

# King Krule, (Don't Let The Dragon) Draag On

I hang my head for those  
who ain't been held too close  
in times of pain  
when the ceiling drips  
rooms bathed in grey  
outside's a trip  
for another day

I keep telling those  
expelling those  
negative hoes  
to go away  
but it seems to grip  
more everyday

walls get taller  
I eld-medicate  
and how did you get this low?  
that's what their illness spoke for every word they had to say  
better odd just leaving me this way

guess this ain't the world that I dreamt of  
how many hits can one come take?  
how many digs can one soul make  
I wrap myself inside my duvet  
you think those blue giants feel the same  
you think they every have these days?