

# 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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