

Fumble **

Roll me a joint
And pop a bottle
I worry about today
Because it leads to tomorrow
Life's long road
The miles
The dead ends
I've found some peace
In good times
With good friends

All these Lies
We're made to swallow
All these rules
We break
We follow
Time moves on
You blink
You Fumble
My buzz kicks in
I fly Away

We're living in dreams
Creating nightmares
Possessions we seek
The chains that bound them
Blinded minds
Tortured souls
The rich die rich
The poor die poor

All these lies
We chase
but what for?
All these truths
We choose to ignore
Hear their cries
We blinked
We fumbled

In time they'll win
We'll fade away

Roll me a joint
And pop a bottle