

Wits' End

Wrekonize

Last year I was anxious, this year I'm like double that
Pills no more thanks but they gave me a double pack
I'm here all cranked up spine weighed down under wraps
I'm laid down on the cluttered tracks
No safe ground on this fucking map no
I'm trying to live just like you do
I know these tendencies are not usual
But every time I get in my head
I find I'm running in the red
I wanna be that little kid again bruh
I see him walking on the range
He's 11 with these dreams of stalking fame with his game
At 37 I can't even board a plane the same
I wonder if my mind is truly gone for good

You can find me locked up in bed
Bill collectors say I'm in debt
Guess I probably coulda been dead
Now I'm looking at my wit's end
Had some money shoulda invest
Spent it all on stupid shit yes
Guess I probably coulda been dead
Now I'm looking at my wit's end

Last year I was anxious, this year I'm like triple that
Pills no more thanks but they gave me a triple pack
I'm here all cranked up spine weighed down cripple back
Now I can't stand with the fact I'm
Manic panic in a second flat
I'm trying to live just like you do
I know these tendencies are not usual
But every time I get in my head
I find I'm running in the red
I wanna be that little kid again bruh
I see him walking into frame
He's 17 with dreams of battling to gain his grain
At 37 I can't even take a bit of strain
I'm hoping that my mind ain't truly gone for good

You can find me locked up in bed
Bill collectors say I'm in debt
Guess I probably coulda been dead
Now I'm looking at my wit's end
Had some money shoulda invest
Spent it all on stupid shit yes
Guess I probably coulda been dead
Now I'm looking at my wit's end

Last year I was anxious, this year I'm a time bomb
Them pills never got the hang but I take 'em when I need to find calm
I walk in with the same strut even though I think my mind's gone
I sit here making strange cuts waiting for you to get my songs and
I'm trying to live just like you do
I know these tendencies are not usual
But every time I get in my head
I find I'm running in the red
I wanna be that little kid again bruh

I see him walking on the stage
He's 25 and fighting to estrange from the lame
At 37 I'm so jaded I can't even aim
I'm feeling that my mind is truly gone for good

You can find me locked up in bed
Bill collectors say I'm in debt
Guess I probably coulda been dead
Now I'm looking at my wit's end
Had some money shoulda invest
Spent it all on stupid shit yes
Guess I probably coulda been dead
Now I'm looking at my wit's end (yeah)