

Powder, Up Here

Everybody want a mother and a father
Everybody need a sister and brother
I'm a winner I'm a loser I'm a number
I got a situation pending

It's all an illusion
Cause thats what you said
It's part of the process
I'm learning to fuse them
I'm wise on the topic
Of constant confusion
I love you
Then I hate you
Then I love you again

How'd I get up here
I always thought
I'd end up way down there
Only I would stop to even care

Oh Oh Oh Oh
Oh Oh Oh Oh

Doing favours for the neighbour in the backyard
Watching rover leaning over in the front yard
I give them money and i dont know where it's going
Another situation pending

Abusive conditions
A means to an ending
Controlling the system
I'm always depending
On hearsay it's bullshit
Mixed signals your sending
I love you
Then I hate you
Then I love you again

How'd I get up here
They told me I would
End up way down there
Only God herself would even dare

Oh Oh Oh Oh
Oh Oh Oh Oh

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Cause thats what you said
It's part of the process
I'm starting to fuse them
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I always thought
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How'd I get up here
(Oh Oh Oh Oh)