

In This Room

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Sitting in this room, dark and gloom
Four walls look to me to be Hell
Sitting in this room sucks so bad
And I might as well be off in jail

Everybody outside these walls to me seem so plastic
They seem so phony and so unreal

They tell you do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
It makes me sick

In this room, dark and gloom
Four walls of Hell, I'd rather be inside a tomb
Oh, in this room with my needle and my spoon, all by myself
I'm making love to myself inside this room

Sitting in this room I want to die
I want to die, I want to die

Death is in this room
And you know death is often these days on my mind

I'm sick, I'm sick
I'm sick, I'm sick
I'm sick, I'm sick
I'm sick, I'm sick
I'm sick and all things must pass away some day

But in this room, all dark and gloom
Four walls of Hell, I'd rather be inside my tomb
Oh, in this room, with my needle and my spoon, by myself
I'm making love to myself inside this room

Oh, in this room, with my needle and my spoon
And a bottle in my arm, pills in my mouth in this room
Oh, in this room, four walls of Hell inside this room
I'm making love to myself inside this room

Sitting in this room, I want to die
I want to die, I want to die.