

Machines Of Loving Grace

"Casual Users"

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They are casual users they come together

They explode in the beauty of the drugs of summer

We were casual users we were young and stupid

And I can never remember the time

We crossed over that line

And I'm never going back

I didn't mean it this time

I got confused

Just want to sleep it off for a while

I'm never going back

I've got this slave mentality

That keeps on fucking with me

The truth is slow torture

I've got this slave mentality

That keeps on fucking with me

Two words- whatever comes

I'm never going back

I didn't mean it this time

I got confused

Just want to sleep it off for a while

Never going back

They are casual users they are unencumbered

They are sweetly stupid they are far outnumbered

We were casual users we were young and useless

And I never remember the time

We crossed over that line

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