

Post Malone, Euthanasia

Took a fuckin' sip from my ash can
It didn't bother me too much
I spit another tooth in the trash can
I gave up on keepin' me in touch

When I
Go out
It ain't gonna hurt at all
A choir of angels
Euthanasia

Behold, a sober moment
Too short, and far between
I should crack one open
To celebrate being clean

When I
Go out
It ain't gonna hurt at all
An end to anger
Euthanasia

When I
Go out
It ain't gonna hurt at all
Familiar stranger
Euthanasia

They say it's painless
Euthanasia