

Autumn On Drugs

I Mother Earth

A worn old suitcase so what if it's broken, holding all weight for me the weight of me and i need it like a friend
needs me for a friend so I'll turn around to all and wave the California Wave hopeless a little odd in a splash of
autumn on drugs, sometime let's forget all about forced hands, I can feel the time is right to find the legs to deal
with this alone big heads and little things no one showed a trust 'cause no one had faith in me a lo-fi vanilla
secret spoken by a friend who'll miss me if I'm leaving... and I see it like the sun sees me through the day
Who'll want to find me

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