

...And Keep Reaching For Those Stars

I Hate Myself

I want to be in a motorcycle gang
Gangreen and mean and fucked up all the time.
Picture me on the back of a Harley
Leather-clad and bad and driving fifty-five.

I'm going nowhere.
I'd rather go somewhere instead.

I want to see things I'll never get to see
Foreign bronze, klingons, naked girls with purple eyes.
Yeah, look at me sad and low and lonely
Dead-end job, a slob, and fucked up all the time.

I'm going nowhere. I'd rather go somewhere instead.
I'm gonna blow a hole through the back of my head.

Don't cry when I say good-bye.