

How To Be An Idiot

Mi6

another morning still in bed, so many thoughts run through my head,
self-motivating not to be
i stayed up late the night before, to contimplate and self absorb,
there is no answer i can see
knowing my life sucks to me
yesterday i wrote another goodbye note
i took a razor and i tried to cut my throat
but i missed a dull blade one of my first signs
i found a plastic bag to wrap around my head
it was a little small i killed the cat instead
that little bastard's suppose to live another 8 more times
what's wrong with my mind
prozac for the way you feel, makes your body so surreal
having one with wine is just the trick
took a lighter to a can of raid, drinking drain-o lemonsaide
and all it did was make me really sick

but i don't care, my whole damn life seems so unfair
do you know what might be wrong with me
here in my own hell, they say that i don't look so well
do you know how lonely it can be
knowing my life sucks to me

today i'm feeling down, like most of the time
i called another dam suicide hot line
and the girl on the phone didn't really care
i said i'd end my life, but it always falls apart
i couldn't get my brand new car to start.
the disappointments more than i can bare.
opened up the oven door, laid down on the kitchen floor
and only burned my elbows on the rack
jumped out of a flying plane, you'd think that i might be insane
but i forgot my chute was on my back

i tied a knot and pulled it through, and broke the ceiling fan
in two
it only made me dizzy for a bit
now i'm burried underground, and everyone just stands around my
grave stone with the caption "idiot"