Hotbox

RAYE

In the hotbox
In the hotbox

I'm on my feet, but I can't feel the ground
I'm swimming in the distorted sound
What? I can't hear you babe
This ain't my buzz, I inherit a high
How ya doin'? Have we been hear all night?
Speak up, I can't hear you babe

High, losing it, losing it
High, losing it
In the hotbox

Boy you numb, and some girl just passed out
And to my left is the face of a clown
What? There's nothing funny babe
Them regulars still passing me rounds
No it's blunt but this punch knock me out
I'm not an heavyweight

High, losing it, losing it
High, losing it
In the hotbox

Mix up in these sounds and these rainbow colored clouds
When those people climbing out and climbing in
Watch my head spin
Pink and grey illusion, all these colors are confusing
Don't remember what I'm doing
What? Sorry, anybody in?
This is such a pretty house before the lounge is emptied out
And now the television's going "wipe that face off your grin"
Right now my mind is wasted, slowed it down to taste this
Moment which is slowly fading slowly in, and I can't take this

In the hotbox
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Look at me all alone in the clouds
If only my mom could see me now
If she could see me now

High, losing it, losing it
High, losing it
In the hotbox

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