

Johnny Hates Jazz

"D.I.Y. Orgasms"

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I've got my forty ounce, and a system to overthrow.
Know what to worry about, and nowhere to go.
I traded in my hope for a hangover and a headache.
I'm contemplating rope, but can't tie knots that great.

Who needs love? Not me!
Who needs friends? I got me!
Who needs drugs? Me!
Who needs sex? I got me!

I've got my twenty ounce, and front row seats to the
parking lot.
I'm on the corner now, watching them make out a lot.
I'd trade in all my pain for all your priceless pillow talk.
But I'm not too old enough, and I think I care too much.

But who needs love? Not me!
Who needs friends? I got me!
Who needs beer? Me!
Who needs sex? I got me!

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