Wanna Be A Catastrophe

Far From Finished

You wanna be a catastrophe
You wanna see things that nobody wants to see
Daddies little public enemy
We know the score…

You wanna scare us with the things you wear
Show everybody that you just don't care
You're real wild with those colors in your
I bet ya…

Go in your room and turn all the lights out
Feel ashamed and cry your eyes out
Read every page of your Bukowski
Poppin' pills like they're fuckin' candy

Now you're with that new guy
Expensive slacks and fancy ties
Turn the corner and don't look back
Keep pulling your bullshit life from the discount rack

Now tell us how you're all fucked up
The enemy must be down on her luck
But now who really gives a fuck
She's gonna…

Tell everybody how she's so much better
Let us know how she pulled it all together
Never letting those hands back in her sweater again…
Again…

You wanna be a catastrophe
You wanna see things that nobody wants to see
Daddies little public enemy
You fucking CUNT