

## Cut Back (Since June)

Sweatshop Union

[Chorus]

Been away every day  
Since June  
On the road doing shows  
Since June  
Half drunk every month  
Since June

And honey, I really think I need to  
Cut back  
Barely slept all week  
Cut back  
Barely kept on beat  
Cut back  
Honey I truly think I see  
I need to cut back  
I need to cut back  
I need to cut back  
I need to cut back

[Verse 1]

I smoke and drink, I cuss like sin  
I smell like hotel linen and Gin  
Cause I've been on a binge  
Where I just sip and then grin  
Stumbling 'round my day from beginning to end  
Then repeating again, and repeating again  
It's just one long cycle, it's repeating again  
And I've been feeding the trend  
From evening to AM my friend  
I wish I could stop, I'm just so damn dependant

Haven't been home for a minute and I'm wiped out  
Getting older by the minute and I'm like wow  
I won't admit it but I'm in it for the lifestyle  
It can be wicked but I'm sticking with it right now  
Deep breath, release out, one more drink, one more joint  
Each time one more thing, then roll up late  
In a Super 8 Motel, know this rate I won't rejuvenate so well  
Oh hell don't tell me to slow down, it won't help  
I'm in too deep to know how  
Know why? We're doing it to get the show live  
Besides, it goes hand and hand with the road life

Been away since when (since when)  
On the road to no end (no end)  
Half drunk since 10AM  
Passed out, wake up, repeat it again

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Who really knew the routine  
Would lose any way of amusing me  
But it ain't what it used to be  
It's like a new day, new city, new club new shit  
But it ain't news to me

See the same posh hotels  
Across the street the same Taco Bells  
Same malt lix, and 26 of off sales  
McDeaks and benedicts come on now

Same old towns, same old crowds  
Same ups and downs, the same old routes now  
The same drained feeling for the next few weeks  
Same sent of cigarettes on the beds used sheets  
Making the same late night calls from hotel rooms  
Saying the same broken promises, 'I'll be home soon'  
Facing same headaches and woes as those when I left  
Taking in every second the alarm ain't set  
And it all gets further and further out of control  
The further we go begin to worry, I know  
It's early but yo, don't want to lose my grip on a whole  
And wind up some washed up piece of shit on the road

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[Verse 3]

Sweatshop pick em off with a tight track  
To hit em hard like a Louisville spiked hat  
You like that? You can't help but come right back  
Grab your lifejack, we're going to wile-out tonight man  
If you're with us, put up your right hand, hold up  
If you're with us, but up your lights and, hold up

Get em high, gonna rock like a live band  
Creative Minds so where the fuck you been holding at?  
We keep it all hype, all night, alright  
So you put to bed all that dead shit you call tight  
Don't want to be like y'all type  
Y'all might just be the weakest tripe that ever saw a mic  
It's Dusty Melo and my man Marmalade  
2 reps from the Sweatshop 7 large brigade  
We spit the sickest shit said split in bars of 8  
And make it so the number 1 spot is hard to take.

Huu