

On the Rocks

Chris Webby

Baby, you've been there for me, care for me
Given me the confidence to be the man that otherwise I wouldn't dare to be
That's why I take you everywhere with me
Couple sips of you and there it is
I ain't scared of shit, when I'm really going through it
Yo, this whisky bottle's like my motherfuckin' therapist
'Cause you always fill me full of pleasure, fill me full of pain
Got me wondering if they one and the same
Running' through my veins, flowing to my brain
Baby, you're my crutch and life is full of sprains
One day you're my lover, one day you're my enemy
Either way you find a way to get to me
Whisper to me, "I don't got a problem"
Crack another bottle, that'll be the remedy
Got me teary-eyed on the porch
Reminiscing 'bout the homies that I've lost
Make the Father, Son and Holy Spirit cross
Pull you on the ground then I'm getting' sauced
'Cause you keep me blind to my own feelings
So these wounds never really healing
Try to run from it 'til I'm numb to it
With the spin, staring at the ceiling
And it...

Starts with the drinking, it ends on the ground
Tasting your love 'til it's pulling me down
Feeling my spirits and making me drunk
Break me in pieces then order around
'Cause you're all I got when my life's on the rocks
Baby, you're all I got when my life's on the rocks
I'm on the rocks

I've been thinking back when we first linked
Seventh grade, had my first drink
Had to miss school, I was so sick
Threw up on the floor, in the kitchen sink
And I didn't think that I liked you
Guess it shows what the fuck I knew
Couple thousands drinks later, here you are
Couldn't cut these ties if I tried to
When I hit the stage, you be in my hand
Passing you around with the band
'Nother city and I'm here again
Getting fucked up with the fans
And I know that it's a vicious cycle
I been in the spiral, I don't even know myself
Try to compose myself
Another shot of Jamo might help
Maybe not, but it's worth a try
When them curtains rise, I internalize
All my problems with a shot of whisky
When I got you with me, I don't got no worries
I know I can't do this shit forever
But it helps when I'm under pressure
But I'm under pressure all the fucking time
Lose my fucking mind, and you make it better
At a cost in the long run when it's all done, will it of been worth it?

Get my lips wet 'til I'm on the rocks like a shipwreck on the surface
You could tell that I'm on edge
Taking double shots on the ledge
Dancing with the devil, living like a rebel
With the liquor rushing to my head
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