Catch 22 "Flagpole Sitta"

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I had visions, I was in them I was looking into the mirror To see a little bit clearer Rottenness and evil in me

Fingertips have memories
Mine can't forget the curves of your body
And when I feel a bit naughty
I run it up the flagpole and see who salutes
(but no one ever does)

I'm not sick but I'm not well And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell

Been around the world and found That only stupid people are breeding The cretins cloning and feeding And I don't even own a TV

Put me in the hospital for nerves
And then they had to commit me
You told them all I was crazy
They cut off my legs now I'm an amputee, gaddamn
you

I'm not sick but I'm not well And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell I'm not sick but I'm not well And it's a sin to live so well

I wanna publish zines
And rage against machines
I wanna pierce my tongue
It doesn't hurt, it feels fine
The trivial sublime
And kill my mind
You kill my mind

Paranoia paranoia Everybody's coming to get me Just say you never met me I'm going underground with the moles

Hear the voices in my head I swear to god it sounds like they're snoring But if you're bored then you're boring The agony and the irony, they're killing me

I'm not sick but I'm not well
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell
I'm not sick but I'm

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