

Fastball

"The Malcontent"

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I hear the ringing of the telephone
No one's home and none of you can reach me
I'm alone and I feel fine

There's nothing anyone can sell to me
There's nothing new, none of you can teach me
But I'm sure that you will try

I'm tired of living in the modern world
With pretty boys and plastic girls
Broken hearts, vanity's the disease

I hear my music on the radio
What's that song from long ago they're still playing
Is it saying anything to you

Pretty people in the magazines
Play the part of kings and queens
Hair and makeup can cover up the ugly truth

I'm tired of living in the modern world
With pretty boys and plastic girls
Broken hearts, vanity's the disease
It really doesn't mean a thing to me
It really doesn't mean a thing to me

I'm tired of living in the modern world
With pretty boys and plastic girls
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