

My thoughts are my doctor's excuse for medicine  
But I find it healthy to get lost inside my head  
And come back with all that I can find  
And write it down on light blue lines  
It's far more useful than reading the Contra Costa Times

55 up YV road  
Encina on my left  
All you tried and failed to do was justify your theft  
And I get that you're bereft of other things to occupy yourself  
But keep my goddamn name out of your mouth (you're just a shade  
of gray)

And all I want is forward progress  
And maybe next year I'll miss your face but right now its still  
worthless.  
Wasted time, mostly mine its not my fucking fault  
So get lost and find your way home

Leave my mind alone so I can rate and number my thoughts 1 2 3  
On a list that weighs and measures my priorities  
It goes 1-friends 2-bands 3-that green two-tone van  
And losing my money it's not about money

Cuz all I want is forward progress  
And maybe next year I'll miss your face but right now its still  
worthless.  
Wasted time, mostly mine its not my fucking fault  
So get lost and find your way home

And all I got was a blank stare  
Right between the eyes like I wasn't there  
And all I got was a blank stare  
Right between the eyes like I wasn't there