

Our trip had ended, I didn't know what I had to do
Who really cares at all, gotta get away somehow
We settled on a place where the open road had closed
And we'd tried too many times before

And I spent the night alone, with three things on my mind
Money, pills, and girls, money, thrills, and girls
Been looking through the pages of some magazine that I've read
a thousand times
And the food all starts to taste the same and it's 6:09 AM
And there's nothing on TV, and I'm fucked, just look at me

Watching Simpsons, afraid to call you
I know I fucked up, I know I owe you
700, please don't hate me
I'll get a job and I'll pay you back somehow

One more night alone, and you can take it
There'll be more tomorrow
Same magazine, same tasteless food
Same TV screen, same shitty mood

And I feel like it can't get worse