

Gg Allin

"Sitting In This Room"

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Sitting in this room
Dark and gloom
Four walls look to me
To be held

Sitting in this room
Sucks so bad
I might as well
Be off in jail

Everybody outside these walls to me
Seem so plastic
They seem so phoney
It's so unreal

They tell you
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
Do this, don't do that
It makes me sick

In this room
Dark and gloom
Four walls of Hell
I'd rather be inside a tomb

Oh, in this room
With my needle and my spoon all by myself
I'm makin' love to myself
Inside this room

Sitting in this room
I want to die
I want to die
I want to die

Death is in this room
And you know death
Is often these days

On my mind

I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick
I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick, I'm sick
And all things must pass away
Someday

But in this room
All dark and gloom
Four walls of Hell
I'd rather be inside my tomb

Oh, in this room
With my needle and my spoon by myself
I'm makin' love to myself
Inside this room

Oh, in this room
With my needle and my spoon
And a bottle in my arms, pills in my mouth
In this room

Oh, in this room
Four walls of Hell inside this room
I'm makin' love to myself
Inside this room

Sitting in this room
I want to die
I want to die
I want to die

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