

Electronic "Gangster"

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It's not the way that you would listen
Or the way you comb your hair
It is the fact that you are missing
How I feel when you're not there

I went through all the months of January
Locked up in this cell
I'd like to be at home but on my own
I didn't do too well

Look at me, I always get the blame
But I can't even learn to spell my name
I'd like to read, I'd like to write but where I live, I learn to
fight
So don't you ever say that we're the same

I don't need a doctor telling me I'm full of juice
It's not a statement that I'm making
But the plain and simple truth

I went through all the months of January
Locked up in my cell
I'd like to think of home when I'm alone
It doesn't work too well

Look at me, I always get the blame
But I can't even learn to spell my name
I'd like to read, I'd like to write but where I live, I learn to
fight
So don't you ever say that we're the same

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