

Vacation

Russ

Shit

I'm stumblin'...

And let's get one thing straight
Swear I hear my name
Bouncing off these 4 walls tryin' to make me go insane
So I watch the cookie crumble, my sanity's on vacation
I see these rookies fumble and wonder, how they made it
Around this time I pour up
Fantasize about 4 sluts
Getting freaky on a tour bus
If life's a bitch, she's gorgeous
I just need a plug
So I already got my outlet
And I already found my fountain
I'm 19 but who's counting?

And I'm drinkin' now
And all this weed I'm smokin' got my thinkin' bout
What I don't know, what I don't see
Where I don't go, where I don't leave

A plate may not be full, but it doesn't mean I'm not
I got this little sister, and I hate to see her cry
The tears are on her face, swimming till they drop
I tell her it's OK, she says I'm all she got
I said, "Pick ya head up, wipe ya eyes
I know it's getting harder every day but life is life
You gonna be OK, cause I said so
I've been down that road before
I've been down that road before"

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