

Kid Blue From The Short Bus, Drunk Bunk

Filter

Drunk night of texting
You don't have a message
Your brain is soaked and blue
You don't think you're thinking,
The pattern is unblinking,
You're sick and you know it's true

Get up and start your engine
Do you think you have enough
Get up and start your engine
Do you think you're fucking tough

Late night texting party
Your audience is you
Late night texting party
You're all alone kid blue

Blacked out and talking
Your hearts been unlocking
Your dreams are wearing thin
Smacked out and flexing you lash out and catch me
Once caught you can't begin

Get up and start your engine
Do you think you have enough
Get up and start your engine
Do you think you're fucking tough

Pressing buttons is his thing
Drunken stupor he is in

Late night texting party
Your audience is you
Late night texting party
You're all alone kid blue

Drunken texter
Mother fucker...