

Machines Of Loving Grace, Casual User

They are casual users they come together
They explode in the beauty of the drugs of summer
We were casual users we were young and stupid
And I can never remember the time
We crossed over that line

And I'm never going back
I didn't mean it this time
I got confused
Just want to sleep it off for a while

I'm never going back
I've got this slave mentality
That keeps on fucking with me
The truth is slow torture
I've got this slave mentality
That keeps on fucking with me
Two words- whatever comes

I'm never going back
I didn't mean it this time
I got confused
Just want to sleep it off for a while
Never going back

They are casual users they are unencumbered
They are sweetly stupid they are far outnumbered
We were casual users we were young and useless
And I never remember the time
We crossed over that line