

Addict With A Pen

Twenty One Pilots

Hello, we haven't talked in quite some time.

I know, I haven't been the best.

Of son

Hello.

I've been traveling in the deserts of my mind.

And I haven't found a drop, of life.

I haven't found a drop, of you.

I haven't found a drop.

I haven't found a drop, of water.

Waaaaaater.

Oh, Oahhh.

I try desperately to run through the sand

As I hold the water in the palm of my hand.

Cause it's all that I have and it's all the I need.

And the waves of the water mean nothing to me.

But I tried my best and all the I can

To hold tightly onto what's left in my hand.

But no matter how, how tightly I will strain,

The sand will slow me down and the water will drain.

I'm just being dramatic.

In fact, I'm only at it again.

As an addict with a pen.

Who's addicted to the wind

As it blows me back and forth.

Mindless spineless and pretend.

Of course I'll be here again.

See you tomorrow but it's the end of today.

End of my ways as a walking denial.

My trial was filed as a crazy suicidal head case.

But you specialize in dying.

You hear me screaming "Father"

And I'm lying here just crying,

So wash me with your water.

Waaaater.

Ohh Oahhh.

Hello, we haven't talked in quite sometime.

I know I haven't been the best.

The son. Hello.

I've been traveling in the deserts of mind.

And I, I haven't found a drop, of life.

I haven't found a drop, of you.

I haven't found a drop.

I haven't found a drop, of water.

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