

The Oedipus Complex "30 Thousand"

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Problems

Impossible conclusions reached

Thirty thousand ways

To fuck my life up more than ever before

Making miscalculations increasingly

Thinking I had it all along

Unreasonably cocky attitude

The child is now a man

A man with no ambitions and no value

Like life itself

I'm a wreck

The road

Paved in empty beliefs

Broken bottles and wasted money

Cold emotions stored in steel

Wounds thrown apart by sick hopes

Scrapes covered in bandages laced with LSD

Going to Mexico for reasons unknown

Human trafficking market stock exchange

Sell myself for thirty thousand cents

Like life itself

I'm a wreck

Who are you to tell me I am me

Who am I to tell myself I am me

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