

## FallStar

### "Drunkaholics Anonymous"

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So they know we know, they know our stomachs are on fire.

I've tasted distances before so I chase you like a lover. I am blurred dry-heave drunken stupors. I can't pick up myself. And I raise my hands up, I wanna touch you. Course through my veins and capillaries you know I don't

see straight. And I raise my hands up, I wanna touch you.

I wanna drink you. I spin ceiling to the floor, just holding on chairs to keep me standing, but you put me safely to bed. You washed out my hair. How can we lose...

We played the flute you did not dance. We sang a dirge

you did not cry. And I raise my hands up, I wanna touch you. If you were a glutton and a drunk so may that name

be mine. And I raise my hands up, I wanna touch you. Can

I drink you? How can we lose our self in you? How can we

lose ourselves? It's in your name that we come.

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