

Number

Cross Canadian Ragweed

I got a number in my pocket
Keep it in my wallet, right on my hip
When my paycheck's steady and I'm damn good and ready

I roll it up to my lip, and I go to the moon
I got my foot down on the throttle
Hands around the bottle, I think my speakers are blown

No rubber on my tire, I'm a getting higher
Higher than I've ever been
And I ain't coming down soon
I can't remember the last time I touched the ground

You look at me like I'm gonna let you down
Hey, every time I come around
You got your finger on my button
Acting like it's nothing, bitching from your golden throne

You ain't no anybody acting high and mighty
Waiting for me to explode, fire in the hole
Look out down below, here I go
You're wasting time

Why bother even coming 'round
If you know I'm gonna let you down