

# Slug, The Pill (Interlude)

Intro:

The pill. Fuck it. Swallow it.

I stopped reading the paper, quit watchin' the news  
Don't answer the phone and I'm payin' the dues  
I pace my steps to match the speed of my breathing  
Place my bets and keep my feet upon the ceiling  
Waiting for the stop sign to turn green  
I ain't got time to learn the hardway  
I gave candy to the babies, kisses to the ladies  
And charisma to the kids playin' down at the arcade  
Par-ty  
In my think straight type advice  
Bake the cake and sink your face into the frosting  
Take a break from all the aches and strifes  
This pain is just another stain on the box springs  
Sometimes I sit outside and watch the people walk by  
And try to understand why they don't fly  
And other days I lock myself up in my room  
And let the four corners close in until I'm consumed  
There ain't a whole lot of continuity  
And all I want is what I already gave up  
I give advice that I don't follow  
Cause it's twice as hard to swallow  
When you know precisely what the pill is made of

Take the pill. Swallow it.