  
Tried to go to rehab but I passed out  
So I'ma drown my body full of Jamey every single night until I black out

Now I'm wasted  
Can't pick my face off the floor on some GTA shit  
She says I've been here before  
And she fucking hates me  
My life was better before all of this fame hit  
Everyday I'm faded (Fuck)

Fuck, I'm wasted  
I don't wanna play these games, no, yeah  
I just wanna do what'll make you, makes you happy, yeah  
Take a motherfucker's whole damn face off  
I've been working four years, no days off  
I don't wanna wake up in a waste-town  
I just wanna see you

But fuck it, now I'm wasted  
I'm wasted