

## Catalina

## Descendents

My room's a mess but I don't care  
I'm tired of sitting at my desk  
You can't bother me  
I'm far away from you  
Got to get away  
You can't ruin my day  
You can't tell me what to do  
You can't make me think I love you  
Shoot it in your arm, you can't hurt me  
I'm on my way to Catalina  
And I'm not going to read your books  
My tank's full of squid  
And it's getting light  
And you whores, you can't make me want  
'cause I got all the rest I need  
On the deck of my boat  
And you can't take my heart when I'm here  
'Cause it's a long swim home  
For your cute little arms  
I'll steal some gas, fix my motor  
Put on my Beatles tape  
And get you out of my head  
Ah yes, here I am, far away from everyone  
And the only fish I smell  
Is on the back of my boat  
I want to go but my motor's broken  
There's no scotch tape, I'm out of gas,  
So it looks like I'm stuck here  
I'll steal some gas, fix my motor  
Put on my Doors tape  
And get you out of my head