

## 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...

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You fucking CUNT