

Minnesota, Exists

Glaive

(You) You and I will pass the time
But nothin' more, but nothin' more
And you and I can't seem to find
The peace of mind, the peace of mind of

Smoking cigarettes with pretty girls inside my head
Do you remember when you
Said you're smoking less and then you asked it on your dress?
I fucking hate it when you
Tell me I'm upset when I'm just getting shit off my chest
I might just fucking kill you
Lay you down to rest and tell your family that you went
To fucking Minnesota, uh

To fucking Minnesota, uh

Oh Lord, I fucked up this time (To fucking Minnesota)
Oh Lord, I fucked up this time
Oh Lord, I fucked up this time
Oh Lord, I fucked up this time

"I don't like you"
It's more like, "I despise you"
And the more you try to convince me
That this shit ain't real, man, the more I deal with

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Do you remember when you
Said you're smoking less and then you asked it on your dress?
I fucking hate it when you
Tell me I'm upset when I'm just getting shit off my chest
I might just fucking kill you
Lay you down to rest and tell your family that you went
To fucking Minnesota

To fucking Minnesota
(To fucking Minnesota)

Oh Lord, I fucked up this time (To fucking Minnesota)
Oh Lord, I fucked up this time
Oh Lord, I fucked up this time
Oh Lord, I fucked up this time