

Hooked

Sam Short

Yesterday, I crashed my car because I wondered what it'd feel like
Pressed my foot down on the pedal and I ran right through the stop sign

Told all my friends I hate them and then I played the victim
'Cause God forbid the problem's ever me
Fucked my ex just to do it, guess therapy's been useless
What a waste of \$250 a week
("So, how does that make you feel? ")

I think I'm hooked on feeling low
Like morphine in my soul
Kinda like when I go cold (Cold, cold)
I think I'm hooked on feeling down
I drink until I drown
Anything to black it out (Out, out)

I think I'm... hooked
I think, I think I'm... hooked
I think I'm... hooked
I think, I think I'm... hooked
I think I'm-

Every morning I wake up just to get right back into my bed
Tripping over all the bottles from another night I'll forget
Blow through all of my money, on cigarettes and coffee
'Cause being broke is hot at twenty-three
Go write another sad song, and play it for my poor mom
Anything so she feels bad for me
("Samantha, this is so depressing")

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