

Deep End

Gavin Adcock

Spent my last dime on a mix drink
I'm flying off the cocaine
And I ain't got a rubber so I probably shouldn't fuck her
But I do it anyway
I'm off the deep end
Ain't no sense sleeping with these girls
And I've been keeping
Up with the demons of this world
Yeah, I'm off the deep end

Woke up on a ragged-out couch
With God knows what's her name
Took the last 20 dollars out of her pocketbook with a drug addiction to blame
I ain't called momma in six damn months
I've been on the road
I ain't seen a Sunday service since I've been gone
Jesus, save my soul
Oh Jesus, save my soul
I'm off the deep end
Ain't no sense sleeping with these girls
And I've been keeping
Up with the demons of this world
Yeah, I'm off the deep end
Yeah, I'm off the deep end

I'm off the deep end
Ain't no sense sleeping with these girls
And I've been keeping, keepin'
Up with the demons of this world
Yeah, I'm off the deep end, deep end
Yeah, I'm off the deep end
I'm off the deep end, deep end