

Angels

Tom MacDonald

It's not the liquor I'm addicted to, it's feeling brave
The feeling of not feeling the pain
I've been on and off the bottle, I put Oxys up my nostrils, believe me
You do anything to breathe before you suffocate
I couldn't stop it, staying clean was not an option
I was tryna be myself but being me was such a problem
I just wanted to be Thomas, but Thomas was at the bottom of a hole he dug
And getting comfortable inside a coffin, ay
He locked it and swallowed the key, he caught up, forgot all his dreams
Robbed outta calm and became embalmed in a toxic routine
Beer was the escape but I got stuck escaping
Whiskey was the blanket in the coldest basement
Way before the fame, I was wasted
Freezing, doing anything I could to keep the flame lit
To anyone going through the same shit
Heaven's got enough angels, you need to stay here

And I can't make you stay but sometimes going ain't a choice
And every choice you make is one that you didn't avoid

Crash the whip and ditch the car, burn a bridge, follow the stars
You'll find monsters in the dark but nothing's worth it 'til it's hard
Sometimes it's hard to see things clear (through your tears)
But anywhere is way better than here (fight your fears)

It's not the liquor I'm addicted to, it's feeling tough
When you get bullied half your life you feel weak like you just ain't enough
Then you have a couple drinks and you catch a buzz
And finally have the courage to defend yourself and throw a punch
And that adrenaline goes straight into your brain and blood
Addicted to the confidence is practically the greatest drug
Chasing dragons every night in all the latest clubs
What used to be your favorite thing somehow became a dangerous crutch
It was what it was
And that's the thing, it can happen to like any of us
I had great parents, tight friends, strong morals, nice threads
Good school, good looking, good grades, time spent
Being normal only lasted for a while
One bad choice sparked a downward spiral
I've spent half my life tryna climb outta that hole
Heaven's got angels, we need you at home

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It ain't the liquor we're addicted to, it's everything else
The happiness we had but we forget how it felt
We been drinking with the devil 'cause we're going through hell
Pray to God for a little bit of help
Man, I been there, I did those things, I drank those drinks
I took those pills, I puked in sinks
And the truth ain't pretty, listen up, it's a tough one

You get saved by your angels or become one

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