Coffee House

So you think my exterior seems A little out of focus Because I don't talk in cliches that people try to use to stroke us I don't care too much for Clicks and gangs and little sweing circles If you want a place in this rat race I say Run off and join the circus

If you look inside my head You will see things That you probably shouldn't see Because my outside is off center But I gurantee It's stranger inside me

Have you ever felt like Pulling your insides out Cause they're burning You feel caged Like an animal that wants to fuck And you're yearning For something strange, unexpected Unexplainable to happen That either kills you Leaves you hurt Or makes it hard to stop From laughing

Warrant