

West Coast

FIDLAR

Ahhhhhhhhh

Checked out, waiting for the weekend
Coked up, it's all right I'm leaving
I don't wanna go back home
Skip school, already failing
Told mom and dad that I'm bailing
Now we're driving up the coast

Ahhhhhhhhh

Fucked up, sleepless in Seattle
Got drunk and barfed on my shadow
I don't ever wanna go
Got high, ended up in Portland
But you can't buy liquor in Oregon
So we'll just talk and bum some smokes

Woke up, caught me with a smile
Passed out on your bathroom tile
Man, I think that this is home
So sad, I should've told her something
Call her up and talk about nothing
But I forgot I lost my phone

Ahhhhhhhhh

And all my friends, they just stay the same
I'm growing up but nothing's changing
I'm so sick of this stupid place
It's so suburban and so boring
I should try and get a life
But I don't want that 9 to 5
I'd rather die, keep getting high
So pack my things and say goodbye

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