

# Miracle

Deuce

I don't need no psychologist  
Trying to figure out why I got these fucking problems  
I'm a motherfucking anarchist  
And ain't nobody ever gonna be able to solve 'em  
I don't care what you want to call 'em  
It's too late to fix me, I'm at Rock Bottom  
I'd rather blow my brains with a shotgun  
Than stand here listening to your fucking nonsense  
I guess that's all you offer  
So why do I even bother?  
I don't need all your doctors  
To make me feel like a million dollars

Instead of trying to escape  
Or just looking the other way  
I will learn from my mistakes  
Learn to communicate

I need to find a way, I need a miracle  
I need to know If I'm all alone in this world  
I need to heal these wounds deep down inside my soul  
I need to know where this path will go for me tomorrow

You say that you're on edge  
Because you pop a couple Xannies with some random loser friends  
Say I'm a bum, but you're homeless yourself  
The biggest loser of them all, living in the flesh  
I don't care how low you hang down your belt  
If your poetry's deep, homie, it ain't heartfelt  
I don't care if you've had it up to here  
I'm gonna kick your ass, make it nice and clear  
You wanna talk but sweat inches  
When you act and look like a sinclair  
You wanna act tough, but you're shit, don't sing  
But when you're heard, it's always like your heart sinks

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No more sorrow  
No pills to swallow  
It's me or you, just follow  
I will not sell my soul

You want to place us on the same boat  
Thank God I got a mind of my own  
I might be crazy holding on to this rope  
Fucking you up like Geronimo  
This birdie's still safely in his soul  
Floating all around around like a fucking ghost

Don't really care how I'm diagnosed  
This song is when the bomb drops, it pretty much goes

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