

Autumn On Drugs

I Mother Earth

A worn old suitcase so what if it's broken,
hopeless a little odd in a splash of autumn on drugs,
holding all weight for me the weight of me
and i need it like a friend needs me for a friend
I can feel the time is right to find the legs to deal with this
alone
so I'll turn around to all and wave the California Wave
sometime let's forget all about forced hands,
big heads and little things no one showed a trust 'cause no one
had faith in me
and I see it like the sun sees me through the day
a lo-fi vanilla secret spoken by a friend who'll miss me if I'm
leaving...
Who'll want to find me