

# Tough Luck

nothing.nowhere.

I can still smell the smoke  
In the halls of your home  
Hidden in your dad's cologne  
I haven't talked to you in years  
But I guess the truth is tough  
You grow up and you lose touch

Well its been a while  
It been a while  
Since I saw your face  
Or I said your name

I've been feeling low, put it all on paper  
All black on, call me Zack Taylor  
I'm lacking cash, writing raps  
Trying to make it work  
Faking smiles, been while since I haven't hurt  
What do I do when I can't even feel  
Anything that I wanna try: no deal  
Rolling round in that Subaru  
Like I'm Ken Block when I'm coming thru  
Nah, how the fuck could I flex now  
Got 8 bucks in my bank account  
It's been awhile since you been around  
And it's been a minute since we used to kick it  
I'm gone  
Things change  
I'm a fool for thinking they would be the same  
Knowing that I'm growing and I'm losing friends  
But it's ok  
Man it's alright  
I'm just happy that I made through another fucking night

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