# VICES

**MOTHICA**

Feel like I'm just passing by
It's not love it's just a guy
And it's got me feeling right for the night but
In the morning when he's gone
I'm alone with all my thoughts
So I gotta drink 'em up 'til I'm numb
And

Ooh
It's never enough, pass me the cup
Got nowhere to run, so pour me another one
I'm taking it all
I'm getting lost
I'm making a fool of myself
With all these

Vices
I really don't know why I'm like this
And I just don't care what the price is
'Cause I need these vices (oh)
If it's not drugs it's drinks
If it's not drinks it's things
If it's not things it's people
Places I don't wanna be
These vices

Is it okay I'm not okay?
I don't sleep too much these days
And I hate being awake when the sun's out
Lock my door and shut the blinds
They can't see my bloodshot eyes
I got habits I can't hide in the light and

Ooh
It's never enough, pass me the cup
Got nowhere to run, so pour me another one
I'm taking it all
I'm getting lost
I'm making a fool of myself
With all these

Vices
I really don't know why I'm like this
And I just don't care what the price is
'Cause I need these vices (oh)
If it's not drugs it's drinks
If it's not drinks it's things
If it's not things it's people, places I don't wanna be
These vices
And I just don't care what the price is
I'm tryna fill up the silence
With all
These vices (oh)

Burning through a cigarette
Got somebody in my bed
But I'm still just in my head, in my head and

All the signs are turning red
And I'm starting to regret, and I'm starting to regret
To regret these

Vices
I really don't know why I'm like this
And I just don't care what the price is
'Cause I need these vices (oh)
If it's not drugs it's drinks
If it's not drinks it's things
If it's not things it's people, places I don't wanna be
These vices
And I just don't care what the price is
I'm tryna fill up the silence with all
These vices (oh)


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