I’m so addicted to your advice

Been chasing your humanity my whole life

Give me any version you have

Any kind that you can

I’m shooting up on your conditional love

I’m crashing out on making up

If I call you right now

Well pick it right back up

Like no time passed somehow

And that’s what’s so fucked up

Don’t even have to try

You got me hooked for life

I have to name you whiskey

I need to find a meeting

And get the help I need

2 years clean

But I’m not free

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When I’m so so low

Is when I crawl to you

You got one up on me

And that will stay the truth

But it can be a tie

If I just stay away

God you’re the only one

That makes me be this way

There’s no cure for the sick that you are but I crave that contagion when I’m alone at the bar

It’s kills you inside but tastes so good

That’s why your vice is the bottle and my vice is you

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