

Post Malone, Feeling Whitney

And I've been looking for someone to put up with my bullshit
I can't even leave my bedroom so I keep pouring
And I ain't seen a light of days since, well that's not important
It's been long

And I was feeling Whitney, me and my homies sipping Houston
Cars and clothes thought I was winning, you knew I was losing
You told me to wake up, oh my clock always stays on snooze and I'm done

To each their own and found peace in knowing
Ain't always broken, but here's to hoping
Show no emotion, against the cold
And just act as hard as you can
You don't need a friend, boy you're the man

And I've been looking for someone that I can buy my drugs from
It seems like every plug ran east to Utah, became Mormons Drought comes around, feels like I hav
Sober, ugh
I had 80 beers on Tuesday night, I had nothing to do with it
I put on a little Dwight and sang a happy tune and
Lit a cigarette, stepped out the door, had an appearance
Drank more

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