

When Keeping It Real Goes Wrong

The Wonder Years

I've got this job that equates swallowing shit where I
puree food for dementia patients, and
the commute is an hour each way. I'm so
sick of taking the train.

I guess that I'm a hypochondriac, cause I'm
always sick, or at least I think I am.
I wish the Tylenol would kick in cause I'm
so sick of feeling the same.

And we know that everything is going to be okay.
All we need is Kerouac and a glass of sweet tea,
or burritos and New Found Glory.
I'm just trying to get through the week.

Hey, do you think that you could loan me ten bucks
so that I could buy the new season of Scrubs?
I'm short on cash this week
and I'd pay you back on Thursday.

I've got these friends that hate their fucking lives.
I guess that's what inactivity does to the mind.
So, I stay busy day and night.
I don't have time to complain.

And we know that everything is going to be okay.
All we need is Kerouac and a glass of sweet tea,
or burritos and New Found Glory.
I'm just trying to get through the week.

Everything is going to be okay.
All we need is something to get through the day
We know that everything, everything, everything is going to be
okay