

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