

My Brain Hurts

Screeching Weasel

Time gets wasted every day
I watch the minutes tick away
My brain is melting like a
chocolate ice cream bar
Like characters on TV
these people look like maggots
to me and I wonder what the
hell is wrong with me
Milk fed little beauty queen
she's straight out of a magazine
she sits beside me
breathing different air than me
The perfect generation sees that I'm
infected with disease and
everything just crumbles
and there's nothing left
If I want to do something right
I gotta do it myself or someone
else will fuck it up
It isn't all black and white
and now it's time to stop
and figure out reality
No one knows what they're
talking about if what they're talking
about don't making any sense to me
I gotta figure it out
cause I don't want something
to believe in