

Almost Fine

Scapegoat Wax

Just when I thought I caught a break
My label goes outta' business
What kinda' shit is that? Huh?
What kinda' shit is that? Damn

Ooh, ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ooh, ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh-huh, check this out
Here's how it happens to me

Spent my last five dollars at Burger King
(Can I get a whopper?)
I have no money, have no nothing
(No ketchup please)
Which makes it impossible for me
To take care of my dog properly
(Domino)

I played in a game of basketball
At the park with some guys and my boy Johnny Z
A fat older man jumped on my back
And flared up an old high school injury

I'm still tripping off my ex-girlfriend
We broke up five years ago last week
I still write songs about that girl
But she has moved on very nicely

I wrecked my car, I ride a bike
But some asshole came and stole my seat
He didn't give a damn about my life
So now I travel only by my feet

Everything is almost fine
I've just got a few of these frustrations
And they're weighing on my mind
But it's almost fine, come on

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The Mets ain't won since '86
The Dolphins lost by fifty-five
I had to go to Mario's
My little sister had to drive

I give myself these whack haircuts
So it's all uneven in the back
I can't afford a barbershop
So now I mostly wear a hat

My label president said I was fat
And he made me lose like forty pounds
(Jenny Craig, y'all)
It didn't make a difference anyway

He ran the label in the ground

It's getting close to being almost fine
But when I think I pull ahead I'm really falling way behind
A straight line turned into a fork in a road
And I took the wrong route and I'm about to explode

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But at least I didn't fall into the fire
Like that old bearded dude on Survivor
And at least I can still rock Chico
Yeah yeah, uh huh

My name is Marty James
Alias, and still, Scapegoat Willie
Yeah, uh huh, here we go
Here we go, yo, Castillo

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Sucka