

Cigarettes

Acid Drinkers

My world has changed
The houses shook
Someone ordered a tornado
I can't find the coffee, no!
I need to pull myself out! Out, out of this crisis
Finally stand on my own two feet
I gotta wash my silly snout
I'm only poor metal player
I got no cash to visit psycho doc
My God has changed his phone number
I feel like crazy fuck
Confused and shaken
I need to gather my thoughts
It's so good I have those damn cigarettes