

Rehab, How Come And Why

How come
everything good goes to bits
how come
everybody wantin' me to quit
any why
is it that only the good die
any why
do I gotta always get high
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I travel on rainy roads
and hydroplane through life
knife marks on my back
behind my eye's the strife
feel like the last domino in the row
when will I fall?
like "Knife", belly up to the bar
I don't care at all
try to stay between the ditches after last call
blurry sight
I'm not right
it's me I fight
might win, might not
might live, might rot
I float above kites 'cause it feels like the right spot
my brain is shot
all my circuits are shorted
all the blotter I dropped
the white girl that I snorted
when I could or couldn't afford it
my man said there was "no way out";
put a piece in his mouth
put a hole in his head to let his soul climb out
I can't go that route
I was born a fighter
symbolism is a bitch, ain't it?
it get's deeper
I had a dream about the Grim Reaper
he had a beeper
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Surrounded by stripper and drunks
drug-addicts, geniuses and punks
and I'm the mental patient

been asleep for a month
see no good at all
find me in the house bumpin' classical music
starin' at the wall
winter, spring, summer or fall
all you have to do is call
but I ain't pickin' up the phone
no one else can say "goodbye" when I'm alone
he's a full-blown manic depressant with pain to kill
the only peace I've ever known was in a pill
so I say ill
suck it up
no one can feel me
if you tell me that you love me
I think that you want to kill me
so I change my name to "Mr. Apathy";
any why
'cause I don't want to deal with anything
I run from demons with medical names
sleep in the trenches of the nang?
and gang-bangin' my brain
while I'm changin' lanes
looks like it's to late
I don't deal with the depth I feel
I isolate
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What am I to do in a world full of sin
inside bubblin', turmoil within
medicate self
the head starts to spin
was I born to lose
it seems I'll never win
I look around
I've lost all of my friends
looked down upon by all of my kin
can't smile
all I can give is half a grin
guess I'll drink and just play pretend
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How come
everything good goes to bits
how come
everybody wantin' me to quit
any why
is it that only the good die
any why
do I gotta always get high
I got to always get high to survive