

Fake Problems "Complaint Dept"

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Take a picture
I won't last much longer
I am turning into dust
Or I am melting into the
Fresh wet concrete.

And when I reach the pearly gates of hell,
I'll send those diamonds back up the wishing well,
With a note tied to each that read:
"Nobody's listening"

Wasting time is all the rage
Those bad ideas won't leave your brain
When you can't control what all the others say,
Just complain, complain, complain.
Oh complain, complain, complain.

Now get lazy with it from the next one in,
Put the money in your mouth and swallow it.
When your company has to fold,
Blame your troubles on the CEO.

Because faith is a funny, pathetic notion
That god's a drug dealer and he's always holding.
He can make you feel alright
With just one small hit of lights.

Wasting time is all the rage
Those bad ideas won't leave your brain
When you can't control what all the others say,
Just complain, complain, complain.
Oh complain, complain, complain.

Keep 'em comin', I'm used to it,
My mind over matter is a morphine drip.
And ain't it funny that it comes to this,
Hangin' on the edge and losing your grip?

Wasting time is all the rage
Those bad ideas won't leave your brain
When you can't control what all the others say,
Just complain, complain, complain.

Oh complain, complain, complain.

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