

Less

"How's My Driving, Doug Hastings?"

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Friday night on coke with a crow bar,
Left at two in the back of Doug's car,
Without a plan and being fucked up,
Looking' to get something for ourselves.

Friday night at three at a side door,
Doug said try to get the door just once more

I said man this all fucked up
Just looking to get something
Something for ourselves
Feeling kinda weird and thinkin' to myself
Fuck doug
I'm not going out like this

He said man I'm all I got and I won't be missed
This makes no sense
It makes no sense to me
This isn't the way it's supposed to be

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