

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 in the deserts 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 waterWATER! 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 andThe waves of the water mean nothing to me
But I try my best
And all that I can do 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 forth
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 trial 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
WATERHello, we haven't talked in quite some time
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I haven't found a drop
I haven't found a drop
Of water

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