

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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