

I hung around until I got hungover
Then I crashed out in cultifornia
I'm slowing down, so the bottle can catch up
I might be lazy, but I know what's up

I woke up this morning, don't remember much
Just blank memory, hope I didn't fuck up too much
My shirts ripped and my glasses are bent
Started out with a fifty now I only got 50 cents left
My mind's in a state of distress
Sometimes the bottle gets in the way of progress
Blind eye to the nights proceedings
Phone number written on my hand, someone I don't remember meeting
Pounding in my head, empty feeling
Take a hit from the spliff before I even start dealing
Still standing, after all 10 rounds
It was me or the bottle, someone had to get knocked out

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Its just clothes and bottles on the floor
Keys hanging from the lock on the open front door
Day is dawning, but the sun's too bright for me
Hazy memory of some fuck trying to fight me
Or was that me trying fight him?
That shit don't matter, that was last night's problem
Girlfriend - still passed out on the bed
Stars in my eyes, pounding in my head, I hit the streets
Just looking for salvation, instead I just get an exchange of misinformation
Don't expect a thing to get handed to me
But sometimes you gotta shut your brain down to keep your sanity

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