Wake Up

The Pricks

When i wake up,when i wake up i got a feeling in my head i can't explain
And i would tell you, fucking tell you a certain pain is beating thru my brain
I got some problems, a couple problems i use that alcohol and drugs to cure my pain
It maybe crazy,although it may be the only way that ima ever maintain

Hung in the morning with that headache from hell
Too many beers with that ravely ill
I shouldn't of drank and i shouldn't of smoke
Too many pills and i shouldn't of drove
I tried to do right but i didn't do right
I broke up with my girl over some fucked up fight
Had a bitch on my left, got one on my right
I'm high as a kite and everything's alright
I'm going 90 on the freeway
I'm smoking grass in the car with a bunch of drinks
Back packed with girls like a limousine
I'm low class,white trash with dirty jeans fucked up
In my mind is why i'm like this and life's short
So i make sure i get my fix
Take a peek you can see if the picture fits
I'm passed out and in my mouth with a cigarette

Pricks

Is when i wake up,when i wake up
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I'm ready to go, i'm ready to rock
Wait for cigarette and i'm ready to spark
Drink one more pine evection is dark
Took a shot of whiskey just to start my heart
I could drink it sometimes and it would cure my pain
Tell the truth ima get drunk anyway
I like to drink anything anytime of the night
And maybe mix a couple of pills to get my balance right
My spot,these girls,like to let it go,

Come home and it will ride you like a rodeo
But you gotta be a jerk cuz they'll love you more
Nice guys get kicked right out of the door
Not me, all mouth of speaking of booze
Say gin in a tore up parachute
I can't let it, she can love me or love me not
Next day just the memory that i forgot

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It maybe crazy, although it may be the only way that ima ever maintain

You'll have to step away,
His doing his best
Trying as hard as you can
He's still sitting last
Its the hunger,ain't nobody gonna stop me from eatin
Society is tryin to trick you,so that you'll believe it
I guess its me, although i might be depressed
Drink that whole bottle of whiskey with the knife on my desk
Half of joint,i been smoking on
Hearing some thoughts,saying kickin in my head,about things i've been wrong
I ain't even gonna give apologies or nothing like that
It is mean that i've thinking it from the past of my head
I ain't even tryin to speak like a preacher or nothing
I'm fucked up and my woman needs the thoughts that i'm coming
Can't control em so i end back to smokes and some liquor
Alcoholic,drug addiction add that cigarette cigar
Can't deal with it and they come and go as before
An overdose of medicine and pass right on the floor

Is when i wake up,when i wake up
I got a feeling in my head i can't explain
And i would tell you. fucking tell you a certain pain is beating thru my brain
I got some problems,a couple problems
I use that alcohol and drugs to cure my pain
It maybe crazy, although it may be the only way that we will ever maintain,we will all maintain

Notes:i'm not sure if i got all the words right,sorry for that and enjoy
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Lyrics submitted by Johnny Grim.

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