

## Bottles&Cans

Rehab

I think about it, you know life and what it really means  
I drink about it, I think I'm busting at the seams  
Don't over think it, I think somebody told me that before  
Yeah whatever, That's my attitude, what can I say  
Evidently I was raised to be this way  
But incidentally there's days I really want to change  
If heaven sent me then why do I feel this crazy  
Got a man down. Mayday, mayday

Bottles and cans, seeds and stems  
Down to my last roach here I am again  
Caught between tomorrow and yesterday  
Telling myself it'll be okay  
Bottles and cans, seeds and stems  
Will I ever change guess it all depends  
Feels like nothing ever went my way  
Telling myself it'll be okay

Brokenhearted, I've been listening to my head scream  
Got it? Spark it. You hear that or is it just me  
What's the matter are you feeling just like me  
Has anybody seen my mind I can't find it  
Life is flying, somebody rewind it  
We're all dying and just running around blinded  
I think we've gotten a little too open minded  
Got a man down. Mayday, mayday

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Broke and lonely, choking on 'dro  
Can I borrow another tomorrow dear lord  
I'm scoping, hoping some door can open  
And my folks don't even know me no more  
My kids are growing and my age is showing  
And are the seeds I'm sowing gonna sprout I'm not sure  
The doubt and the lure is a couch of velour  
With a mirror and a blade and a pile of some pure

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