

Seventh Day Slumber, What I Need

Well I can ask the gene to pull me through
Well I can ask the mad man for his point of view
And I can call a psychic for a well rehearsed guess
I can call on budah for a walk in the dark
I can call on bobby we got high from time to time
Call a politician to tell me wrong from right
I can ask my bestfriend to tuck me in my bed
Or I can call a suicide line with a gun to my head
What I need is some good advice
To help me win this losing games
I can see my life before my eyes
Oh and I can't stand the pain
The gene couldn't help me she was full of smoke
The mad man gave me a padded cell
The Psychic didn't know me it was just a joke
And Budah walked me to the gates of hell
Bobby died with a needle in his arm
The politician is doing time
My bestfriend he found the answer Jesus Christ
And I'm still hanging on the suicide line
What I need is some good advice
To help me win this losing games
I can see my life before my eyes
Oh and I can't stand the pain
What I need is some good advice
To help me win this losing games
I can see my life before my eyes
Oh and I can't stand the pain