I'm on my way. Can't settle down.

I'm stuck in ways of being an ass and I got a lot of nerve that I'm ready to pass.

I'm on my way. I'm on my way.

Can't settle down.

I'm stuck in ways of sadistic joy and my talent only goes as far as to annoy.

I'm on my way. This is my main offender.

This is what I've got and it got me saying - Why me?

I'm on my way. I get around.

But I'm not all too sure about what I do.

I feel I've got to stop a second just to think it thru.

And so I stop! I'm on my way.

Yeah I get around.

Yeah I thought it all over and now I spit it out

and when I spit on those that I care less about I'm on my way. This is my main offender.

This is what I've got and it got me saying - Why me?