South Drive

WSTR

Pulled the wool from off my eyes
I'll pack my bags leave for South Drive
It reflects in my head and in aches
Still I give and you take everything I have

Call my bluff hold fire
Judgement clouded by desire
I swear it's nothing more
I swear it's nothing more

Now my leverage is slack it's getting too loose to fit
And that red dot on your back tells me you're used to this

So I'll cut the cord
Shut you out
Spit your taste out of my mouth
My head feels so fucked up today
I guess I'll have to find a way to
Leave you here and pack up for South Drive

Back off I've done my stint I've served my time
Stitched my mouth
Covered your lies
Someday I'll cut you down to size

So I'll cut the cord
Shut you out
I'm sick of all the shit you spout
My head feels so fucked up today
I guess I'll have to find a way to
Leave you here and pack up for South Drive

Before I get sore eyes will you please rest them for me
So worn out from the doubt of your false sincerity
Cause the clock's on the click I'll throw in the towel and quit
I guess well cross that bridge
I guess well cross that bridge

I've been thinking about leaving
This time next year I won't be here

So I'll cut the cord
Shut you out
Spit your taste out of my mouth
My head feels so fucked up today
I guess I'll have to find a way to
Leave you here and pack up for South Drive

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