

Hangover

Rehab

Sitting on the front steps with shame for wealth and peace and things
Caught between dreams and memories both of which are better than now
Which is better than ever or is it shaking off the buzz last night's liquor
left

Being cool is such a chore to hold, a desperately needed job, logic loss is
mine

There he goes running, ranting, raving naked through the streets in my head
I'm so interesting to me
I'm so interesting to me

I don't know God, the shadows of angels they often passing me while demons c
onstantly harass my artic arteries
Like Susan Smith, a part of me addicted to the slaughtering
Colder than mamas drowning their babies in the beauty of Spring
So sick of the grind pushing the tears, depression for years
They're serenading me, I'm plugging my ears

It's so odd I can't remember being born but I know without a doubt John F. K
ennedy existed

What caused, what caused it all and where did that stem from
Etcetera etcetera, retarded kids are happier than me and Einstein They're th
e chosen few, the blessed

Everything's an omen and ignorance is bliss
Knowledge is responsibility
My conscience is a Christian stripper
Sobriety only puts insanity in order
Sorta kinda interesting to me
I'm so interesting to me

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onstantly harass my artic arteries
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In the shadows of my mind, I go
I hear a voice, is it me, is it you, is it myself
I wander darkened passageways
And fade fade fade away
And the light escaping and vanish existence
Misery is just yet but a beautiful portrait on this place
I am neither like you nor like myself, we are all...
Speaking retarded languages, hanging with anguishes
Arraigned from here to Bangladesh, found strangled at his home address
Brooks nothing less than self inflicted injuries
Hanging my throat on memories, dodging government inquiries You hurt for wee
ks, I hurt for centuries
Guess it was meant to be, I got no privacy
Peep the police blip, Atlanta Marshal Law got me on camera fucking the commi
ssioner's daughter
Uneven style, I roll with plankton in the low profile, slapping bitches naut
ical miles
Drunk peaking on crystal meth, Hydro chlorine
Fuck Crystal, give me proof 180
I'm full of so much coke that you could weigh me
Looking at Mestophales in the vanity mirror

Snorting a quarter ki' on the dresser but still, nothing's clearer
I never known companions, getting fucked like the Indians was by the Spaniards

Deception coming standard on the veranda, I drive three hours to the beach
And walk back in the sea returning to originality, Fuck!