

P4IN

Jean Dawson

There's a little thing that I saw when I dream
And I know that it's fake, but it's still felt painful
Just a little blink, that is all that I need, and I never do sleep
'Cause you know what I came for

Everyday feeling like my last
Pistol in my bag
Bang it to the last round
Sipping out the flask
Flicking out the ash
I'm gonna need a last round
I don't got a minute to be wasting
I just really wanna know if you're changing
.38 on my waist start, hanging
I'm on and, baby
I'm waiting, wasted away
And you ain't never know
I'm waiting, wasting away
And you ain't never know
Got 'em running out the back door, blocked, we over
Sippin' 120 proof bottles if we're sober
You don't really want to know what I know
If you really want me gone, baby, I'm gone

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I'll be stuck inside the moment
I could feel it
Probably numb my spine
I get lonely when I'm lonely
Can you see it? I'll be out my mind
Walking around my eyes fall out my face
This the spirit
This the world with the little sour taste
This that barely ever feeling fucking safe
I don't feel safe still
Real

I've been dreaming so long, I don't care if it's real, that's how I feel
That's how I feel
I mix my nightmares with my daydreams, and I still got blood to spill
Let's be for real