Lemonade

Marvelous 3

You walked into the bathroom
To wash your troubles away
You always seem to go in there
About 20 times a dayI dropped you off at your therapist
Where you walked across the street
To the neon lights with the purple door
Where you passed out on your feetDon't think I don't see it all
The beautiful high and the sobering fall begin
It's a kick ass day, wish you were here
Send a postcard telling me when you're here again
'Cuz I can't get through to youThere's a lot I could say, there's a lot I could do
If I had it my way, but I don't and you do
Makes me throw up to say that I cared at all
I gave a lot and now I'm shot
And shit like that's like sour lemonade, sour lemonadeI tried to call your favorite bar
But I got a drunk Australian
He talked a million miles an hour
But I can't tell what he's sayingSomething about a song by KISS
And how they watched you piss yourself away
As the glass goes crashing to the floor
From the phone booth, I hear more delay
'Cuz I can't get through to youThere's a lot I could say, there's a lot I could do
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Sour lemonade, sour lemonade

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