

# Paul Gilbert, Lay Off The Morphine

What the hell happened to my hair?  
It used to be long  
But now it's gone somewhere  
What the hell happened to my face?  
It used to be young  
But now it's covered with age  
I don't know, but I still feel like sixteen  
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine

What the hell happened to my wife?  
She used to be here  
But now she's gone from my life  
What the hell happened to my friends?  
I wonder if I  
Will ever see them again  
I don't know, maybe someone was too mean  
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine

Everybody needs to get a little bit high  
Do it with a pill or with a plane up in the sky  
Money or girls, or traveling to worlds  
You see on tv, where people are free  
And so is the wine they drink all the time  
But you'll never find me  
You'll never find me

What the hell happened to my song?  
The verse is pretty cool  
But the bridge is too long  
What the hell happened to my tune?  
I wanted some pop  
But not to break my balloon  
I don't know, when I wake from this strange dream  
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine  
I don't know, but I still feel like sixteen  
Maybe I need to lay off the morphine