

Fact "Me"

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No more
I don't need a job and I don't need no friends
People bore me to the end I wish that I were dead
All this stench that fills the air reminds me of the dump
And when I turn on my tv, the fuckin' Brady Bunch
The cluelessness of middle class is what I'm living for
In San Jose there's too many dicks, it's a bore, a bore
My parents are getting stressed, just give my ears a
rest
I wake in time to go to school to take another test
No more
It's such a total waste, don't worry about me I'll set my
own pace.

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