

Let me tell ya little story  
About a kid from the middle  
Had my mind set on glory  
Whatever I had to give  
I had no anchor to keep me from forever drifting  
Caught up in danger somehow I have survived

I was always looking for trouble, trouble, it always followed me  
I would always have to do a double, a double cuz one just ain't  
enough  
Of all the liquor and enough of pharmaceuticals  
All at once I up and pulled the bamboo out my cuticles  
The bullshit the trouble was coming from me, honestly

I got a mind full of weapons  
In the battle of me versus myself  
And everything that I kept in  
I'm finding the courage to tell  
The sweetest repose comes in the strangest of places  
I never supposed clarity would find me

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Point of contention, pain will both motivate and  
Lead to you change, whoa  
It's been said before, I'll say it again  
You only will get, one spin oh-oh

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