

Heavy Heavy Low Low

"Buddy, You're Making No Sense"

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House legs were a road less traveled
Parting in ways only we could understand

Ok am I just waiting for my world
To come crashing down all around me?

Knee deep in misery and
My own shit I eat my way out to see
If I can make it ok

Then I say to myself
Which way is the right direction?
If all these years I've been headed
In the wrong direction
I can only befoul myself so many times

I am so fed up
My hands are shaking
I'm so fed up

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