

West Coast

FIDLAR

Checked out, I'm waiting for the weekend
Coked up, It's alright I'm leaving
But I don't ever wanna go
Skip school, I'm already failing
Told mom and dad that I'm bailing
Now we're driving up the coast
Cracked out and sleepless in Seattle
Got drunk and barfed on my shadow
I don't ever wanna go
Got high and ended up in Portland
But you can't find liquor in Oregon
So we'll just talk and bum some smokes
Woke up, you caught me with a smile
Passed out on your bathroom tile
And I think that this is soap
So sad, I should've told her something
Call her up and talk about nothing
But I forgot I lost my phone
And all my friends, they just stay the same
I'm growing up but nothing's changing
I'm so sick of this stupid place
It's so suburban and so boring
I should try and get a life
But I don't want that 9 to 5
I'd rather die, keep getting high
So pack my things and say goodbye
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