

Strain

McCafferty

Fickle father, foolish son
We pray for pain, we pray for blood
I hope I die, I hope I'm high
I hope that flowers rain down from the fucking sky
I hope your body heals itself
I hope that God forgives himself
I hope I die, I hope I'm high
I hope that flowers rain down from the fucking sky

They say that I will live, will die
They say as well, I'll burn in hell
So get your jacket exactly where you left it dear
I know you think it's clear
I am the problem everybody saw him there
Alone eating alone

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"I hear you're seeking an attorney, go through the legal system
to do what you need to do and get out of here forever"