

## 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)