I once heard a song about it never rains in Southern California I once saw a band play at the farm sober, I hadn't had a drink Like cleaning gums or hugging bums or doing something that you knows good for ya

Those times are tedious and tenuous and hopefully much shorter than a blink

I'm so easy to dechiphe
I could rationalize for life
But from all the strife I caused, I gotta go without
Taking 'codones is insane
I don't wanna kill, I want more pain
So like the California drought, I'm drying out

I got the one job that it's frowned upon if you're not a user The bands that are all sober are the ones playing the Warped an d county fairs

I'll go to a meeting and get called a loser
Then I get invited to a party from a bro who works at Bayer

He's got shit from 1910

Bottle H, that's genuine

I just want see what all the hype's about

I just gotta try it once

But I say no 'cause I got 3 months

And like the California drought, I'm drying out

My sponsor should be Ernie Ball or PBR and not Pat from Petalum a $\,$

The chips I want are kale, corn, potato and for betting on a flush

But now I gotta listen to a 20 minute story that's just a rumor And I'm sorry but this nicotine and caffeine don't gimme the sa me rush

I'm a jest pilot in jux
To positions in a crux
I'm not in fashion, I'm in flux, so they all doubt
I just want some cocaine
But it's making me insane
I think I may have broken my brain, I'm drying out