

## The Movement

### "Fucked Up On Life"

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I don't have many friends  
Just some pretty loose and dead ends  
Even one can be a bit much for me

And they call me but I never end up calling them back  
They lose patience as I lose track  
I don't care anymore  
If I ever did before  
But I'm not really paying attention  
People say what reflects well on them  
And everyone's lying like rugs  
And everyone thinks I'm on drugs  
But I'm just  
Fucked up on life

Cause it doesn't add up  
And I never know what should be done  
I know I'm far from the only one  
I stay out of the fray  
I figure I do less damage that way  
I'm outstanding in my field  
And all I ever want to do is just get plowed  
I always feel outnumbered in a crowd  
And if the truth be known  
I feel outnumbered when I'm all alone  
If you're wondering why there's no affect  
When I speak, when you look in my eyes  
I couldn't begin to explain  
I'm almost perfectly sane  
But I'm just  
Fucked up on life

I'm just fucked up,  
Fucked up on life  
Oo oo oo  
Ah na na na na

Dum dum day  
I never know what I should do or say  
When words fail me  
I react reciprocally

I'm just  
Fucked up on life  
I'm just fucked up,  
Fucked up on life

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