

The Mourning After

Mac Miller

Morning after, my lungs hurt
Eat your pussy just to show you how my tongue works
It's funny how we fuck but fell in love first
Been three years, I wish I finally trust her
She make me feel like how them drugs work
Itchin' from my fixture when she go and love hurts
I just get a temper, I just need somebody I can vent to
Someone get me stoned, be my Emma
Left your lipstick on the glass of your daiquiri
Ruby red usually end up tragically
Work of art, you can be my masterpiece
But you fast asleep

Something 'bout the pain
Makes me want more
Done a lotta drugs
Never felt like this before
I hope one day it all makes sense
It'll all make sense
You can have it all
Tell me what you need
Believin' all them silly things you read
I hope one day it all makes sense
One day it'll all make sense

Uhh now she wake up
Cryin' while she puttin' on her makeup
Trapped inside her love for me
And no escape for her
You wanna leave say the word
But she can't
Lookin' in my eyes
"Is everything okay", she lies
Put on her disguise, play it safe
'Cause We've been fightin' for the past three weeks
She keep this one inside, she don't wanna seem weak
Strong, baby tell me what's been goin' on
I don't wanna be so alone
So you need to get me high again
I got all this money we could try to spend
Until we strung out like a violin
Come back to life, then we die again
Little angel, where's your halo?
Somewhere above them horns

You get me high girl, scared of overdose
I don't sleep much, when I do I'm comatose
May I propose a toast?
Someone usually does, to our fucked up love
You get me high girl, scared of overdose
I don't sleep much, when I do I'm comatose
Propose a toast
Someone usually does, to our fucked up love

Something 'bout the pain
Makes me want more
Done a lotta drugs

Never felt like this before
(Inhale noise)
You can have it all, tell me what you need
Believin' all them silly things you read

Don't cry, it'll all be over soon