

I'm on a sugar crash, I ain't got no fuckin' cash
Maybe I should take a bath, cut my fuckin' brain in half
I'm not lonely, just a bit tired of this fucking shit
Nothing that I write can make me feel good

Victim of the great machine, in love with everything I see
Neon lights surrounding me, I indulge in luxury
Everything I do is wrong, 'cept for when I hit the bong
Hit the bong, hit the b-b-b-b-b, feel good
Feeling shitty in my bed, didn't take my fuckin' meds
Hyperpop up in my ears, everything just disappears
Don't wanna be someone else, just don't wanna hate myself
I just don't wanna hate myself, instead I wanna feel good

I'm on a sugar crash, I ain't got no fuckin' cash
Maybe I should take a bath, cut my fuckin' brain in half
I'm not lonely, just a bit tired of this fucking shit
Nothing that I write can make me feel good

(Where to now?

Got the rest of my life just laid out
Got the rest of my life to fuck around
Got the rest of my life to make sound)

Where to now?

Got the rest of my life just laid out
Got the rest of my life to fuck around
Got the rest of my life to make sound
Feel good