Recovering

Robert Pollard

old habits die hard, growing bitter from trying to be broken
while these comfortable routines are smothered with affection
well, i choose to switch between the two
i choose whatever convinces you, that I should be allowed to
slip through the cracks and get back to the living
these walls are unforgiving
send someone to check on me and take notes on my recoveryone pill will get me through the day
but I take two anyway
when I take three pills the song begins to play
one that won't go away. And even though I know
one pill will get me through the day
I take two anyway
when I mix four pills with a drink the song starts to play
its in the back of my head and its everywhere
and its all I can think aboutits all spinning out of control
for one day this thing is out of my hands
while under severe supervision,
everything is, everything is
but when unsuspected, addiction is under the radar
and anything goes, so here I sit,
comatose almostI float between hospitals and halfway homes
between halfway living and halfway lying
and I know all the awful things that no one needs to know
I take my medicine and make them believe that i'm a better manone pill will get me through the day
but I take two anyway
when I take three pills the song begins to play
one that won't go away. And even though I know
one pill will get me through the day
I take two anyway
when I mix four pills with a drink the song starts to play
its in the back of my head and its everywhere
and its all I can think aboutbut still I hear the song
its everywhere
surrounding me and ringing in my ears.
the perfect song will call for sedatives, sacrifice and sing-alongs
so sing along

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