

Sad Face

FIDLAR

Caught you sleeping on a sunset bench
You know the one that looks like shit
Broken finger and a bloody chest
I don't think you'll remember this

Then I saw you on the boulevard
Trynna selling me someones credit card
Hangin out with the avenues
Coming down with nothing to use

And I know we're getting old
And I know you're getting cold

Quick stop at the liquor store
You buy a bear and I'll get 30 more
Yessir I'm really 24
Fuck that let's just run for the door

Passed out and your seeing stars
Waking up in someone elses car
Face down in a spirit ditch
Broke your neck but your legs still twitch

And I know we're getting old
And I know you're getting cold