

I know a dollar fifty
Can keep my hair clean for three weeks
If it really has to
But if it really has to
Then what's the point of being clean?
I'm in bed a lot
But I almost never sleep
I love you just enough
To hope you don't love me

I knew I didn't have to read
The two month old receipts
All piled up under the garbage
Piled up under the seats
Of my car that I was cleaning
'Cause I was on acid
And I wanted to clean something
Just to prove that I could do it
Or to prove that I was me or something
I'm bored of all the hedonism
But not bored enough to stop
So I love everyone so much I cut them off

This has been the longest
Stretch of hell I've ever seen
All I'm really looking for now
Is a reason to stay clean
But I keep on running out of things
That I think still get me through the night
I am worried that last year
Will be the best year of my life
I want to call you all the time
I just can't