

Ghost, Red Slippers, Red Wheels

In a traffic jam with sweaty hands
The kids we hype up just to drop
These few pretty faces in ugly places
The small towns where we would never stop
Shitty scenes and tired schemes
All this art it makes me sick
And I always wrote better than I spoke
You couldn't even read my lips
Home is where the heart is
Mine is scattered by miles and time
On this slow suicide with a pack of smokes and cheap bottle of wine
Passing trends and passing friends
Magnets floating in a metal sea
In a world of ghosts all overdosed
Placebo pills at the pharmacy
Arguments and your two sense
All this talk it makes me sick
And I always wrote better than I spoke
You couldn't even read my lips
In this empty room
I will live with my mistakes
Hold this straw untill it's gold
It will or I will break