

Leech

Incubus

Does it make you Indie? Does it make you proud?
To talk the world into a paper bag?
The body's state of, "I'm okay, you're not okay"
Yes, men too, can be on the rag I'm over my head, I need a pick me up, whoa
It's easy to get high when you're standing on our backs, man
Will anything ever be good enough for you? Whoa
Stand on your own, hold your water if you can The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?
The ride's over, fare thee well
The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?
The ride's over, fare thee well, not on my time It isn't fair to mention, but it awes the crowd
Your fictional plastic alibi
So take another hit, steal another line
Did you ever meet a leech, who was good at goodbyes? When you were down, I always picked you up, whoa
Why didn't I recognize that everything was never fine?
I'm kickin' myself that I shared spit with you, whoa
So fuck yourself and fuck this bleeding heart of mine The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?
The ride's over, fare thee well
The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?
The ride's over, fare thee well, not on my time When you were down, I always picked you up
Why didn't I recognize that everything was never fine?
I'm kicking myself that I shared spit with you, yeah
So fuck yourself and fuck this bleeding heart of mine The ride's over, did you enjoy yourself?
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