

Hogwash "Chronic"

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I spend all the time on hallucinations
Since I want let myself believe that
The neighborhood madman is coming my way
He's really a prince in disguise and is coming my way
Over my dead body
The sound of the ocean and the roar of the crowd
Are not a very well kept secret
He wants me to lose control
As the city holds his breath until the end of times
Mercy will make me laugh
The bastard town speaks only of money
The family doctor says I'm chronic
I know at least we're food fot maggots
So another full bottle is all that matters

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