

Stepa, Sap

This is the most intelligent thing that I have ever done
Say to myself, self, what were you thinking of?
Bittersweet, my discovery, but it's still sort of sweet
Next time I slip and fall I will be watching
It's not what you say
We don't listen to you anyways
My heart is open so we find a way
I hope that when I die, I push up a flower
And piss off whoever happens to be in power
Bittersweet, my discovery, but it's still sort of sweet
Next time I slip and fall I will be watching
Now I'm trippin'
Losing my mind
But I'm living
Before I die