

My mind's a malicious predator
Always poised to attack
Constantly creating worry
To weight my weary back
Self medicating only works so long
And then I lapse
Into a solipsistic coma
Cause the stress is just too much for me to grasp

With money and dependency
Relationships and obligations
Sometimes it's too much
And I just wanna fucking die
Curl up with a bottle of Everclear
A sandwich baggie full of pills
Salute good riddance to the day
And slip into the night
Into a place

Where the past is the past
And what's done is done
And the only concern we have is having fun
Where the cops all turn their heads the other way

Whenever shit gets way too heavy
And I feel alone
I just remember that some day
I'll make an urn or cast my home
Though it might seem morbid
I find comfort in the fact
That the stress and pain we feel in this life
Won't much longer last

Once the past is the past
And what's done is done
And the only concern we have is having fun
And the cops all turn their heads the other way

Once the past is the past
And what's done is done
And the only concern we have is having fun
And all the cops all turn their heads because
The past is the past
And what's done is done
And the only concern we have is having fun
And all the cops all turn their heads because
The past is the past
And what's done is done
And the only concern we have is having fun
When all the cops are corpses and we're free

I have to be the Chuck Yeager of something, Jeff. No, it'll be fine, I'm exaggerating. And I'll edit all this out, I went a little overboard with the honesty tonight; it's a little self-destructive