

Straight Life

Therapy?

My tongue is twisted from talkin'
My feet are blistered from walkin' alone
My head is burtin' with thoughts
And every bruise looks so familiar
This city's buzzin' with bastards
Cancer tans and platic disasters
Wannabees and users and makers
Impotents and shake city fakers

So don't tell me, everything's alright
And don't include me in your straight life
And don't tell me, everything's alright
In your straight life

My system's sick with poison
Hearts bitter joys are jumpin'
Far away from better days
And every beat feels so familiar
My arms are fed up reaching
My voice is through of breakin'
Myself I'm sick of reason
Every bruise feels so familiar

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