

# Ambrosia, Apothecary

(Puerta-Pack)

You come alive at quarter to three  
You make haste for a taste  
In the parking lot of misery  
So down it goes, And up goes your need  
So you're fine for the time.  
But you're on the line, Not in between

What can this stuff do to me?  
Apothecary, some more of the same today  
Fills that need

You're late again for chemistry class  
You were up in the lab  
With your chemical head in a flask  
The truth is though, Your mind is a mess  
You've just taken a dose  
Now you're comatose in Pandora's chest

How could I do this to me?  
Apothecary, oh please, where's the antidote?  
For me

Looking for ways you can let it out  
Sleep in the days, for tonight you'll roam about  
Pull all the stops; you begin to shout  
Life's a big dream and you sleep  
'Till you come out  
Come out

Fill my need,  
Apothecary  
Fill my need,  
Apothecary