

On the Way to San Francisco

Hoods

I dont want to die
But I feel that this is it Stomach in knots
Twenty pounds less
A weekend of hell
Six months depression Lost in a love sick
World of pain
I cry 'cause youre gone
Im dying in pain, in pain My love for you is forever
I promise this sick world Ill never forget
I wrote you this note
I put this razor into my skin The tub overflows
I awaken in pain
I choke on my own blood
I hear the phone ring Back to reality
Pat and I are off to the city Drunk for six months straight
Im drowning myself in alcohol and pain
Depression magnifies times ten
The blood in my veins is starting to run thin I dont want to die
I feel that this is it
My face is in my hands I dont want to die
I feel that this is it
My face is in my hands
Again I slit my wrists

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