

Sloan, Amped

Up on pills that made me happy
Not about to drown on you
Drinking ink to bring me down
Fall apart and leave the blue
It's funny, sometimes I'm the eight-ball
Funny, sometimes I'm the cue
Took a page out of the phonebook
Only listing was for you
Sometimes I see everything
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes
Took a bite out of the brick wall
To taste its bitter concrete truth
Outer space just knocks me down
Hit the floor and pass on through
I have no faith in my subconscious
Place my trust in rocket fuel
Want a house out in the country
Walk around and share with you
Sometimes I see everything
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes
It's funny, sometimes I'm the eight-ball
Funny, sometimes I'm the cue
Took a page out of the phonebook
Only listing was for you
Sometimes I see everything
Most times I close my eye-eye-eyes
Up on pills that made me happy
Not about to drown on you