

You need help

Hobo Johnson

You only care about yourself (Yeah)
And your fucking weed
You need help
If this depression doesn't kill me (What?)
Can I at least make art feel fulfilling? Fuck

Do I have to take the pills? (No)
But when I don't, I feel like I'm dying, for real (Then yes)
But when I do, I don't feel like myself (Then no)
Man, I think I need help

Chemicals or depression?
Both really feel like a life sentence
Chemicals or depression?
Both really feel like a life sentence

Na na, na na na na, na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na na na na
Na na, na na na na, na na na na na
Na, na

Fuck
Yes, yes, yes, very nice

It's like going to a beautiful pond
With the sun glaring and glowing on your arms
And in your mind, you think, man, I can't wait to go home
(I can't wait to go home)

Yeah, it's like lying in bed
And feeling like your bones are all made out of lead
And you can feel the wind as the world passes you by
(Passes you by, it passes you by)

Yeah, it's like you were about to cry
And then a fucking witch cast a spell on your eyes
And then you're stuck with this feeling all day
(You're stuck with this feeling all day)

Yeah, it's like driving your car
Down the street and see some tree and some bark
And in your mind, you think
Man! What if?

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Na na, na na na na, na na na na na
Na na na na na na na na na na na
Na na, na na na na, na na na na na
Na. na

Na, na