

# Another One Coco

And another one  
Roll another one  
I forget how bad it really is  
Until I have another one  
Thoughts in my brain  
I hear but I can't speak,  
That's karma for being smart  
Then smoking in the streets  
Feeling your brain cells  
Washing away  
You can feel your potential  
Wasting away  
Away.

To never never land  
But it's not land  
Just clouds,  
Of words, you wanted to say  
Passing away  
But you're too high  
You don't even care.  
It's great I swear  
Until People ask you questions but  
You're too braindead so in silence you stear



Being sobers  
Never better  
When your mind is round the bend  
Want it to end  
The second it starts  
And your thoughts are there  
But you can't see them  
Your brains just too damn dark.

Can't obtain  
Your sober brain,

Never get the brain you  
had back again,  
the next day  
It's the same so you roll again.  
Oh what a mistake I made  
trying to be one of them  
Men and women  
who write when their high  
Because others always listen to them

Writing since forever  
Smoking partly stopped me  
Instead, I thought about  
my look and my weight and my calorie intake  
as a whole every part of my body  
I wish I could have sat me down  
and stopped me

Ion wanna be  
Just another girl  
talking about a boy she met  
Or how hot he is  
How he makes her wet  
No  
Because I've been there  
Done that  
But I get bored  
So I puff to pass the time  
Rolling another one  
And another one  
Until I can't think anymore  
And it hurt me  
Because I know who I could have been  
If I Hadn't gotten caught  
stoners dream  
Ya I cry about it  
But those tears are just salt  
They don't change anything about me  
They just make me depressed so I smoke  
Transforming into oblivion  
Ya weed make me my medicine  
My forgetting fix  
The tree that will have me  
Working 9-6