

Full Blown Meltdown

PUP

Wake up
It was just a feeling
He was emptying the coffers
While I was staring at the ceiling
Washed up
Or what you wanna call it
Popping the good shit
With the boys at the office
How bout it?

On the verge of poverty
And a full blown meltdown
I'm still a loser and always will be
So why change now?

Fucked up
Oh who cares anyway?
With one foot in the gutter
And the other in the grave, I was thinking
How long will self destruction be alluring?
It's good for business and baby business is booming
Isn't that a trip?

I'll be sure to write it down
When I hit rock bottom
For all the people who love to fetishize problems
And to tell the truth
I fetishize them too
It's pretty messed up, isn't it?

And make no mistake
I know exactly what I'm doing
I'm just surprised the world isn't sick
Of grown men whining like children
You shouldn't take it so seriously
It's just music after all
And half the crap I say is just
Things I've stolen from the bathroom walls
Of shitty venues across America
And I'm losing interest in self-help
Equally bored of feeling sorry for myself
It's been a couple of days
Since I've had a full blown meltdown
But I'm still a loser and always will be
So why change now?