

Alcoholic

FIDLAR

Hit the wall I'm coming with a fever
Dropped the ball I didn't think I'd see her
And now I'm running round, looking for another town
Bartender broke my fucking leaver
And now I'm back to living with my parents
Its kinda cool I never have to pay rent
But I think about you, think about you all the time
Guess I'm gonna have to finally face it

I'm an alca-alca, alcoholic
Broken heart don't hurt, already got it
And when I think about you, think about you all the time
But you never, never let me finish

Coked out and talking like a tweaker
Short straw and staring in a mirror
And I tell myself, I tell you everything is fine
Sore throat and just a little fever
And now I'm driving drunk and double vision
Thinking that I'm punk and on a mission
When I figure out, I figure out my fucking life
Red lights and full head on collision

I'm an alca-alca, alcoholic
Broken heart don't hurt, already got it
And when I think about you, think about you all the time
Guess I'm gonna have to finally face it
That I'm an alca-alca, alcoholic
Broken heart don't hurt, already got it
And when I think about you, think about you all the time
Guess I'm gonna have to finally face it