

## 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