

Smoke it down
Until you smell the flesh burning from your finger tips
You're knuckles are white
From beating on the walls at night
Cast your worries to the side
Focus only when you get the time
Gonna lose your mind
It happens all the time

Maybe I can tell you
To keep your head up and follow through
Good things will come to you
I could worry myself to death about you
Hope you get there safely

I got your letter that you sent to me
About your misery
A state of suffering
It's such a shame to see
Years of discretion and of a sound mind
A suicide is for the weaker kind

Maybe I can tell you
To keep your head up and follow through
Good things will come to you
I could worry myself to death about you
Hope you get there safely
And your unhappiness
Emotional Distress
And your unhappiness

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To keep your head up and follow through
Good things will come to you
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