

Permanent Standby

Felt

She's in the back of a cab again
She just packed up her bags and then
Her new town she can bust down and run around
Had to leave the ex cause he always brought that gun
around
But she's long gone, he'll never find her
Just another bad tattoo, her reminder
Of a past and how they tried to hold her back
But fuck her hometown man that whole scene was whack
She's in the big city now doing big things
Works a little retail job for a big chain
She got a car now she move around efficiently
She got a car now she hitting the dispensary
She made some friends in the entertainment industry
But time is wearing thin so she gives into her
tendencies
Post-moridium is calling
Been two weeks and she's been eight balling
Got the number of the dealer and she called him
Quick transaction in the bathroom stall and
Guess who's back in effect
Dropped in the corner dancing to some dubstep
Rescued by two dudes who were suspect
But she was so goddamned gone she didn't object
They messed around, she was down for the fun and the
games
It doesn't count when she can't remember none of their
names
Rinse, repeat, weeks in the cycle
But that dirt don't come clean in the night glow
Now everybody know that she's a whore
Where do you go when the blow's not free no more?
Now the city's getting too small
Walls closing in but she knows what to do y'all
She popped a pill then she packed her bags quick
She's just too real for this city of plastic

She came from the desert on a horse with no name
Half-awake waiting at the baggage claims
The painkiller that she popped as the plane tore off
ain't wore off
Little cousin picked her up in the pickup
And the minute she got in it he lit up a big blunt
Passed it to her, she made the end glow
Pull, puff, share, staring out the window
Parked outside a house on the south side
First couple weeks sleeping on the couch life
Till she got a job at a department store
Found a roommate and got a spot up on 24th
A penny for her thoughts of a better course
She wanted new friends that she hasn't met before
Started hitting up the bar just to let it pour
Did one line of coke and many more
Everybody loves her, is she sure?
I guess it all depends on who she drop them panties for
When the alcohol call she doesn't hit ignore
She says give me more until she hits the floor

Popular with the elite and the creeps
And then people who haven't gone to sleep this week
They wear disguises like artists, they're nice guys
But underneath you know they're just another white line
Fuck these pricks, fuck these junkies
Fuck this weather, it's not fucking funny
This drama has got you acting like a star
Shut the fuck up and march your ass back up in that bar
Midwest, it won't be long before she jets
She don't belong, it's her against anti, surfing this
landslide
At the terminal on permanent standby