

God Lives Underwater, Happy?

I just can't figure myself out
Or what's surrounding me
Or what I surround myself with
A 2 ton fist is pushing me to the streets again
Looking for relief in my restricted state
I wake from dreams of high before I rush by a crush I have on you
You're a lover most true
I'm falling off again
You'll always be my friend
She never lies but she eats me alive
Elastic mind that always bends for my drug of choice
I think I hear her voice
It's like pixies and angels and cocteau twins so beautifully sung
But it's a noose she's hung