

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches "Melon Country"

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Well its OK to want, but its less OK to need
'Cause I started to get greedy,
that's the last thing I would need (great rhyme)
Getting comfortable with all my friends, finding no
need to explore
and now I wanna get away from life ('cause I'm so
fucking bored)
Did you ever get the feeling your trying put out the sun
With nothing but a pink and plastic broken water gun
Yeah, trying to extinguish all the angst that I don't need
inside
I wanna get away from life and do something before I
die.
Its so monotonous.
The daily grind:
I get up, go to school or work instead,
maybe hang out with my friends, then bed.
Time I spend has become frivolous
Writing songs that no one understands
but plenty will feel obliged to berate.
So one day I went nuts.
I don't remember exactly how it happened but now my
mind doesn't like me
Seeking therapy never was the way for me
I've gotten dumped and bounced right back,
the music was supposed to be a haven.
Yeah, but now I wonder was it just a waste of time.
I could institute my whole mind with vim and vigor
seeking a future.
When I figure it I'll create a flux capacitor and travel
back in time.
I wanna say goodbye,
but my empty closet bookshelf mind finds it so hard to
leave behind
--What I think I wanna do.
--A guitar.
--A case of rancid flu.
--A burnt up photograph of you. (soon I will be leaving
too)
It never made much sense to me to celebrate the rain
The odds are stacked against us.
It may help but there's still pain.

So as I sit in the cold and wet writing waiting for a sign
My eyes light up with a ray of hope
She'll never again get to be mine.
I died inside when you did this to me.
I died and I thought that you would help me.
There's a fire inside when I say this to you.
You're not mine anymore.
You lost your chance with selfishness
and it all comes back to the same problem.
I am lonely, but don't want you.
Someday you'll feel this too.
Your problems I can't solve them.
I'll be gone with a damp piece of paper reading your
address.
Maybe I'll write you someday.
I thought I'd call but the mechanisms won't let me
submit.

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