Your world full of creeps Zombies walk the street 9 to 5 barely alive Have a beer go to sleep And start all over again

Same gray suit
Same brown shoes
Same headache
Same pills
He goes home thinks about suicide
But he's got his diploma, ya got to give him that

I got a radical place
Got my own private space
It's my sanctuary
It's the castle of doom
I'm the king of my room
Just a Quasimodo
Let the world blow away
This is where I will stay
In my sanctuary
Got my mess on the floor
Got my lock on my door

Go Away, Sanctuary Go Away, Sanctuary

Someday I gotta get outta here

Gotta put on a shirt put on a tie

Get a job buy a car get some insurance

'Cause I'll probably have a heart attack by the time I'm 40

I guess I'll find the perfect wife And I'll have 2.3 perfect kids And if I work real hard And if I die real fast They'll all turn out just like me

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