Kid Blue from the Short Bus, Drunk Bunk

Filter

Drunk night of texting, you don't have a message, your brain is soaked in blue.
You don't think you're thinking, the pattern is unblinking, you're sick and you know it's true.Get on the side you're in
Do you think you've had enough?
Get on the side you're in
Do you think you'll fucking stop?They not textin' 'body, your audience is you.
They not textin' 'body, then all along came blue.
They not textin' 'body, your audience is you.
They not textin' 'body then all along came blue, yeah yeah yeahBlacked out and talking, your heart's been unlocking, your dreams are wearing thin.
Smacked out and plexing, you lash out to catch me once cause you can't begin.Get on the side you're in
Do you think you've had enough?
Get on the side you're in
Do you think you'll fucking stop?Pressing buttons this is pain
Something stupid he has beenThey not textin' 'body, your audience is you.
They not textin' 'body, then all along came blue.
They not textin' 'body, your audience is you.
They not textin' 'body then all along came blue, yeah yeah yeahJesus Christ.NO!!!!!!Drunken texter. Motherfucker.
Drug addiction. Motherfucker.
Drunker texter. Motherfucker.
Drug addiction. Motherfucker yeah.Haha, I'm having, I'm having too much fun over here. I like fucking great sucking cock.

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

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