

Possessions never meant anything to me
I'm not crazy
Well that's not true, I have a bed, and a guitar
And a dog named Dog who pisses on my floor
That's right, I've got a floor
So what, so what, so what?
I've got pockets full of Kleenex and lint and holes
Where everything important to me
Just falls right down my leg
And on to the floor
My closest friend linoleum
Linoleum
Supports my head, gives me something to believe
That's me on the beach side combing the sand
Metal meter in my hand
Sporting a pocket full of shit
That's me on the beach with a violin under my chin
Playing with a grin, singing GBH
That's me on the back of the bus
That's me inside the cell
That's me inside your head