

REDZED, Nicotine

The secret is a contemplation
It's all about the mind, it's a mind invasion
And if I ever bleed, then it's on occasion
Inside I feel so hollow

That's why I'm sippin' on the wine, need to shine and to live a dream
I hate to say goodbye, but I'll die smokin' nicotine
I'll book another flight, then I'm high, turning in a fiend
This plane is my own, yeah

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I'm just sick of bein' nice, but I gotta be liked
And when I see the poltergeist, then I turn on the light
It's when you look me in the eyes, somethin' doesn't feel right
All the faces, they so gloomy
I question my existence
And now I question why I breathe
And I can seem to find one reason, being liked's only thing that I need
That I need

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