

## 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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