You're so tormented
Demented
Indebted
To all the assholes
Just like you
Who've come and gone
Before you predictable
Just plain dull
Why don't you
Blow your brains out, too
You're so into yer shtik

You're so hounded
Ungrounded
Surrounded
By scum suckin' leeches
Who will shovel your shit
Sweep your dirt up before and after, man
Feed your ego
They never tell you no
All of you
Make me sick
You're so into yer shtik

And they're all into your shtik

Well, Mitchell's got a new girl
She's nineteen
Hollywood model
Star of the screen
Well, she's up here
To support the scene
It's all part
Of his rock and roll fantasy

Stan was at the bar
With bandaged hands
They tried to dry him out
And he got mad
Cut his fist
Punchin' hospital glass
Made his myth
Now he's trapped

Susie's just a girl
Who's doin' her job
That came to New York
And wanted a car
Workin' with the management
To the stars
Kissin' ass
Is a part of the job
Well, it's part of the job
Yeah, it's part of the job
Oh she loves her job
What the hell
She does it so well

I'm not perfect
I've lived a life of mistakes
I'm not perfect
But there's one thing I can't take
You are into yer shtik
You're so into yer shtik
And they're so into yer shtik
Fuck you, you make me sick