



Buzzed Minds

I'm sorry that it didn't work out

We had a short-lived flood of beautiful emotions
which soon turned into a nasty drought

We were drunk off a deadly mixture of notions
In our buzzed minds, we had no doubt

Our hangovers felt like banging explosions
Texts full of nothing but a constant, silent shout
I'm sorry that I did nothing but pout

In hopes to stay hydrated
I'd intoxicate myself with you, over and over
Even though I know our mixtures don't belong
and it would only make me more dehydrated

I'm sorry that we didn't work out

I feel stuck traveling a circled route
I'm at a loss of words- all I can say is peace out