

## King's Cup

WSTR

It was my first time in California  
It was like '09 or thereabouts  
Little did I know what was round the corner  
Now I'm on my back I'm freaking out

'Cause these playing cards had bad intentions  
And the little green man sat on my cup  
So desperate for that good impression  
I fucked it up

And I woke up in a hospital bed  
Let me off the second time  
With a brace round my neck and a pain in my head  
Lady luck's no friend of mine  
As I lay on the ground covered in blood  
Safe and sound or stuck in the mud  
Lack of pills made me sweat mixed with words that she said  
All just pains that relate to the scars of the summer

Today I woke up after 9 with something not quite right  
Crazy lack of appetite  
Hazy eyes  
The walls all white

There's nothing I remember from mid June to late September  
She claimed that she was present but I swear I never met her  
She's looking from above I thought my chance was done and dusted  
Thought I bossed my first impression but the doctor said I fucked it

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