

Pop Will Eat Itself, Wake Up! Time To Die...

An alcohol whore is what I was before,
Low-life day's ereased in a purple haze,
Maybe, just a craze, a phase we were going through
(Between you and me...the habit continues)
Sobriety's deserted me once again,
Surrender to the bender and no saying, "When."
Chewing on a bottle of ignorant bliss
And needs must at times like this

CHORUS

Glass jaw, alcohol whore
Cardboard cut-out lying on the floor,
Lame brain's drunk again...
Stupid dumb-dumb cold plumb insane.
I've felt worse but I've felt better,
A human see-saw to the letter
(It makes me feel so bad-but so nice)
So bad and so nice!
That old devil gravity's having it's way with me,
Bringing me down, surrounding me with misery.
A high-tide suicide, a death ride;
Cut and dried...Inisde I can't hide though I've tried.
Confidence crumbling, can't talk,
I'm mumbling to myself.
I'm stumbling for the top shelf,
Get straight, got to decontaminate before it's too late.

CHORUS
