

I wish I could pick up a vice
To cope with these volatile moods
I guess cigarettes and coffee
Just don't kill me like you do
Every time I comb my hand through my hair
Half of it comes loose
You were looking at your feet
When I was looking for an excuse

So I'll roll up my right sleeve
And hope that I don't seize
'Cause my left arm's numb
And everything tastes like Reds
Like Reds, like Reds
Yeah, you fucked me up way more
Than anything else could have

Yeah, you are the tar in my lungs, in my veins
In my taste and on my breath
"Another day, another dose"
Has got me feeling comatose now
And nothing you could say or do
Or I don't even know is gonna cut it

Now everything taste like Reds
Now that the withdrawal has kicked in
And I'm just begging for one more hit
Everything tastes like Reds
Everything tastes like Reds