# Creative Drug

## nowHere

I'm not allowed to miss anyone I willingly left
I thrive and I'm alone and right now I'm vigorous
I have eyes for everyone
and I write in lines of drugs cause I use you like I use this
To hide from the light an' moon like an addict
so please, please, pleaseso please let me wipe my feet off on your cheek before I enter your open mind - which
just so happens to be an open wound - and just so happens to be just for me- and I
just so happen to forget what happens to you when you figure out that you're being used
The lightbulb always comes too late, like I've already burned my escape - an escaped
- I never asked for this cape to be pinned to my back but covers up the finger nail
graves and I like the way that makes me feel so I let you let me keep it intact
Dressing up my feelings as fact
you slip the black mask over my face
thats when I learned that great minds think alike
but bad minds think exactly the same
we used each other in bad taste
and I can't change, you can't change
you can't change, you can't change
and I can't change your mind, but I can change your clothes
and I can't make things right but I can get close
I told myself to never write about love,
I told myself to stick to what I know
the more I learn, the more I learn how much I don't
My desire to create and get higher suppreses my urge to want to die right here, to die right now
I want to bury my pain into something and someone else
I'm always looking for an outlet
a being or thing to love
a new outlet for my suffering
chopping up the latest creative drug and I take it to the brain when I breathe it in
the steam, the trip, the energy I get, it's only for one moment
it's strange using your arm like an 8-ball
and using you like a one night stand
and most people won't understand
that my dayjob is rehab and I don't wanna be sober
I don't wanna get to know her
I just wanna unknow myself and be reminded later
it's always darkest before the dawn
but it's darker with sunglasses on
but I wear 'em on in inside because when I create I'm an insomniac

and everyone thinks I'm on crack
but fuck it what's the difference?
Dependence is dependence, it depends on the way you look at it
An addict is an addict
and I can't live without it, I don't know how to live without it
I don't know how to function
I'm not somewhere that I haven't been and I'm not good at being home, and I'm not good at sitting still
and my soul has ADHD and I'm definitely mentally ill
and I don't have a prescription for script, I can fill it out for myself
the street runs for street drugs and I think think this street leads straight to hell
and I'm on a streak of losing so inevitably time will tell
But I'll tell that I'm telling you that I really don't miss my old self
Or any of the ones that have abused me
because I'm not allowed to
I left 'em so
willingly
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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