Bad Trip

Claire Blanca

Met you on a bad trip,
You said you took too much.
I said 'I don't even know you'.

Saw you in a nightmare,
You said that I'm insane
I said 'I don't even know your name'.

Do you ever wonder what the being on the other side of your hand is like?
Hate your dirty jeans and I hate the way you scream.
You're a wasteland and you've thrown me in between.

And I'm sick of bright colors on Sunset Blvd.
You made me see.
I'm sick of seeing those lonely stars and you feeling nothing.

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