

On The Way To San Francisco

Hoods

I don't want to die but I feel that this is it
stomach in knots
twenty pounds less
a weekend of hell
six months depression
lost in a love sick
world of pain
I cry cause you're gone
I'm dying in pain, in pain
my love for you is forever
I promise this sick world I'll never forget
I wrote you this note
I put this razor into my skin
the tub overflows
I awaken in pain
I choke on my own blood
I hear the phone ring
back to reality
Pat and I are off to the city
drunk for six months straight
I'm drowning myself in alcohol and pain
depression magnifies times ten
the blood in my veins is starting to run thin
I don't want to die
I feel that this is it
my face is in my hands(2x)
again I slit my wrists
I want to watch you kill yourself