

## 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