

# Campfire (feat. Jitta On the Track)

Chris Webby

Chase the high until it fades  
Better pace myself  
Push my limits everyday  
'Til I break myself  
My time is on the way-ay-ay-ay  
Better brace myself  
'Cause if I didn't give this shit my all  
I swear to god I couldn't face myself I been telling these stories about my life, my life, my life  
Out around a campfire all night  
(Out around a campfire all night)  
Just trying to find my through the moonlight  
(I'm just trying to find a way)  
I'm just tryin' to hide my pain as I  
Hydroplane 'til my tires strain  
In the left lane with a depressed brain  
Calling my doctor up, hoping my med's came  
Another panic attack, feeling my chest tight  
Can't even see the road, losing my head like I know  
I gotta keep pushing through it  
And my therapy is making music  
Without it I think I would lose it  
So gather round  
Gather round, listen up  
'Cause what you know is, is not enough  
Grab a blunt, fill your cup  
Let me tell you some  
'Til the campfire's out, campfire's out  
Telling stories 'til the campfire's out  
Light the match into the kerosene  
Show what life is like behind the scenes Put my soul up on a page, as I judge myself  
Cigarettes and cocaine, I don't trust myself  
Drinking whiskey for the pai-ai-ai-ain  
And a blunt might help lacking self-respect with all the love I get  
Why can't I find a way to love myself?  
I been telling my stories to anyone listening  
(Better listen listen listen)  
I've done so much but still I feel so insignificant  
(Insignificant yeah yeah)  
Been battling all these demons ever since my christening  
(Go to war with all these demons)  
But still I'm hearing, breathing, trying to find a reason why I'm  
breaking even

I feel at warm by now from all these tour's and crowd's  
But it's just me and this bottle, so I'm about to pour it down  
Fire gonna scorch the ground while I be telling my tale's  
Follow with treacherous trail but in the end I prevail I know I gotta keep pushing through it  
And my therapy is making music  
Without it I think I would lose it  
So gather round  
Gather round, listen up  
'Cause what you know is, is not enough  
Grab a blunt, fill your cup  
Let me tell you some  
'Til the campfire's out, campfire's out  
Telling stories 'til the campfire's out  
Light the match into the kerosene  
Show what life is like behind the scenes  
I deal with afflictions by willingly filing prescriptions (yeah)  
I live with conditions that really don't fit the descriptions (yeah)  
My grit and conviction's the reason I'm still in existence  
My will and ambition's the reason I'm still in the business  
Still I just wish I could turn off the shit in my brain  
The positive and all negative driven again and again  
I'm still insecure even when they be telling me: Webby, you killing the game  
But feel like I'm still in the rain, I wait for these feelings to change  
A fifth of the Jameson, I'll sip it away  
Just give me whatever I don't want to deal with this pain  
Simple and plain, I don't want to bitch and complain  
My life really isn't so bad, I'm making a living it's strange  
That I'm even feeling this way, I gotta be tough for the fans  
I gotta be tough for my team, I gotta be tough for my fam  
People are counting on me and I cannot fuck up the plan  
Just give me a bottle I'm fine, I'll bottle it up in advanced  
Don't stop and check in on myself, I just keep on moving ahead  
My wounds never heal completely, no time for the bruises to mend  
I push it all down like society says I should do as a man  
Don't know how to talk about it, but when written in music I can  
This is the way I get through with this music, is all that I got  
On top of that I run a business, I need to be calling the shots  
With all the pressure of that, mixed with the pressure of life  
Got all this pressure that's pressing me  
Feel like my heads in a vice  
I tell myself every night I gotta keep pushing through it  
And my therapy is making music  
Without it I think I would lose it  
So gather round  
Gather round, listen up  
'Cause what you know is, is not enough  
Grab a blunt, fill your cup  
Let me tell you some  
'Til the campfire's out, campfire's out

Telling stories 'til the campfire's out  
Light the match into the kerosene  
Show what life is like behind the scenes (oh oh yeah)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>