

Patrick Park, Your Smile's A Drug

I should lay around and curse the day,
That I fell upon your sword.
Cause I'm a poor boy,
And your smile is a drug,
That I can't afford,
Any more
You're a tongue-tied talker with sleepy eyes,
That always gets the last word.
You're not broken.
You're just tired and it shows.

When you're done acting tough,
You only take two and a quarter, to get fucked up
And when you say you're in love,
You just sound like you're giving up

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To say I'll be alright would be a risky bet,
Cause I'm about as good as I'm going to get.
These chains are tight.
And the courage that I showed,
Left a long time ago.
Just so you know.

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