

# Out of It

## The Story So Far

Leaning on a bad knee  
Don't really wanna be with anyone  
Can you hear in my key?  
How can you not see it's not always fun  
Wait and score, speed back lock the door and just pour  
I'm gettin numb  
Not enough, gimme more soda, soaking through the floor of 51

My appropriate opiate has me out of it  
Out of it  
I can't believe you're still upset  
Get over it  
And leave me alone

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Glue me into my seat  
Spill onto me feet and let it run  
'Cause I am all that you need  
The hunger I feed  
My loaded gun  
Always sore in my back from the spine that I lack to really be done  
That's enough, no more  
I'm barely breathing anymore  
Ask me how did I let this get worse?  
Dove through the mud for my verse  
Tell me how many wounds can you nurse?  
Dive into nothing head first

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It's holding on but barely by the edge  
You always ask me where I go  
I'm high now, I'll hide it from you and her my closest friends and everyone

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