

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

"The Slug. The Drag. The Misery"

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Too much confusion had forced me to rest
Burning my eyes and stabbing my chest
Guilt and response is a pain in my neck
Deepest depression had made me a wreck

No more prospects for me to take

I'm watching you
Through the glass in my hand
My bottle of treatment
I get on demand

For once I could speak to my inner voice
Unmasking your farce of offering me choice
Accepting the way I'd have to go
The way that deceived me so

In the glance of jealousy I stand
Tryin' to ease my grief
But I can't

When will you ever see the things I've seen
To be left alone
When will you ever feel the pain I feel

To be cast aside,
Aside

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