

# Papa Roach, Orange Drive Palms

I try  
I lie  
Someone's sphincter in my eye  
Kick it with that rebel cat and  
I want it to be that I'm feeling slightly down  
I'm looking up from the ground  
While confusion strains my mind  
I contemplate this time  
Thinking about a future  
Hemming it with a suture  
Dog shitting on the sign could the head below be  
mine  
Remember the palms  
Orange drive is where these palms lie  
Making me sick  
Making me want to get high under the palms