

MACKLEMORE, TEARS

It's like

I met you at my parent's house when I was 14
Seen you my whole life but never got to me
You'd always post in the kitchen
I knew the shelf you lived in
Above where the fridge is, but we never kicked it
Finally I decided to pull you down
Had Pac in the background, pulled the shot glasses out
Grabbed you by your neck even though we just met
Held you close, felt the fire burn my throat
Warmth like the Holy Ghost

I remember thinking, "Is this real life?"
I had two and wondered what four more would feel like
Predisposed to having an obsession
Codependent before we even had a friendship
Had a dozen of you, already loved you, I couldn't stop
Got on the metro stumbling to 3rd and Pine block
Hit the Micky D's, puked all over the restaurant
Our first date was already running from the cops

I ride with you, lie for you
My tried and true, love I never knew
It kills me to think of a life without you
But sometimes I wonder if you want me to die too

In highschool our relationship was abusive
Addicted to being together, couldn't control my usage
We pass out together on a stranger's lawn
Woke up in a random car too gone to make it to my own prom
But I had to have you even though we'd pass out in bathrooms
Take a month off to show myself
I know myself, don't need no help
Forget the pain, pouring rain
Brown bag full of guilt and shame

Mistress controlling my head
Getting arrested, not remembering anything that I said
And I knew then that I should've left
And I could see if I didn't leave
You'd lead me to death but

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Bitch, you killed my uncle, you're fucking trouble
Socially acceptable and oh, so subtle
You ruined my life and I fucking loved you
Promised relief and left me with a rusty shovel
And some busted rubble
Pieces of my life that you destroyed was once freedom and joy
Was now depression, being unemployed
And I knew I had to change it and face it
And checked into rehab
And 28 days later I remembered who I really was
I remembered where I'm really from
I remembered the beauty of the present moment
That you only get when you connect to the Creator
And the breath inside the chest that fully fills your lungs
I found the people with the same allergy
And what I thought was love was really just my disease
I always thought the problem was you and couldn't believe

When I learned that the whole time my issue was me

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