

Mixing The Medicine

Absynthe Minded

Dear diary, dear old friend
Society is weighing on me till the end
People crack, prescriptions are written
That's because they don't know how
To bite and get bitten

No need to
Fly off the handle
No reason
To make amendments

Dear diary, dear old friend
Don't sacrifice the present
Let the moment begin

The elephant fits exactly in the room
Mixing up the medicine
And keeping it cool

No need to
Fly off the handle
No reason
To make amendments

These words left unspoken
It's in your feathers now
And it shows they look good on you
I'm getting ahold of you
Now get loose