

# Sloppy Meateaters, Fresh Air

The bottles freezing my ears are bleeding  
And I can't get it outta my head  
It's 6 o'clock and it still won't stop  
And I'm afraid I'm almost dead

The weight of the world falls down on me  
All my problems seem so far away  
The weight of the world calls down to me  
Calls me a whore tells me I'm free  
(I'm still hoping you'll say you're sorry  
I get up I get up just to fall back down)

My devils callin my angels fallin  
and don't forget to breathe  
It's 7:30 my face is dirty  
and the ground is glued to me

I know I said it's over, it's over  
This time is the last time but I lied