

Don't Wait Up

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The bruises tell a story and the scars they track the trends
It's 2:30 in the morning and I've lost about half my friends
Try to trace what I kept chasing dozen shots and chasers too
The three people who love me well I don't think they'd approve
I've been away for months, with temptations given never paid for one

I should be pacing em

Blank and numb when I'm tipping my wrist

So forgiveness that's what I'm banking on

Photos I don't remember, moments I can't recall

Seems like it's last September, but it's already next fall

Drift in and out of the scene of the bar, or the van, or the room

What I mean is I'm starving for truth getting harder to see

Any logic in making a martyr of me

Giving it all my all but all of the sudden I'm starting to bawl

Barfing the contents of my heart out in a bathroom stall

Nobody loves me, nobody calling my name at night

Nobody trusts me, not dialing the cops when I say I might

And I'm likely somewhat skewed to the view

From the back of a DJ booth, in the back of a club in the back of my mind

This is the life I choose

I'm trying to get by, I'm trying to give up, I'm trying to get high, dude

I'm trying to let up, I'm trying to get buzzed, I'm trying to go by you

I'm trying to get paid, I'm trying to lose weight, I'm trying to get fucked up

Just wanted to say, I'm running real late, so don't you wait up
So don't you wait up for me

I know this won't work out, I know that my future's fucked

Nothing I'm sure about, except for my stupid luck

Guess it'll work for now, but baby I'm losing blood

And I'll be the first to shout, I haven't been true enough

On the counter got a PBR, brain hit by a meteor

My whole life needs CPR, never really gets easier

Commitments yeah I tossed a few, ah in one of those moods

Both eyes on the good stuff, want a pretty good buzz so take one of those too

Low down real depressed

Contemplate sending texts to a guy who I don't even like

But this one time we had sex

So don't go telling me I'm a shit show cause I already know that

Don't say I should slow down tell me to think twice, shit when

I already hold back
All the flak I get, I deserve like half of it
Cut until it bleeds, til I'm begging on my knees, so you call m
e a masochist
Well I call that day to day, usual type business
Feeling lost and getting found, it's not so different