

# I Felt Like Smashing my Head Through a Clear Glass Window

of Montreal

All day long I felt like  
Smashing my face through a clear glass window.  
But instead, I went out  
And smashed up a phone booth around the corner.

I never had a chance to choose my own parents,  
Id never know why I should be stuck with mine.  
Mommys always trying not to eat  
And daddys always smelling like hes pickled in booze.

I never had a chance to choose my own name,  
Id never know why I should be stuck with mine.  
Mommys always talkin bout family pride  
And daddys always hiding from his week-end rides.

All day long I felt like  
Smashing my neck through a clear glass window.  
But instead, I went out  
And smashed up a station wagon round the corner.

I looked in the mirror and told myself,  
Im glad I still dont look like them at least.  
Mommys like a film star in a distorted mirror,  
Daddys like a guy who lost his stomach in the war.

I went to shake hands with the president in miami,  
I went to a rock show to see mick jagger.  
And youd never believe it, surprise of my life,  
They had paint on their faces just like mommy.

Am I going crazy or is it just you, daddy?  
Am I going nuts or is it just you, mommy?  
Am I plain gone or is it the world?  
Daddy, Id rather have you dead than crazy.

Trying to talk to them is like, eating tv dinner when youre angry,  
Trying to get their love is like, watching ice cream ad when youre hungry.  
They gave me a watch thats guaranteed not to break  
But my mommy and daddy broke up last fall.

Am I going crazy or is it just you, daddy?  
Am I going nuts or is it just you, mommy?  
Am I plain gone or is it just the world?  
Mommy, Id rather have you dead than crazy.

All day long I felt like  
Smashing my head in a clear glass window.  
But instead, I went out  
And smashed up a church around the corner.