

# Sloan, Amped

Up on pills that made me happy  
Not about to drown on you  
Drinking ink to bring me down  
Fall apart and leave the blue  
It's funny, sometimes I'm the eight-ball  
Funny, sometimes I'm the cue  
Took a page out of the phonebook  
Only listing was for you  
Sometimes I see everything  
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes  
Took a bite out of the brick wall  
To taste its bitter concrete truth  
Outer space just knocks me down  
Hit the floor and pass on through  
I have no faith in my subconscious  
Place my trust in rocket fuel  
Want a house out in the country  
Walk around and share with you  
Sometimes I see everything  
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes  
It's funny, sometimes I'm the eight-ball  
Funny, sometimes I'm the cue  
Took a page out of the phonebook  
Only listing was for you  
Sometimes I see everything  
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes  
Up on pills that made me happy  
Not about to drown on you