

White Lies, Am I Really Going To Die

All alone here on the internet
Looking for cures that ain't invented yet
If I don't want to die, then I'm not gonna die

I need validation for your parking lot
Though I'm not sure your science is even worth the cost
She said "Now mister, sit down, and I'll tell you again
There ain't no magic potion for the state that you're in."
And I need another opinion, see you, thanks a lot.

I need another prescription from illegal stock
Why I'm so denied, is a mystery that no key unlocks
I said "You might as well give enough for six weeks hey
And have you any new info, I'll be quiet and pay"
Oh, I really can't be dealing with these crooked docs

I see a rare looking bird out the car window
Flying like a sign, like he's saying "I know"
This isn't my time to die, you're never really gonna die
I never really want to die, I'm never really gonna die

Life...it holds a whip and beats you to the clock
But why it picks on mine, is an unfairness I can't miss off
I've done the juices and the cleanses, but it's too New Age
I'm waiting for the gold that the big labs make
And I'm getting near my wits end with this feudal hock

I find a penny on the floor at the late-night show
And a girl called Lucky, well what do you know?
This isn't my time to die, I'm never really going to die
I call my daughter right up, just to say "Hello"
I'm clawing at the bottom of an all-time-low

Am I really gonna die?
Am I really gonna die?
"Hey, Dad, don't say that"
"Hey, Dad, don't say that"