

Sloppy Meateaters, Fresh Air

The bottles freezing my ears are bleeding
And I can't get it outta my head
It's 6 o'clock and it still won't stop
And I'm afraid I'm almost dead

The weight of the world falls down on me
All my problems seem so far away
The weight of the world calls down to me
Calls me a whore tells me I'm free
(I'm still hoping you'll say you're sorry
I get up I get up just to fall back down)

My devils callin my angels fallin
and don't forget to breathe
It's 7:30 my face is dirty
and the ground is glued to me

I know I said it's over, it's over
This time is the last time but I lied