Wake Up, Time To Die

Pop Will Eat Itself

An alcohol whore is what I was before, Low-life day's ereased in a purple haze, Maybe, just a craze, a phase we were going through Sobriety's deserted me once again, (Between you and me...the habit continues) Surrender to the bender and no saying, "When." Chewing on a bottle of ignorant bliss And needs must at times like this CHORUS Cardboard cut-out lying on the floor, Glass jaw, alcohol whore I've felt worse but I've felt better, Lame brain's drunk again... Stupid dumb-dumb cold plumb insane. (It makes me feel so bad-but so nice) A human see-saw to the letter So bad and so nice! That old devil gravity's having it's way with me, A high-tide suicide, a death ride; Bringing me down, surrounding me with misery. Confidence crumbling, can't talk, Cut and dried...Inisde I can't hide though I've tried. Get straight, got to decontaminate before it's too late. I'm mumbling to myself. I'm stumbling for the top shelf,
CHORUS --- -+ Eric Wincentsen 267@ef.gc.maricopa.edu Glendale Community College, Glendale, Arizona "Give me ten wheels for Jesus!" +- -Elvis Hitler

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