Johnny Hobo And The Freight Trains "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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