

King Krule, (Don't Let The Dragon) Draag On

I hang my head for those
who ain't been held too close
in times of pain
when the ceiling drips
rooms bathed in grey
outside's a trip
for another day

I keep telling those
expelling those
negative hoes
to go away
but it seems to grip
more everyday

walls get taller
I eld-medicate
and how did you get this low?
that's what their illness spoke for every word they had to say
better odd just leaving me this way

guess this ain't the world that I dreamt of
how many hits can one come take?
how many digs can one soul make
I wrap myself inside my duvet
you think those blue giants feel the same
you think they every have these days?