

Crushed by Milwaukee's Best

Captain, We're Sinking

This is forced and I am drowning now,
I'm buried underneath the ground
and I've learned that my face molds into my hands.
Everyone here looks too good for me.
If god had no sympathy he'd say son,
you're the one thing in this world
that I didn't spend time on. Am I slowly losing my mind?
I'm on my knees and I'm begging please.
Mary says don't be a fool.
The hysteria inside of me is turning me into a fool.
Don't cry young boy, mama's coming home.
As a boy he'd rub his wrists on fences
and realized that he lost his senses.
He'd go home screaming in pain while his mother cleaned his cuts.
Ten years later and he's had enough,
he's on a building looking to jump he says
if Jesus walked on water then I can walk on air.
But as he falls he hears his mother cry.
He looks at her and then he dies.
So cry young boy, because mama's not coming home.