

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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