

200 Cigarettes

Jean Dawson

I feel lost inside my home
I'm on 5 percent on my phone
I just gotta leave the city
I keep a bag and it's empty
What's wrong with me now?
It's hard to breathe now
Pills on my bed
200 cigarettes
200 cigarettes

I just started feeling like I'm lighter when I'm lonely
I can't hold the heavy shit for people that don't know me
I can't make the heaven for the hell inside my family
I can't imagine me giving a fuck about a Plan B
I'm 14 with a Newport sitting on my roof and laughing
I wonder if I slip will there be anyone to catch me

I feel lost inside my head
I have burn holes in my hands
Smog covering the city
The full moon looks empty to me
It's falling down on my house