

Pill popping, you drink everything
You keep a goldfish in your sink

So this happens
No it doesn't
Yeah this happens
Well, it shouldn't

The smell of fry is in the air
And burning sugar in your hair

So this happens
No it doesn't
Yeah this happens
Well, it shouldn't

Race you to a heart attack
Rip off your vice, make it mine
Wait for it, you wait for it
But you don't like it, you don't like it

So you won't get out of bed
I can go it alone today
It doesn't bug me
No it doesn't
It doesn't bug me
Well it shouldn't

Race you to a heart attack
Rip off your vice, make it mine
Wait for it, you wait for it
But you don't like it, you don't like it

Vena cava
We come
Drained and whining

Vena cava
We come
Gray and hopeful