

# Melancholaholic

## Horrorshow

Melancholaholic, yeah  
I'm a melancholaholic, yeah

If you get down, you came to the right place  
A safe space where you can't go wrong  
Pull up a chair, it's my turn to share  
This is where you and I belong, got my name tag on, like  
Hi, my name's Nick, I'm an addict  
Been working on tryna kick the habit  
And I can do it all by myself, no cry for help  
Instead, I'ma set off my flare for the dramatic  
What's it gonna take?  
How many more of these breakthroughs I gotta make?  
How many more hours out the day do I gotta waste  
Loving the taste of sour grapes? I mean  
Must be some kind of mistake  
Or maybe I just like it this way  
I got so much self to be  
If I could just get the help I need

If you fit the description, yeah  
(Is the glass half full or half empty?)  
Better fill your prescription, yeah  
(I might drink it all down, don't tempt me)  
Spokesman for the brokenhearted  
You don't wanna get me started, no  
And that's why I stay so guarded  
Tryna fight my addiction  
I'm a melancholaholic, yeah  
I'm a melancholaholic, yeah  
Yeah I think I got a problem  
And don't know what else to call it  
I'm a melanchola-melancholaholic

(Hi, my name is Shawn)  
(Hi Shawn, do you have something you'd like to share today?)

Sometimes it kinda feels like  
I'm in front of a broken mirror, I'm searching my face  
Shovel through my dirt like I deserve some grace  
Looking at my reflection, but my first reflex is  
To try to turn away and get some personal space  
How the hell'd we end up here?  
I'm tryna raise a little hell but it's been a rough year  
I wanna tell you what I've felt if you'd lend that ear  
I'm tryna hear that bell communicate that clear  
But evidently I don't know ya like I think I do  
Cos I'm pre-assuming that you'd even let me speak to you  
School of hotbox, never learned to keep my cool  
The freakazoid that be avoiding all the peek-a-boo  
Gotta jump back and excuse myself  
From a momentary lack of existence  
It doesn't even make a difference  
Why I keep coming up missing, man, listen

If you fit the description, yeah  
(Is the glass half full or half empty?)

Better fill your prescription, yeah  
(I might drink it all down, don't tempt me)  
Spokesman for the brokenhearted  
You don't wanna get me started, no  
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