

When bad days take a hold of me
Those good days I keep close to me
Unpack my feels like groceries
Put them where they're supposed to be

They're supposed to be 'possed to be
Hopelessly romantic and a little awkward socially
Emotionally stable, loyalty is fatal
72 off-suite I'll go all in on the table

Took all the pain I was goin' through
Put it in a bottle with some gin and juice
Got a little heavy with that 40-proof
And now I, na-na-na-na-na-na-na

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Go from low to high
I see 'em, I feed 'em
They both got an appetite
I need 'em to stay, even I...

The pain I was going through
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