

## My Pick

## Acid Drinkers

I feel an urge to melt  
To vanish like the day  
To fly above the trees  
To try another way

My nerves are blowing...  
I take my pick... (2x)  
My fists are burning...  
I need that kick... (2x)

I need to leave behind  
The chains that keep me bound  
To spread my wings and fly  
So high above the ground

My nerves...

I'll try another way