

Wax**"Straight To Paradise"**

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Walking around with my eyes sewn shut
Passing by the most beautiful things in the world like so
what
Find an empty spot on a curb, and post up
Next to a homeless man, cart full of soda cans
Smiling, how's he in a better mood than I am in
When I'm an inch away from achieving my dreams
There's different types of achievement it seems
The intravenous needle fiends to the people that
dream of seeing
Themselves up on the screens
We all tryna chase a high
What is it with human being, we're never satisfied
My only conclusion's confusion
And my only solution is the illusion I create through
boozin
Fuck it, my eyes open, I pop my tall beer
Toast to Los Angeles, we all here
From Skid Row to the names up in the blaring lights
I take a sip and I'm headed straight to paradise

Every day I battle with my inner consciousness
Trying to get him to become an optimist
Trying to convince him god exists
And to focus on the positive and take pride in my
accomplishments
But he only speaks he doesn't hear
A radio newsfeed always in my ear
And I, just wish it would disappear
An embodiment of all my insecurities and fear

And it keeps me wide awake lying late at night nervous
Mind racing, contemplating life's purpose
But isn't that a contemplation that is quite worthless
And I'm still awake when the sunlight surface
I just
Relax, lie still
Count sheep, drink more nyquil
Lord help me sleep I say a prayer at night
And in my dreams I'm going straight to paradise
Too much time alone all I think about is death

I'm a chain smoker how much time I got left
I swear there's something wrong going on inside my
chest
I ain't seen a doctor ni should probably get a test
I just wish I wasn confident in an afterlife
If it turned out that I was wrong I'd be dead it wouldn't
matter right
I drink too much, for the numbness
I think to much, but yearn for dumbness
I wish that I was satisfied
By the cars, the restaurants and the Maitre D's
I love steak, put me back inside the matrix please
We can all talk about the weather forecast or the
sportscast
Or the fucking jersey shore cast
Get money, keep makin
Fuck bitches, eat bacon
Lord forgive me, I say a prayer at night
And when I die I'm going straight to paradise

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