

## Night Table

E-dubblé

Spill a little paint on the backdrop  
Nowadays the words feel like chalk on the blacktop  
Cuz' when it rains they gone it's invisible ink  
No sharpie or indellible stink  
Avoid the middleman by not using pens and paper  
Verbal contracts only mask the fear and hatred  
Operate the way that makes you feel the safest  
Plagiarized status quo, you just cut and paste it  
Uh I say fuck the waitlist  
If you don't want me now you must be fuckin' wasted  
Success is a flavor I have not yet tasted  
But its been a fuckin' ride and there is no debatin'  
No sidelines for us, my lungs will bust  
Before I put myself on the bench or pack it up  
Pull yourself out of bed and try standing up  
You got a lot of work to do I hope you packed a lunch

Still in bed even though its light  
Cuz' i can't fight these dreams  
I'm in some picture that don't look right  
But its still nice to be seen  
I pick my head off the pillow  
I see my shoes on that floor  
I can't find any good reason  
But I'll still walk out that door

Never been the type to deal in any absolutes  
Shades of gray so subtle and they absent truth  
Relatively we're irrelevant but ask they youth  
And the cynacism's gone like POOF- VAMOOSE  
Goodbye  
It seems so hard so why try  
The bed's so easy when sleep's your high  
The blinds collapse and then you close your eyes  
And when your in your dream there's no thorn in your side  
Fuck that bullshit bring the troops in  
No propriety left quit salutin'  
Grab the guns line em' up and start shootin'  
And when the walls come down start lootin'  
Break that  
GLASS till the windows smash, inhibitions pass  
It's a metaphor don't be an ass  
Top, top, top of the class  
We don't do it for cash  
Runnin' on e, but mashing the gas  
16 spitter no quitter not even  
I will literally only stop if not breathing  
Tryna wash your sins I'm a motherfuckin' heathen  
I don't hate religion just what comes of extrem-ism  
All of that bleedin' and I don't see the reason  
Can't even tell which side is act-u-ally talkin' treason  
Dreamin' of some day when we're even  
You must be drunk off col- bear like your Stephen  
Jesus, please pack up and start leavin'  
I'm riding with my family I don't need no other demons  
Seamless opposite of what my jeans is  
I'm driving under influence but I'm not weaving