

Two Bux

Remo Drive

God and I have never talked
But I still play by the rules
Lust and greed, they freak me out
But I see the allure
Look over my shoulder
As if sin even exists
Moralistic musing in the
Gas station, like

Two bux
For the right protection
For a few fucks
Maybe it's worth it
Well, I doubt that
I never believe in me
Upset if I break the rules

Never took you serious
But your guilt still touches me
It must be all that second-hand faith
Rubbing off on me
I always liked the music
Maybe that's how they got to me
Here I am all alone now thinking
About how

Just two bux
Ooh, they got me feeling
Like I'm fucked up
Maybe it's worth it
Well, I doubt that
I still don't believe in me
Upset if I break the rules