

Up on pills that made me happy
Not about to drown on you
Drinking ink to bring me down
Fall apart and leave the blue
It's funny, sometimes I'm the eight-ball
Funny, sometimes I'm the cue
Took a page out of the phonebook
Only listing was for you
Sometimes I see everything
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes
Took a bite out of the brick wall
To taste it's bitter concrete truth
Outer space just knocks me down
Hit the floor and pass on through
I have no faith in my subconscious
Place my trust in rocket fuel
Want a house out in the country
Walk around and share with you
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Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes
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Funny, sometimes I'm the cue
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