

Machine Blood

Tom MacDonald

I wish that I could love you like I never knew you
Or forget about the bullshit that I know
I miss the nights we all went out without you
And I would always make it home
I prayed for you
I don't believe in God but girl, I prayed for you
I prayed for you, I prayed for you
I prayed for you, I prayed for you

Random women stressing me 'bout treating women properly
But I ain't tryna love with them, and it hurts to say but honestly

You are, you are, you are, you are, you are something different
You are, you are, you are, you are, you are mine
You are, you are, you are, you are, you are something special
You are, you are, you are, you are, you are my endeavor
If you're next to me

I don't know where the hell my head is at
The girl who I loved just tried killing herself
My balance is good so I live on the edge
How did they doubt that I'm real enough?
I just got a call from a woman in Edmonton
She said my boy just went in for like ten and then and did some shit and got
killed after three of them
Man, I regret that I moved without seeing his face
I don't relate with these fucking kids and they partying
I'm so high in the nightclub that I'm talking 'bout geometry
I'm sorry for y'all, my heart's broken, that's all
Your swag broken, your soul broken
You so broken, that's all

When these machines are bleeding
She'll drive and I'll smoke one
When these machines are bleeding
My eyes won't open up
When all these machines are bleeding
They won't feel no pain and I have let shit in my vision while I search for
you again girl

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Doing it different than all of you fuckboys
Have a round on me though
If you mad that your girl over here
Ask her what she hang around me for
'Cause I don't want that, I ain't on that
I ain't fucking 'round with you mall rats
I only want what I need and what I need won't call back
Don't ask me how I messed up, you wouldn't understand
I'm just stressing out, I'm kinda hurt again
Don't ask me 'bout the reasons why I threw it all away
Man, I'm just doing what I have to so I can keep doing my thing, girl

What ever happened to the man I was?
Riding round here with a girl I love
One tattoo, only half a blunt
Spent every day in that restaurant
We just chilling, every day, everyone paid
Everything straight, everyone made it back home in one piece like I loaded t
he clip up with everyone's names
None of y'all know where I came from
I don't take shit but I give it
'Cause when you grew up in the suburbs you don't leave shit where you living
You pack it up, you go downtown, you go riding round till you get it
Then you get a lift back to the crib, blazing on me at dinner

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If you know me

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