

Stoned

Mac Miller

Yeah, yeah
She breaks down the pain
Yeah

She breaks down the pain, she rolls up the weed
She far from a saint, she's all that I need
She lost in her thoughts, so hardly she speaks
Her mind's always dirty and her soul's never free (Woah-woah)

She never been a groupie (No way)
She just in love with the music
She watch depressin' movies (Always)
Somethin' from the '30s or the '40s about a dependent house wife (Woah-woah)
She makes up her bed like she makes up her stories
Awake through the night, then she high from the morning
I wish she could feel me, she never felt nothin'
Knock on her door, she let me come in (Woah)

I wish she would learn to laugh
Isolation, she lockin' the bathroom door

Baby, let's get stoned
Put on a record, can I play you one more song?
We can get stoned
I swear to God, heaven feels just like home
Let's go home

Yeah

And the water. It's shallow like the lies that she tells
Can't run from your shadow, can't hide from yourself
She hates that she cries when she's all by herself
And she's always all by herself (Woah-woah)

She hardly talks in conversation (No way)
But when she do, all her words get lost in translation (Always)
No, she can't move (Woah-woah-woah)
'Cause she paralyzed from fear that she fantasized
The doctor tried to analyze
They can not find anything that's wrong with her
Her parents never got along with her
I had to make this song for her (Woah-woah-woah)

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