

Permanent Standby

Felt

Verse 1:

(MURS)

She's in the back of a cab again
she just packed up her bags and then
a new town she could bust down and run around
had to leave the ex cause he always brought that gun around
but she's long gone, he'll never find her
just another bad tattoo, a reminder
of her past, and how they tried to hold her back
but fuck her hometown, man, that whole scene was wack
she's in the big city now, doin big things
works a little retail job for a big chain
she got a car, now she move around efficiently
she got a car, now she hittin the dispensary
she made some friends in the entertainment industry
but time is wearin thin, so she gives in to her tendency
post-meridium, it's callin
it's been two weeks, and she been 8-ballin
got the number of a dealer and she called him
quick transaction in the bathroom stall, and
guess who's back in e-ffect
dropped in the corner, dancin to some dubstep
rescued by two dudes who were suspect
but she was so goddamn gone she didn't object
they messed around, she was down for the fun and the games
it doesn't count when she can't remember none of their names
rinse, repeat, weeks in the cycle
but that dirt don't come clean in the night glow
now everybody know that she's a whore
where do you go when the blow's not free no more?
now this city's gettin too small
walls closin in, but she knows what to do, y'all
she popped a pill, then she packed her bags quick
she's just too real for this city of plastic

Verse 2:

(Slug)

She came from the desert on a horse wit no name
half-awake, waitin at the baggage claim

the painkiller that she popped as the plane tore off
ink wore off
little cousin picked her up in the pickup
and the minute she got in it he lit up a big blunt
passed it to her, she made the end glow
pull, puff, share, starin out the window
parked outside, a house on the southside
first couple weeks, sleepin on the couch like,
til she got a job at a department store
found a roommate and got a spot up on 24th
a penny for thoughts of a better course
she wanted new friends that she hasn't met before
started hittin up the bar just to let it pour
did one line of coke, and many more
everybody loves her, is she sure?
i guess that all depends on who she drop them panties for
when the alcohol calls, she doesnt hit ignore
she says 'give me more,' til she hits the floor
ha, popular wit the elite and the creeps
and them people who haven't gone to sleep this week
they wear disguises like artist and nice guy
but underneath you know they just another white line
fuck these pricks, fuck these junkies
fuck this weather, it's not fuckin funny
it's drama, it's got you actin like a star
shut the fuck up, and march ya ass back up in that bar
midwest, it won't be long
be-fore she jets, she don't be long
it's her against anti- surfin this landslide
at the terminal on permanent standby

Lyrics submitted by Deronte.

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