

Ghost Town

GAWNE

Some days it's so dark it feels like our hope's lost
And I do not know how to deal with this broke heart
So how can I go on
 Fucked up in this old house
 Yeah how can I go on
 We're stuck in this ghost town

Stuck in this bottomless pit trying to get out the gutter
With flows that I'm uttering utterly underwhelming
Water pressure's heatin' to 100 kelvin
Had a lot of dreams and now the they're fuckin melting like the arctic shelf
And shit I feel defeated because I took an L
Guess I'll book a cell next to the crooked fellas
Cause the beat is evil should be illegal
All the mean people need to chill the fuck out
I got a weed refill
Let it be like The Beatles no we don't play heat at the moment
But feeling some type of way
Salty as frito lay
Homie yeah you were my guy you're no pico day
But I'm still angry and tired was raised in a shady environment
Guess that it made me too crazy and violent
Chasing the bag like I work for the IRS
Wait money ain't buying no happiness what is the point of a bag
If you're spending your time just to grab this shit
Fuck it I'm babbling
Life is a bitch and we die in the end
Yes so what does it matter then stuck in the labyrinth
Guess I'm just counting the days 'til I become inanimate

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In this ghost town what will I do
Where to go no one but myself
All alone now I need God's help
So father son and holy ghost
Hold me soul close I'm feeling comatose
Me and life are locked in a game of Roshambo
Ain't no one praying for me
Let alone coming to see me
When I'm in pain I'm in need
Please somebody save me
'Cause lately everything is so bleak
I was down dawg for the count in a 12 round brawl
Fuck it I'll crawl back an outlaw
With a mouth that is 'bout to sound off
I'm here to let you know heart is colder than Eskimo's
But that shit lessens blow so I really don't mind it anymore
SOS man I need to be rescued before my death is what I'm destined for
Arrive at the morgue cause there's no survivin' this stress and war

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