

# Why Do I Do

Rehab

Why do I do what I do? Why do I feel like a fool? Will it ever be cool?  
Why is it that it isn't what it was? Will I ever be satisfied singing Zippad  
ee-doo-dah?

Why do I do what I do? Why do I feel like a fool? Will it ever be cool?  
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Every day, same old thing, same routine waking up between  
One and two pm with cloudy thoughts and fully clothed.  
Smelling like the night before. The rut I'm in has become a bore.  
Eyes bloodshot and my head is pounding. Don't ask me, I don't know.

Man, all I know is I can't find my cell,  
I woke up on the couch with a Taco Bell  
Crunch Wrap Supreme smashed all in the cushions  
Feeling like my teeth need a good pressure washing.  
The television on mute, another Extenze  
Commercial. Left my car windows down again  
And it's raining. Just no use to complain,  
That's par for the course, just more of the same.

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Take a shower, clean myself up. Drink my coffee and beat myself up.  
Shake it off and try to salvage the rest of the day.  
Hit a drive-thru looking for the, 99cent menu. Of course the  
Cashier just might be feeling the same way.

Yup, I got about 3 friends that owe me at least 10 bucks  
Apiece and I'm scaping up change to eat. My windshields cracked  
From a fight with my sweetie.  
A dash full of trash so I can't find the speeding  
Ticket that I got last month, I think,  
Or was it before that, I'm up that creek.  
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One day I'll get it together. At least I sure hope I do.

I know my momma worries 'bout me. I know my father, he does too.  
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And time keeps ticking away and I'm in the same old place.  
I'm sure you can tell by the look on my face that somethings gotta change.