

The Mourning After (prod. Two Fresh)

Mac Miller

[Verse 1: Mac Miller]

Mourning after, my lungs hurt
Eat your p*ssy just to show you how my tongue works.
Its funny how we f*ck but fell in love first.
Been three years I wish I finally trust her.
She make me feel like how them drugs work.
Itching for my fixture, when she gone love hurts.
I just get a temper, I just need some just somebody I could vent to.
Someone get me stoned, be my Emma.
Left your lipstick on the glass, see your daiquiri.
Ruby red usually end up tragically,
work of art you could be my masterpiece.
But you fast asleep.

[Hook]

Something bout the pain, makes me want more.
Done a lot of drugs never feel like this before.
I hope one day it all makes, It'll all make sense.
You could have it all
Tell me what you need
Believin all them silly things you read
I hope one day it all makes sense
One day itll all make sense

[Verse 2: Mac Miller]

Uhh now she wake up
Cryin while she puttin on her makeup
Trapped inside her love for me
And no escape for her
You wanna leave say the word
But she cant
Lookin in my eyes
Is everything okay? she lies
Put on her disguise, play it safe
Cuz Weve been fightin for the past three weeks
She keep this one inside, she dont wanna seem weak
Strong, baby tell me whats been goin on
I dont wanna be so alone
So you need to get me high again
I got all this money we could try to spend
Until we strung out like a violin

Come back to life, then we die again

Little angel, wheres your halo?

Somewhere above them wars

[Hook]

Something bout the pain

Makes me want more

Done a lotta drugs

Never felt like this before

I hope one day it all makes sense

Itll all make sense

You can have it all

Tell me what you need

Believin all them silly things you read

I hope one day it all makes sense

One day itll all make sense

[Bridge]

You get me high girl, scared of overdose

I dont sleep much, when I do Im comatose

May I propose a toast?

Someone usually does, to our fucked up love

You get me high girl, scared of overdose

I dont sleep much, when I do Im comatose

Propose a toast

Someone usually does, to our fucked up love

[Hook]

Something bout the pain

Makes me want more

Done a lotta drugs

Never felt like this before

(sniffs)

You can have it all, tell me what you need

Believin all them silly things you read

[Outro]

Dont cry, Its ok.

itll all be over soon....

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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