

My Hands Hurt

I Can Make a Mess Like Nobody's Business

Please
I need some help here
Just need to know where
I belong

My number's getting higher
And my bank can't get much lighter
And my throat is getting tighter
And my knees hurt

My hands are always shaking
My body's always aching
When I wake, I get so angry
About things

How much life must I miss here
Before the road gets clear
My mind just starts to wonder
About me