

Baggage

Chris Webby

Falling by the wayside with these habits I keep shaking
New jeans with the same old baggie in my pocket
Trying to find the way but ain't no way back where I've gone
New me with the same old baggage in my closet
Yeah, yeah

Can't save me y'all, they say I'm lost
I can't even start to count all of the days I've lost
After nights of losing count of all the drinks I bought
Self-medicating just to get the weight all off
Only starts with a shot then it's four in a row
Next thing you in the bathroom scoring some blow
See it is what it is and it's all that I know
But I'm getting to a fork in the road
I know the way it's been, I take it in
Feel I gotta start learning to pray again
I try to wash away the sins
But they like tattoos on my skin
I've been sitting here scrubbing 'em
Tryna cover 'em but I'm stuck with 'em
Struggling, drunk and stumbling, while I'm juggling
Habits that are both the cause and the cure of my suffering
I know it's becoming a little troubling

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Bloody red murder, they whisper and murmur
How did Ren get here? Nature or nurture
I nurture my nature, divine misbehavior
Reaching for a bottle, thought the spirit was my Savior
Chopping up my brain cells when I'm reaching for the pot
But pots the only shot I got to stop this ticking clock (Tick, tick)
Counting down the minutes till that something in me pops
And resurrects a disconnect that helps me self-destruct
And when I'm down on my luck
Wasted, brain-dead, vacant, faded
(I get) wasted (to get) brain-dead
(Mind so) vacant, (I'm so) faded
(All the time) wasted, (another line) brain-dead
(Feeling so) vacant, (leaving I'm) faded
Complicated, in-house patient
Wasted, brain-dead, vacant, faded

Tripping with my back against the wall
Caught inside a rising tide, I fall
Taken by the madness of it all
I'm falling

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