

Going Clear

Deaf Havana

I don't know what's happening to me
I wake up soaking in my sheets
I do lines on the weekend
I do lines with my "real friends"
Don't you say a prayer for me
Sometimes I pray I die in my sleep
I do lines on the weekend
Lose time with my "real friends"

I gave up before I tried
Maybe I could tell it was over
Maybe I could tell it was over
I fall back behind my lies
Maybe I don't wanna be sober
Maybe I don't wanna be sober, yeah

So you just get lost
In the pages of the books you love
And inexpensive wine
Is keeping you numb for the mean time
And I always try to stumble home before you go to sleep
But the devil is calling me
I do lines on the weekend
I do lines with my "real friends"

I gave up before I tried
Maybe I could tell it was over
Maybe I could tell it was over
I fall back behind my lies
Maybe I don't wanna be sober
Maybe I don't wanna be sober, yeah

I could tell it was over, it was over
I could tell it was over, tell it was over

I don't know what's happening to me
I wake up soaking in my sheets
Lose time on the weekend

I gave up before I tried
Maybe I could tell it was over
Maybe I could tell it was over
I fall back behind my lies
Maybe I don't wanna be sober
Maybe I don't wanna be sober, yeah