

# Therapy?, Mama, You Can Call The Ambulance

Hey you, I'm in trouble  
I'm not just sick, it's worse, I'm discouraged  
Sick to death and I want out  
Mama, you can call the ambulance now

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Out of my head, the breakfast of Christmas  
Trying to maximise my 15 minutes  
I needed more from this existence  
But this thing called gravity just won't let me go

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I remember life better than I've lived it  
Now I'm looking for guidance and forgiveness  
Was a time when my day would beat your week  
This time I really landed on my knees

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Now  
Now  
Now  
Now