

Sobering Up

[Ryan Cassata](#)

Can you heal yourself?
It's killing you,
with your oxy-cotton blues.
Your drink can numb your gun,
But you're flaking at the seams
You need relief. We're all addicts of something
when we're strangers to pain
but we're, we're sobering up, we're sobering up
And We're aliens to everything
in these frosted colored walls
And we're, we're shaking it out, we're shaking it out And your spine is growing crooked
but you're still the king of cool
Don't surrender yet.
And Your secrets illuminate
The needle in your arm
But Mike you are too young We're all addicts of something
when we're strangers to pain
but we're, we're sobering up, we're sobering up,
And We're aliens to everything
in these frosted color walls
But we're, we're shaking it out, we're shaking it out And the ambulance has been phoned
Your breath burned out
The sirens moaning
And the grey goose spit the flame
The heroins to blame
left arm -- who shot you? you're an addict to everything
when your a stranger to pain
And you're not sobering up, not sobering up
You're an alien to everyone
in these dark covered walls
and we cant shake it off, we can't shake it off Beneath the stone the bares your name,
Your bodies in shambles.

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