

Squad 69

"Ev'rything Sucks"

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I have got a fantasy,
wake up in the morning and the sun shines down on me
Go into the kitchen and I look inside the
'fridge and it is stuffed full of munchies
Feel down the side of the chair and I find a quarter
there,
such a shame,
it'll never be
This is my reality: Half a bowl of Frosties and a roach
pie,
Getting high is killing me.

I really don't mean to complain,
yes I do I will again,
'cos nobody sees what I mean
Maybe I should get up out of bed,
change my shirt,
clear my head,
in the forest where the leaves are green
Don't exactly know who I am,
will I ever understand? I'm a waster and will always be
I should buy an amp and a guitar,
join a band,
play bars,
get a life and get my beer free.

There's another verse to fill,
don't know why I'm bothering,
it's all so boring and it's such a mess
Writing to a formula is fast becoming tedious,
It's all so obvious
Another couple lines to fill,
another song is finished and the world ignores it totally
Stuff it in an envelope and mail it to myself 'cos no one
else wants to hear it,
nobody

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