

You come alive at quarter to three
You make haste for a taste
In the parking lot of misery
So down it goes, And up goes your need
So you're fine for the time.
But you're on the line, Not in between

What can this stuff do to me?
Apothecary, some more of the same today
Fills that need

You're late again for chemistry class
You were up in the lab
With your chemical head in a flask
The truth is though, Your mind is a mess
You've just taken a dose
Now you're comatose in Pandora's chest

How could I do this to me?
Apothecary, oh please, where's the antidote?
For me

Looking for ways you can let it out
Sleep in the days, for tonight you'll roam about
Pull all the stops; you begin to shout
Life's a big dream and you sleep
'Till you come out
Come out

Fill my need,
Apothecary
Fill my need,
Apothecary