

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