

## 69 Squad "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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