

Hurricane Jello

Grief

Hurricane - eat my brain
Have you ever been hit in the face by a hurricane?
It can turn your brain into jello with one passing blow
Hurricane - feel no pain
Smoke and drink until you can't think
Of all the things that suck in your life
Because you deal with the constant strife
Hurricane - Jello
A fucked up drunken slob
My mind is one big blob
Put your problems aside
Curl up, pass out and hide
When you finally awake
Discover your mistake
You cannot think too clear
Your problems are still there