

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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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