

Addict With A Pen – Twenty One Pilots

Hello

We haven't talked in quite some time
I know, I haven't been the best of sons

Hello

I've been traveling the desert of my mind
And I haven't found a drop of life

I haven't found a drop of you

I haven't found a drop

I haven't found a drop of water

Water

I try desperately to run through the sand

As I hold the water in the palm of my hand

Cause it's all that I have and it's all that I need and

The waves of the water mean nothing to me

But I try my best and all that I can to

Hold tightly onto what's left in my hand

But no matter how, how tightly I will strain

The sand will slow me down and the water will drain

I'm just being dramatic in fact, I'm only at it again

As an addict with a pen who's addicted to the wind

As it blows me back and fourth, mindless, spineless,

And pretend

Of course I'll be here again, see you tomorrow

But it's the end of today

End of my ways as a walking denial

My trail was filed as a crazy suicidal head case

But you specialize in dying

You hear me screaming Father

And I'm lying here just crying

So wash me with your water

Water

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And I, I haven't found a drop of life
I haven't found a drop of you
I haven't found a drop
I haven't found a drop of water



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych