

Drinker's Peace

Guided by Voices

At times I wish I were dead
Busy people dancing all over my head
This I value with every move they make
Real bad headache with every step they take

I get a contact buzz
Can't remember what the problem was
I find it hard to even care
Life was to real till you got there
My life is dirt but you seem to make it cleaner
Reduce my felony to a misdemeanor
When I feel sick you're an antibiotic
Organize my world that was pointless and chaotic