

I can't resist
It cracks me up
Up in smoke
Take a toke
I'm not that bloke
Though once i was
I smoked because
It killed the pain
Shined on the rain
But over time
I came to see
That pain's ok
It has to be
That a full life
Knows not just joy
And 420
It would destroy
Reality
For illusion
And so i stopped
When 31
And 54
I look back
And know much more
What life is for
And while my heart
Suffers so
420
It had to go
But maybe when
I'm 75
And if i'm sentient
Still alive
I'll smoke again
Just a bit
Because at 75
Who gives a shit

