

Death Is My Sleezy Pay

My Morning Jacket

Some say death is the easy way and I think they're right
'Cause nights tick by like a long week except when you stop by
And I know that tryin' gets nothing done and I see you're about
dry
'Cause nothing gets you high, you're poor the day you die

And alcohol, it only makes you tired
But seein' you feels good and it's always understood
That anything much sweeter would make me die