

Rehab, That Bad

A history of stillness, a blood-line of mental illness
I'd rather be a fraud and be happy than be known as the realest
till the same dark day for my mother and my mother's mother
and Brooks; I can't get out of bed but I can write hooks
wife's a maniac but she's the only one that's still around
three in the afternoon on the sunny day layin' on the ground
I want to feel the way I felt when I was layin' with my dad
but I don't know if I want it that bad
I think about what I don't have
five days a week sad, other two just mad
six in the mornin' in the back of a cab
and I don't know if I want it that bad
It ain't non-stop to heaven there's a lay-over in hell
and I've been sittin' here for ten years talkin' and sayin' on the cell
you gotta be kiddin' me, I ain't signed up for this
and you wonder why Steakknife got scars on his wrist's
My heart got a black eye
sometime I get scared that I might cry
why do I pretend that I'm not shy
sometime all I can do is just stay high
I think about what I don't have
five days a week sad, other two just mad
six in the mornin' in the back of a cab
and I don't know if I want it that bad
what I've lost and what I've seen
all in order to fulfill my dreams
thought I had to be like my dad
but I don't know if I want it that bad
Water-fountains to the sidewalk, talk
can't to myself but I can't stop
the up and down and up and down, smilin' to a frown
town to town, same scenery, same sound
don't my know skank when I wake so I sleep late
everywhere I go I'm still there I can't shake
me and my mind L.I. Ice Teas and
three or four lines and now I'm fine
maybe not
my head in my hands again
you know where I've been
my head in my hands again
my head in my hands again
you know where I've been
my head in my hands again
my head in my hands again
do you know where I've been
I think about what I don't have
five days a week sad, other two just mad
six in the mornin' in the back of a cab
and I don't know if I want it that bad
Sun comin' up and I need some sleep
Eyes are red and I'm feeling weak
I can out do you and I can out do me
But all that I really want is peace
what I've lost and what I've seen
all in order to fulfill my dreams
thought I had to be like my dad
but I don't know if I want it that bad
but I don't know if I want it that bad
my head in my hands again
my head in my hands again