

(butch walker & chrystina llorete)

Well the shit town people drive their shiny cars,
But they have to use their wipers all the time.
When the flavor of the day, comes to play,
They all spend their \$50 and stand in line.

Let me up, I don't want no more.
I tried to beg, but my knees got sore.
Let me up, I don't want no more.
Can't walk the walk with all the splinters in the floor.
Let me up, I don't want no more.
Tried to fake it, but my knees got sore, yeah, yeah, yeah.

I feel the stares from their blood shot eyes.
But, I've have to keep on walking, act like I'm blind.
If their lives are perfect anyway,
Then why are they always reaching for chunks of mine?

(chorus)

Do you really want it baby?
(what's your inspiration?)
Would you like to have it baby?
(what's your aggravation?)
Do you really flaunt it baby?
(like marilyn or presley?)
Do you really want it baby?
(my brain is going crazy.)

Well the shit town people drive their shiny cars,
But they have to use their wipers all the time.

(chorus)

(what's your aggravation?)
(what's your inspiration?)
(what's your aggravation?)