

# 311, Firewater

Talkin shit like shut up and listen to me  
Because cutting through the crap is my speciality  
Like a bomb I'm dropping yes a ton of lead  
You're trying to figure out the last thing I said  
I'm a redwood I love to be a tree yes I'm a druid  
My words are flowing out like a fluid  
Never give in never conform  
I'll be bustin' out rhymes in a triplet form

Dead leaves on the trees in spring  
Can't hear the birds sing  
A light powdered snow on the ground is glistening  
Vipers slither atop a colder ground they quiver  
A crack in the sky snow is falling and inside we shiver  
While I doze I suppose I could get lost  
With a brownskin friend claiming kin to crazy horse  
I stink of vino my greasy clothes are rancid but  
I tip the bottle back the spirits are in me kid

Fire water call it liquid rapture  
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature  
Fire water the world's a mixture  
Of broken liquored people get the picture  
Fire water call it liquid rapture  
Into the flash and flames of my crazy nature  
Fire water the world's a mixture  
Of broken liquored people get the picture

Whiskey be spittle at the corners of my mouth  
I'm rather liquored light flickers  
I got the shakes and jitters  
I roll I'm like raging bull bumrushin' the show  
Hand to my head sway in the fire I've waded into  
All alone except for the whiskey voices  
Whores laught neon signs flash other choices

I stagger stumble to toast the past while I mumble  
Slur my song slow porno show marquee words crumble

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You're hangin' around the house with all your friends  
Steady drinking smoking the green weed  
And head is sort of blinking  
You're going with the flow  
And everybody is getting plowed  
The voices and the music and the noise is getting loud  
You got a heavy buzz on when seven o'clock rolls around  
So you piule inside the clunker start heading downtown  
Only nineteen but you know where you can get it  
So you slide inside the bar and everything is hitting  
By about eleven o'clock your brain is near dead  
You really can't remember who was the one that said  
Let's go into the bathroom and meet this guy Chuck  
He's got a thirty dollar white powder pick me up  
Ten minutes later the whole vibe had changed

You try for conversation  
But you know you're acting strange  
Your eyes are wide open but your smile is gone  
You just keep fiending 'til the f\*\*king break of dawn

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A crack in the sky snow is falling and inside we shiver  
While I doze I suppose