

Morbid Stuff

PUP

I was bored as fuck
Sitting around and thinking all this morbid stuff
Like if anyone I've slept with is dead and I got stuck
On death and dying and obsessive thoughts that won't let up
It makes me feel like I'm about to throw up

I was getting high in the van in St. Catharines
While you were rubbing elbows in the art scene
And back in the city I was on a tear
High-fiving every shithead on queen street
Passed out on the bus ride
I got home in the morning at a quarter to ten
Everybody was sleeping in
Mom and dad were smoking weed in the attic again

I said, "I don't know what you want me to say"
I stood by watching as your world went up in flames
When you try everything but the feeling stays the same
You had it all, you pissed it away

I don't know what you want me to say
Cause back in the city I was on a tear
You had it all, you pissed it away
Back in the city without a care

I still dream about you time and time again
While I've been sleeping in somebody else's bed
And as my body ached, the feeling, it never did