

Crashing

Teenage Bottlerocket

You're on a plane
It will never be the same
Now its pounding on my brain
Until I drink a pint of blame
The more session I smoke
The more I'm disconnected
The only thing that makes me feel
Slightly more connected
It might be time to fly away too
In the opposite direction
Forgetting you
I'll stay here and pound five beers
Smoke three joints and disappear
Without a jet plane this is how
I get away staying in town