

## **Suicidal Tendencies**

### **"Su Casa Es Mi Casa"**

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The ticking you hear is your life passing you by

Do you feel you're not taken serious?  
That your input is brushed aside?  
That you can get no respect  
That people may even be laughing behind your back

Does this make you question your self-worth?  
Well, it should, because you're worthless!  
Now take the case of the new-age cyco  
Confident, commanding respect  
Taking whatever he wants, from wherever it is

I've been thinking so to speak  
Knees are shaking, tired and weak  
I've been wondering who I am  
I've been wondering where I am

Su casa es mi casa  
Porque estoy muy loco

If you have one, I'll have one too  
Not another, the one I took from you  
Add my numbers, add it up  
I guess I got it, give it up

Su casa es mi casa  
Porque estoy muy loco

Now you've had some time to think  
Why don't you look in the mirror?  
Tell me what you see  
Nah, not on the outside  
Look inside, deep inside  
The true ugliness

Not the self-created colored hair  
Piercings hanging out everywhere  
The stuff you try to cover up and deny  
So there's a reason for everything  
Now you let the reason out  
Rising up, I feel it coming, let 'em know it's time

I'm still wondering, why I am  
Coughing up blood, spitting up phlegm  
So much anger, hostility  
Biting and kicking inside of me

I'm fully cyco, partly hexed  
Makes me wonder who is next  
You need not worry about what I am  
But you better worry about where I am

Su casa es mi casa  
No quieres chingar conmigo

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