

## Coffee House

## Warrant

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