Prescription

Gob

Go, alright We walk it straight and narrow We take this path straight to hell We want a quick solution We put ourselves inside a pill Damnation, salvation, can't see a difference anyway We get so medicated that we don't even care We've got to be put to rest After we're born to death You see I just met you And now I'm trying to forget you I get so disconnected I lose my love everyday I lose it on the street and freak out Well, I don't know what to say I don't know, I don't know what to say I don't know where to begin I know I don't belong Out of the law

> We've got to be put to rest After we're born to death Gravity makes a sound Pills mean, so get ill, get infected No sweat, just give us injections If you feel sentimental Deleted memory, nothing special And you see I just met you And now I'm trying to forget you Fuck you, I'm temperamental Self defense is fundamental We fight to feel alright We fight to feel, we fight

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