

It all started that one day when I had nothing more to say to you so I ran the other way.  
Love is for morons, but who's this fucking idiot that I see staring right back at me?  
Will someone tell me what's right or wrong anymore?  
Cause everywhere I go I wonder what I'm searching for.  
I think of all the times I've thought of you and masturbated.  
All this pre-teen shit has got me so frustrated!  
Don't turn around cause there's nothing more for you back there  
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I'd send a postcard, but it'd say how much that I don't care.  
I'm going east to say the least, to see The Queers, how true.  
I'll be at the Neilhouse but I'll be without you!  
Don't try to tell me you can't have any fun.  
You played me for a fucking fool but now you get to be one... don't go.