

Look At Me

Cross Canadian Ragweed

I got a one hundred-dollar bill
It's all shiny, crisp, and clean
And it's burning a hole in the pocket of my jeans
I think I'll spend it on some pills
Instead of gasoline
I don't see any kind of fun in coming clean
Pick me up and watch me fall
And do it all again
I ain't got no sense at all
I like pissing in the wind and on my dreams
Look at me

Look at me I'm on my way down
So close now I can almost see the ground
Yeah another night another town
Set em up I'll knock em down
Workin' on sympathy
Look at me

Hey bartender another round
This one's on mine
Let's see how many friends I can buy in just a little time
See the girl at the bar
Tell her I'm somebody and I got a fast car
I'm in room 331 with a bottle of wine
Tell I'm a superstar
She won't give it a second chance
Tell that I play guitar but I never learned how to dance
And here's my key
Yeah look at me