

Six Degrees from Misty

No Use for a Name

When you were little she sold you out
Out be the ounce the drugs and alcohol was free
Or maybe it was your imagination
Friend of the family but now the foe
She gets inside your mind with everything you smoke
That's why your conspiracy comes from some words she spoke

The rain is controlled by misty
Who's one but feels like three
She always has to be behind every little problem I face
I'd drive to Ireland but there's a lake between the land
She hired private eyes to follow me

Maybe I'll go to Paris and France
And meet the Pope and someone to be with for life
A place far away where she could never find us here

Everything bad is a "misty"
She's hiding in that tree
I'm swimming at the beach and she's got submarines and high technology
She runs my life and in my dreams at night
And everywhere I go I'm always six degrees, from misty