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 sons, hello, I've been traveling in the desert 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 waterWaterI 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 that I need and
The waves of the water mean nothing to me
But I try my best and all that 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 waterWater

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