

Freak Kitchen "Broken Food"

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Are you going to say "hi" to me?
What a waste of sympathy
IÃfÂ, 'm stuck in my stupid misery
A self-centered son of a bitch...

You know, I used to wake up in a good mood most
everyday
Now it shifts from grey to grey
IÃfÂ, 'm an arm short, but thatÃfÂ, 's ok
My head seems to be the problem

You canÃfÂ, 't bring me down; IÃfÂ, 'm already there
ThereÃfÂ, 's nothing you can say; I no longer care
IÃfÂ, 'm sorry, but you canÃfÂ, 't harm me with that
attitude
I was raised on broken food...

Is there anything I can do for you?
Ease your conscience for a minute or two?
You can try ÃfÂ, 'til your face turns blue

With this self-centered son of a bitch

You canÃfÂ, 't bring me down; IÃfÂ, 'm already there
ThereÃfÂ, 's nothing you can say; I no longer care
IÃfÂ, 'm sorry, but you canÃfÂ, 't harm me with that
attitude
IÃfÂ, 've been raised on broken food

Are you going to say "hi" to me?
You know IÃfÂ, 'd really like that
What I say and what I think might not be the same, you
see...
I would really, really like that

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