

Uncomfortably Numb

Butch Walker

Detox, Detox, where are you?
You could-a saved me from a disaster
What with all these cell phone numbers
It's gonna be weeks cleaning off my dresser I love it, I hate it
I can't live without it
I love it, I hate it, baby The first time's the worst time
Then you become so uncomfortably numb
That you can't hide the fake smile
Stare into space with a look on your face That says, "Gotta get outta Los Angeles
So blind I can't see
Gotta get outta Los Angeles
Gotta get Los Angeles outta me" Sober, Sober, send yourself over
I did it again last night
I wasted a good conversation 'bout music and God
On an outta work coked up, A and R guy I love it, I hate it
I can't live without it
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