

## Kathy's On The Roof

Screeching Weasel

She's got a place to go when she gets sad  
She opens her window and sits on the roof whenever she is feeling bad  
She's sick of these rules  
And she's sick of this world  
And she's totally sick of her life  
She says the mundane fries like eggs on her brain  
And now we all think she's lost her mind  
Kathy's on the roof again

She's going down

Eating too little and sleeping too much  
She was manic and now she's depressed  
She ought to be with her peer group  
Indeed she just needs to get things off her chest  
They prod and they probe they sedate and they shock  
They can't seem to get through to that girl  
She only speaks about once every week  
And then all she'll say is fuck the world  
Kathy's on the roof again

She's going down

Her mother says she's crazy  
And her sister says she's not  
But everybody thinks she's flaky  
We've gotta figure out just what's wrong with her  
It's time to look into the cabinet  
And make sure Kathy is taking her meds  
It's time to prop Kathy in front of the TV  
And wipe the drool off her dress  
The sound of the Mexicans cutting the lawn  
Again was buzzing throughout the whole house  
We couldn't find her so we looked outside  
And saw Kathy all over the ground