

Lay Off the Morphine

Paul Gilbert

What the hell happened to my hair
It used to be long
But now it's gone somewhere
What the hell happened to my face
It used to be young
But now it's covered with age
I don't know, but I still feel like sixteen
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine

What the hell happened to my wife
She used to be here
But now she's gone from my life
What the hell happened to my friends
I wonder if I
Will ever see them again
I don't know, maybe someone was too mean
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine

Everybody needs to get a little bit high
Do it with a pill or with a plane up in the sky
Money or girls, or traveling to worlds
You see on TV, where people are free
And so is the wine they drink all the time
But you'll never find me
You'll never find me
You'll never find me
You'll never find me

What the hell happened to my song
The verse is pretty cool
But the bridge is too long
What the hell happened to my tune
I wanted some pop
But not to break my balloon
I don't know, when I wake from this strange dream
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine
I don't know, but I still feel like sixteen
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine