

# Straight To Paradise

Wax

Walking around with my eyes sewn shut  
Passing by the most beautiful things in the world like so what  
Find an empty spot on a curb, and post up  
Next to a homeless man, cart full of soda cans  
Smiling, how's he in a better mood than I am in  
When I'm an inch away from achieving my dreams  
There's different types of achievement it seems  
The intravenous needle fiends to the people that dream of seeing  
Themselves up on the screens  
We all tryna chase a high  
What is it with human being, we're never satisfied  
My only conclusion's confusion  
And my only solution is the illusion I create through boozin  
Fuck it, my eyes open, I pop my tall beer  
Toast to Los Angeles, we all here  
From Skid Row to the names up in the blaring lights  
I take a sip and I'm headed straight to paradise

Every day I battle with my inner consciousness  
Trying to get him to become an optimist  
Trying to convince him God exists  
And to focus on the positive and take pride in my accomplishments  
But he only speaks he doesn't hear  
A radio newsfeed always in my ear  
And I, just wish it would disappear  
It's an embodiment of all my insecurities and fear

And it keeps me wide awake lying late at night nervous  
Mind racing, contemplating life's purpose  
But isn't that a contemplation that is quite worthless  
And I'm still awake when the sunlight surface  
I just  
Relax, lie still  
Count sheep, drink more nyquil  
Lord help me sleep I say a prayer at night  
And in my dreams I'm going straight to paradise  
Too much time alone all I think about is death  
I'm a chain smoker how much time I got left  
I swear there's something wrong going on inside my chest  
I ain't seen a doctor I should probably get a test  
I just wish I wasn't confident in an afterlife  
If it turned out that I was wrong I'd be dead it wouldn't matter right  
I drink too much, for the numbness  
I think to much, but yearn for dumbness  
I wish that I was satisfied  
By the cars, the restaurants and the Maitre D's  
I love steak, put me back inside the matrix please  
We can all talk about the weather forecast or the sportscast  
Or the fucking jersey shore cast  
Get money, keep makin  
Fuck bitches, eat bacon  
Lord forgive me, I say a prayer at night  
And when I die I'm going straight to paradise