

I hung around until I got hungover  
Then I crashed out in cultifornia  
I'm slowing down, so the bottle can catch up  
I might be lazy, but I know what's up

I woke up this morning, don't remember much  
Just blank memory, hope I didn't fuck up too much  
My shirts ripped and my glasses are bent  
Started out with a fifty now I only got 50 cents left  
My mind's in a state of distress  
Sometimes the bottle gets in the way of progress  
Blind eye to the nights proceedings  
Phone number written on my hand, someone I don't remember meeting  
Pounding in my head, empty feeling  
Take a hit from the spliff before I even start dealing  
Still standing, after all 10 rounds  
It was me or the bottle, someone had to get knocked out

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Its just clothes and bottles on the floor  
Keys hanging from the lock on the open front door  
Day is dawning, but the sun's too bright for me  
Hazy memory of some fuck trying to fight me  
Or was that me trying fight him?  
That shit don't matter, that was last night's problem  
Girlfriend - still passed out on the bed  
Stars in my eyes, pounding in my head, I hit the streets  
Just looking for salvation, instead I just get an exchange of misinformation  
Don't expect a thing to get handed to me  
But sometimes you gotta shut your brain down to keep your sanity

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