

# Carry Around

Annuals

I got magic in my head, magic up my nose, magic coming out my fingers  
, magic crying out my eyes. I've got magic everywhere I fucking look.  
I can't fight it either, I wish I could.

Step foot down  
Hold him to the ground  
Whine though he may, you've got some bills to pay  
It's all I've ever known it's everything until I say so, you say "so  
say so."

Okay, I've got lots of friends  
in rather dry places  
I've got lots of pills in my pocket  
If you want some, I'd like to share  
With you and everyone that you care about.

But I don't know what to do for you?  
Do you care  
I don't know what's best for you

Sick and dying  
I've been spending all my time  
Sleeping of concious debts  
and licking bags clean of everything I love  
and anything I can carry around  
I'm a restless rat  
strun up and burnt out.  
Losing my fur to the wind  
Catching looks from baby, white mice  
Bastards in a black weeping vice.

But sometimes, the sunlight  
It just won't let me cry  
When leaves tickle my arms I can't help but let my mouth sing.  
Sing out words of trust  
In a language I still don't comprehend  
What does meaning mend in the end?

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In the end