

Fucked Up On Life

The Mr. T Experience

I don't have many friends
Just some pretty loose and dead ends
Even one can be a bit much for me

And they call me but I never end up calling them back
They lose patience as I lose track
I don't care any more
If I ever did before
But I'm not really paying attention
People say what reflects well on them
And everyone's lying like rugs
And everyone thinks I'm on drugs
But I'm just fucked up on life

Cause it doesn't add up
And I never know what should be done
I know I'm far from the only one
I stay out of the fray
I figure I do less damage that way
I'm outstanding in my field
And all I ever want to do is just get plowed
I always feel outnumbered in a crowd
And if the truth be known
I feel outnumbered when I'm all alone
If you're wondering why there's no affect
When I speak, when you look in my eyes
I couldn't begin to explain
I'm almost perfectly sane
But I'm just fucked up on life

I'm just fucked up, fucked up on life
Dumb dumb day

I never know what I should do or say
When words fail me
I react reciprocally
I'm just fucked up on life
I'm just fucked up, fucked up on life