

Smokin' resin all day long. Playing video games, and eating steak for dinner. Living life like cheech and chong. Waking up everyday just to jam and smoke a pinner.

None of us have steady jobs, I said Monday through Sunday, everyday was the weekend. Smokin' resin all day long, playing video games, and then we started drinking. Well why is everything always my fault? And why am I the one to blame.

The things that you do, were more than things you say. And I still want to be your friend, but you don't feel that way. The things that you do, were more than things you say. And I still want to be your friend, but you don't feel that way.

Well you've always got something going on. Well you've always got something better to do. Now that doesn't really matter to you because you've seen the light.

You love to play detective, you've gained these new perspectives. You've got a brand new religion, you know you're right, you know you're right. But don't tell me about sacrifice, when it's all I've done my whole fucking life.

Well I know one thing for certain, is that I'm not that type of person, who would go out of my way to tear you down and bring you down. Fuck you up and desecrate you. I love you enough to hate you. But you always stain all my time hanging round, hanging round.

So tell me why are we so blind to see, that the ones we hurt are you and me.