

Stoned

Puddle of Mudd

I gotta get this shit off my chest
Another sucker behind a desk
You try to tell me that you know best
Snap your fingers snap your neck

Sunshine has always been an enemy
(Sunshine an enemy)
My life a chemical insanity
(My life will kill me)
Sundown is bringing out the freak in me, wired
Getting higher

So check your attitude at the front door
I'm really getting tired of taking
All of your shit when I'm sober
I'm thinking that I'd rather be stoned

I gotta get this shit off my back
I run in circles but I won't crack
so fucking sick of your politics
Snap your fingers snap your neck

Why you always waste my time I don't know
Man I'm thinking that I'd rather be stoned

I am my worst Epitome, wired fucking higher

Snap your fingers snap your neck
I'm thinking that I'd rather be stoned