

Addict with a Pen

Twenty One Pilots

Hello
We haven't talked in quite some time
I know
I haven't been the best
Of sons
Hello
I've been traveling in
The desert of my mind
And I
Haven't found a drop
Of life
I haven't found a drop
Of you
I haven't found a drop
Of water

I try desperately to run through the sand
As I hold the water
In the palm of my hand
Cuz it's all that I have
It's all that I need and
The waves of the water
Mean nothing to me
But I try my best
And all that I can to
Hold tightly onto
What's left in my hand
But no matter how
How tightly I will strain
The sand will slow me down
And the water will drain
I'm just being dramatic
In fact,
I'm only at it again
As an addict with a pen
Who's addicted to the wind
As it blows me back and fourth
Mindless, spineless, and pretend
Of course I'll be here again
See you tomorrow
But it's the end of today
End of my ways
As a walking denial
My trail was filed as a crazy
Suicidal head case
But you specialize in dying
You hear me screaming
Father
And I'm lying here just crying
So wash me with your water

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