

Against Me!, How Low

Now I wake up around 4 or 5.
Eat, shower, and get dressed in about an hour's time.
Take my vitamins, check my messages, and call around to some friends,
make plans for dinner and drinks sometime after 9.
Oh we're definitely going to call it in early tonight.
I need to dry out and take some time to clear my mind.
But before you know it here I am again, fucking 2 o'clock in the morning,
standing in a bar, with a drink in hand.

How low can you go before you can't turn around?

Now seriously, this is my last and final time.
Well I'm making some big, big changes in my life.
No, you won't catch me down here again, waiting to score sweaty money palmed in my hand.
What are you cutting this with anyway?
'Cause I have got some really big plans.
And today's the day I'm putting them into action.
But before you know it, here I am again, fucking 6 o'clock in the morning.
Rolled up dollar bill in my hand.

How low can you go before you can't turn around?

I'm sick of feeling like I'm losing my mind.
Sick of doing the same things most nights after night.
Sick of self-loathing and self-absorbtion,
self-destructive narcissism.
I'm sick to death of being constantly fucking sick of.

I don't know who I can trust.
Thought there was us, but no, there is no one.