

## Suave And Suffocated

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

I waste nobody's time but my own  
Well, it's mine to waste so let it go  
My childhood inspection is my record collection  
And sometimes I need to feel grown  
You've got your head up your ass  
To keep yourself covered, you trip up the past  
Trip over your mother, how come?  
How come I think you're capable?  
That's bad enough  
I need a kick up the ass  
To stop feeling smothered  
Look up at the past  
Look down to discover  
How come?  
My childhood obsession  
Is my record collection  
So what makes us so squeaky clean?  
If we're food for worms that's not my scene