

Sweatshop Union "Cut Back (Since June)"

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[Chorus]

Been away every day
Since June
On the road doing shows
Since June
Half drunk every month
Since June

And honey, I really think I need to
Cut back
Barely slept all week
Cut back
Barely kept on beat
Cut back
Honey I truly think I see
I need to cut back
I need to cut back
I need to cut back
I need to cut back

[Verse 1]

I smoke and drink, I cuss like sin
I smell like hotel linen and Gin
Cause I've been on a binge
Where I just sip and then grin
Stumbling 'round my day from beginning to end
Then repeating again, and repeating again
It's just one long cycle, it's repeating again
And I've been feeding the trend
From evening to AM my friend
I wish I could stop, I'm just so damn dependant

Haven't been home for a minute and I'm wiped out
Getting older by the minute and I'm like wow
I won't admit it but I'm in it for the lifestyle
It can be wicked but I'm sticking with it right now
Deep breath, release out, one more drink, one more
joint
Each time one more thing, then roll up late
In a Super 8 Motel, know this rate I won't rejuvenate so
well
Oh hell don't tell me to slow down, it won't help

I'm in too deep to know how
Know why? We're doing it to get the show live
Besides, it goes hand and hand with the road life

Been away since when (since when)
On the road to no end (no end)
Half drunk since 10AM
Passed out, wake up, repeat it again

[Chorus]
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[Verse 2]
Who really knew the routine
Would lose any way of amusing me
But it ain't what it used to be
It's like a new day, new city, new club new shit
But it ain't news to me

See the same posh hotels
Across the street the same Taco Bells
Same malt lix, and 26 of off sales
McDeaks and benedicts come on now

Same old towns, same old crowds
Same ups and downs, the same old routes now
The same drained feeling for the next few weeks
Same sent of cigarettes on the beds used sheets
Making the same late night calls from hotel rooms
Saying the same broken promises, 'I'll be home soon'
Facing same headaches and woes as those when I left
Taking in every second the alarm ain't set
And it all gets further and further out of control
The further we go begin to worry, I know

It's early but yo, don't want to lose my grip on a whole
And wind up some washed up piece of shit on the road

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[Verse 3]

Sweatshop pick em off with a tight track
To hit em hard like a Louisville spiked hat
You like that? You can't help but come right back
Grab your lifejack, we're going to wile-out tonight man
If you're with us, put up your right hand, hold up
If you're with us, but up your lights and, hold up
Get em high, gonna rock like a live band
Creative Minds so where the fuck you been holding at?
We keep it all hype, all night, alright
So you put to bed all that dead shit you call tight
Don't want to be like y'all type
Y'all might just be the weakest tripe that ever saw a mic
It's Dusty Melo and my man Marmalade
2 reps from the Sweatshop 7 large brigade
We spit the sickest shit said split in bars of 8
And make it so the number 1 spot is hard to take.

Huu

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