

Pump Up the Valium

NOFX

One time weekly rate
12 by 12 foot room
Strapped down to the bed
Now pump up the valium

My mind is wide asleep
My conscience deep awake
The promises I keep
Are not the ones I make
I count the caustic causes
I lost count of regrets
A surplus of good intentions
Don't provide me with content
All I want is just a little content

One time monthly rate
Still no breathing room
Pressure's building up
So pump up the valium

I choose the beaten path
I've been to where it leads
Why I keep coming back
A mystery to me
I found what I've been seeking
It's too late for me to care
My aspiration's leaking
From a hole I can't repair
Maybe I just don't want it repaired