

Atmosphere, Your Glasshouse

woke up to that familiar feeling
staring at an unfamiliar ceiling
still got yo jeans on but yo topless
headache and your stomach feels nauseas
grab your shirt off the bedroom floor
try to recollect the night before
how'd you get from the bar to this mattress
and when you got here, then what happened?
and wheres the who that lives here
in this house, wanna figure out how'd you get here
but the thought got cut by nature
find the bathroom, gut got anger,
here it comes cant avoid it
aint first time throwin up in a strange toilet
anyone else would leave
but you, you crawl back to the bed and fell back asleep
x2

all we need is weed cus
come and party with us,
take care of you when youre assed out
right there with you in your glass house
woke up all alone with no friends
bet you had to throw up again
choke up the tears and the spit
grab some tissue to wipe off your lips
and everything still spins
and then the chills begin
and the 'god please kill me right now' hits
and you still dont know whose house this is
in between left over dry heaves,
youre tryin to check out your time piece
and you should call your job
but first gotta turn this hangover off
you dream that its just a dream
until the phone in your pocket starts to scream
shut it down, dont want to hear a sound
heavy is the head that wears that crown
x2

now all we need is weed cus
come and party with us,
take care of you when youre passed out
right there with you in your glass house
hangover aint a strong enough word
it dont describe what just occurred
lookin at a phone full of missed calls
probably all the people that you pissed off
everything seems so sour
so you force yourself into the shower
standing up brings out the stars
and the whole bathrooms smells just like a dive bar
cant do it, better sit
and let the tub be the catchers mit
lay down, face down
thank god whoever lives here aint around
now what you need is silence
and you dont want no one to see you like this
maybe you dont recognize it
but this is where your life lives
x2

now all we need is weed cus
come and party with us,
take care of you when youre passed out
right there with you in your glass house