

Escape

Destroy Boys

I want to escape
I want to play a show
I don't wanna be here in this house no more
I don't want another hit
But it made me feel sick
Now I'm lying in bed
Fucking nauseous
Nauseous

I live a double life
It's hard to keep track
Sometimes I'm a rockstar
And sometimes I'm selling snacks
One week I am home
One week I'm on tour
But you'll for sure see me
Running out the door
The door

Blisters on my fingers from playing guitar
Wherever you go there you are
I can't seem to stop picking at scars
Wherever you go there you

I don't like being drunk
I don't like being high
But I keep doing it
I don't know why
I made some mistakes
I can't deny
So they say
I'm "living life"
Life

You know I don't see anyone asking anyone of any other profession
Except for artists what their plan B is
Like if you're gonna be a mathematician
No one asks you what your fucking plan B is
Even though who knows what they do, I don't know. Ok
But we need art to live and survive but
I need the plan B. I do. Me
You know I could really go without ever hearing that question ever again. Wo
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Blisters on my fingers from playing guitar
Wherever you go there you are
I can't seem to stop picking at scars
Wherever you go there you

I've made some mistakes
Oh I can't deny
So they say
I'm living life
I want to escape
I want to play a show
I don't wanna be
In this house

No more

No more

No more

I want to escape