

You Don't Get Me High Anymore

PUP

I don't like staying at home
When the moon is bleeding red
Woke up stoned in the backseat
From a dream where my teeth fell out of my head

Cut it up, cut it up, yeah
Everybody's on something here
My godsend chemical best friend
Skeleton whispering in my ear

Walk with me to the end
Stare with me into the abyss
Do you feel like letting go?
I wonder how far down it is

Nothing is fun
Not like before
You don't get me high anymore
Used to take one
Now it's takes four
You don't get me high anymore

Runnin' through emergency rooms
Spinning wheels and ceiling fans
My hand shake cellophane landscape
Mannequin fakin' it the best I can

It's Cadillac, Cadillac red
No hands on the steering wheel
I'm crashing this save-a-ho
Puppet show
UFO
Obliterate the way I feel

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