

Follow a moment and turn off your roaming
I'm taking you home to your permanent zone and
It's only an omen that we been out smoking since
Nine in the morning and hittin' it slow
I just been hoping that maybe the smoke is a
Friend of me strokin' my ego alone
I'm feelin' open and openly stoked to be
Hittin' this bong and it's gotten me blown
Gimme it, gimme it, I'm just a hippie it's
Vigilant, vigilant, idiot, idiot
Now I been toking too much and I'm choking and
Have not a notion how I'm getting home...
Okay, I'm on the road
Hands are all sweaty I'm driving all slow
Head is a mess, the time is a toll
If I let it roll I'm in trouble for sure
395 is a mess as you know
Beach is crowded; stressing my soul
Dropping off Bern on the side of the road, and
Hoping I'll make it a little bit more
Just a little bit more
Tryna get home without checking the po
Why did I smoke like Seth Rogen in 'Blow'?
Wait that's not the movie forget it let's roll...
Sparking a bit
Low on the fuel and the parking's a bitch
Why am I shaking? My arm did it twitch?
I need a bed and a pharmacist quick
No parking that's it
I need to get out the car and like quick
I'm freaking out and it's hard to resist
I need to get to my a-parta-ment...

Okay, I'm losing my mind
Voice in my head says I'm doing just fine
Parking my car way outside of the line
I'll just come back and re-park it in time
Anything get me inside
Why is the thermostat on sixty-five?
Why am I freezing my freaking behind?
My blood pressure high, I think I'mma die
I think I'mma die
I think I'mma die
I think I'mma die