

Surgically Removing the Tracking Device

Say Anything

Tearing out my hair
on a bedroom floor
empty all the meds
never anymore
for sure
throbbing in my flesh
breaking out in scarlet sores
therapy I've been enslaved
I think I'll medicate this rage

So now I've crossed the line
(tearing out my hair on a bedroom floor)

Fixing up the drugs
with a tiny flame
put 'em in my lungs
and forget my name
I blame my parents for molesting me
with self-fulfilling prophecies
the teacher for indulging me
his shit dressed up in fury, fear and shame

So now I've crossed the line
(put 'em in my lungs and forget my name)

High and I'll drive
I'll get high and I'll drive

If I were the keys
then where would I be
if it's up to me
then I will be free
if I were the keys
then where would I be
if it's up to me
then I will be free

yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah