

Gonna fun until I run, until I run right out of gas man. gonna spit on everything until my mouth is as dry as sand. I know exactly what you know about all the reasons. you know, I know the answers. I just don't know what to do, what to do. so I do most anything to avoid a head-on confrontation with the guy who looks at me and points out all I haven't done. I say "fuck you, you don't have to tell me exactly where I'm at. you know, I know the answer. but that don't help me know what to do, what to do." maybe I'll shave my head and hang out in the airport 'till I drop dead. or be a social butterfly and find fame, know all the fat cats by their first name. gotta do it now. I need a brain storm. gotta be the early bird and get that stinking worm. but who wants a worm? I don't eat worms. I hate worms! I need somebody who can find a wayy out of a sticky situation. someone who can take a piece of me and turn it into gold. could that someone be you, and does that even matter? maybe I don't know the answer. I sure as shit don't know what to do, what to do. and so I'm gonna run, until I run, until I run right out of gas.