

Flexa Lyndo, Probability (On A Sunday Morning)

Woke up at eleven, the sky was full of rain.

Called up BC7, had nothing to say.

There's too many bad times, there's too much in this life, but I cannot help myself.

"You're living but you're wrong".

I can't get up out of bed, but I can't get laid with you above my head saying "don't delay"

There's too many bad times, there's too much in this life.

Always hear voices in my headache :

"You're leaving but you're wrong".

"You're living but you're wrong".

"You're leaving but you're wrong".

I ran to the toilets, my questions went away.

Probability's instead, I'm gonna be ok.