

Outta My Mind

Rancid

you're working like a monkey
who's been training by a sick junkie
on a mission to get money
for a new suit and tie

to wear to a reception
where they envy your deception
and give complements and praises to the ones they despise

practicing your smile in the mirror all the while
try to cultivate the style of the bastards in power
i know what they're selling
cuz their nervous twitch is telling
you're coming off smelling like the pig of the hour

i got a lot of people telling me i'm outta my mind
and i don't know why

my brain was bleeding and my fingers were proceeding
through a notebook i was keeping since the dawning of time
senses were coroaded
you know that i was loaded
you were dealing i was reeling
from the feeling and the madness was consealing
it's a siren song
people that i trusted would surley have me busted
if they ever had a clue what was really going on

i got a lot of people telling me i'm out of my mind
and i don't know why (i don't know why...let's go)