

It's been days since I have slept a wink  
I'm gaunt and dehydrated, I can't even think of  
Days without something in my nose  
It's been days, it's been days

You know the few minutes after you finish  
When you feel like Christ  
They seem to diminish every night  
Leave you clambering with spindly digits for the sting  
Of fucking serotonin

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You know the offensiveness  
Of a sunny morning when you're sick  
Reeling from the blight of a pain you self-inflict each night  
I'm a stereotype  
It's been years since I have known  
Summertime, decades since I've played it

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