

Noel Torres

"Pump Up The Valium"

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One time weekly rate
12 by 12 foot room
Strapped down to the bed
Now pump up the valium

My mind is wide asleep
My conscience deep awake
The promises I keep
Are not the ones I make
I count the caustic causes
I lost count of regrets
A surplus of good intentions
Don't provide me with content
All I want is just a little content

One time monthly rate
Still no breathing room
Pressure's building up
So pump up the valium

I choose the beaten path
I've been to where it leads
Why I keep coming back
A mystery to me
I found what I've been seeking
It's too late for me to care
My aspiration's leaking
From a hole I can't repair
Maybe I just don't want it repaired

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