Well I'm tired and I'm sick
Got a habit that I just can't kick
I feel hungover and I'm all in love
When the lights go down
I'm gonna shoot 'em all

S'alright, don't be afraid You gotta keep dreaming in the bed you made And if it tastes like shit Well, it beats sleeping rough on the floor

You keep saying that my head's locked up in the clouds But keep praying that the Lord won't slow me down

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