

## The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches "Disappointment At The Taco Bell"

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The clock is ticking and my shelf life is up.  
Wrong side of the tracks, wrong side of the fence.  
Wrong thing that I lack, I lack the common sense.  
My life!  
Yeah, this is all I know.  
And I've got no time  
I've got no mind  
I've got nowhere to go.  
Can't live in your world of the 9-5  
You'll get your 15 minutes and I'll have my full life.  
My life!  
And this is all I know.  
And I've got no time.  
I've got no mind.  
I've got nowhere to go.  
Career tests all came back: inconclusive  
All that I gave give is a half-assed attempt  
At being like you. I'm not normal like you.  
There's nothing I can say that I haven't said 5,000  
times  
You've got your way to live and I've got mine  
There's nothing to say. I've said it 15,000 times  
Kiss it goodnight. Kiss me goodbye.  
You think it never hurts? All the confusion.  
All the itches in my nerves. All the hate in my blood.  
My blood!  
This isn't what I need.  
Occupational society won't put my mind at ease.  
The clock is ticking and my shelf life is up.  
All bets have been placed for when the wheel's gonna  
stop.  
So stop!  
'Cause this what I need.  
This is life  
And this is love  
And this is my release.  
Pains my soul to separate like this.  
I guess that's how it is. I'll leave myself to mine.  
Our paths can't cross now. I wish I had one more  
chance now.  
There's nothing I can say that I haven't said 5,000  
times

You've got your way to live and I've got mine  
There's nothing to say. I've said it 15,000 times  
Kiss it goodnight. Kiss me goodbye.  
It's been a year or two since we've communicated  
So don't tell me you're one for me to trust/believe in.  
I believe nothing. I will not trust anyone again.  
Anyone again.  
I've said it 15,000 times.  
My brain is twitching and I still can't give up.  
I've run far off course, and I'm never gonna stop.  
This clock's stopped ticking. Sorry I got no more shelf  
life for ya, baby.  
The time bomb's ticking, I'll commence blowing up.  
I've been blow to hell, but I've still got much love  
(Even though) you won't love me once I'm washed up.  
I'm all washed up and I can't trust no one.  
I can't trust anyone these days.  
Sign your line on the dotted name:  
"I claim responsibility for my own life"  
and set me free.  
Now I'll look out for me me me  
That's just what everyone else does.  
You see much happier than me  
Don't count on that for long 'cause I'm leaving the  
baggage right here.  
And I'm doing my best not to care.

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