

Logan Lynn

"On Your Way To Outer Space"

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So it's been
Nineteen hours since
I lost hold of my surroundings
I'm piecing them together as we speak

I'm trying to overlook
The snap! crackle! popping! of the LSD
Does this mean you don't want to see me
On the inside
'Cuz I've no chance to survive
In this safe place
This safe place
Don't you wish we were on our way
To outer space

What are the rest of my kind
Doing with their days
Frying their balls off
With jill in the morning
I am sizzling away
What is left of my brain
And watching as it passes

Still trying to overlook
The snap! crackle! popping! of the LSD
Does this mean you don't want to see me
On the inside
'Cuz I've no chance to survive
In this safe place
This safe place
I fucking wish we were on our way
To outer space
Don't you wish we were on our way
To outer space?

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