

I've been thinking about it every hour,
Lights are off, and it's harder to do without power.
The weather doesn't help; the snow is falling down.
My feet are broken, knees are loose, and I end up on the ground.

And I don't really know if I wanna overdose.
Maybe I'm just constantly scared of being on my own.

A head without the thoughts, I think that's what I need.
Maybe I'm just too messed up to succeed.

Please, please, please,
Get me, me, me,
Sober, sober!

And when I'm there,
Can I have, have, have,
Any closure? Any closure?

'Cause it's been a long year and a half,
And I don't think I'll ever be able to go back.
And I don't want to disappoint my mom again,
But I already have, already have.

Can I have any closure? A broken home,
A lone window pane, and maybe I just am a loner.

And can I get sober?
A broken bone, a long night of shame,
And I'll pretend that it won't hurt.

Can I get sober? Can I stay sober?