Ventana "Stress Related"

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I don't want to live like this
All pissed off and all stressed
From the everyday bullshit
I don't want to die like this
Some kind of angry fit
My heart will call it quits

But I'm...

Never gonna understand the office lingo
The cornball Christians that play bingo
The fast food rejects. The white collar snobs
The quota seeking pigs and the brain dead jocks
No. Never gonna be an American Idol
Not with this gun, no. Not with this smile
Never gonna be a rich celebrity
It seems wealth was never in the cards for me

I don't want to be like this
But nothing seems to fit
Since I got used to it
I can't see the sunshine
Too many dark clouds are in it's way

I lost all hope that I could last In this land of the walking dead It's such a waste, what I could do But I'm stuck here with you

I hate everyone I work with
A bunch of miserable pricks
Cuz of the chances they missed
Everyone I meet is a rude selfish asshole
Apparently please and thank you is a hassle
Nobody's bothered by the state of the world
Or the late night commercial child porn girls

Light me a cigarette. Pour me a drink Make me a wasteland so I don't have to think about you

I should really deal with it Become a hypocrite Somehow buy into it
But it's the only way I know how to live
I can't shut it out
I can't take this shit

Still I'm...

So fed up with the mallrat punks

And the spoiled rotten white kids

Trying to be thugs

The popped collar douchebags

The spray on tan queens

Toupees, extensions, wigs, and weaves

So tired of all this crap on tv

The sugarcoated news and the talk show sleaze

The Hollywood gossip showing the worst

Of the silicone garbage. Thin as a corpse

I let the stress go to my head I know someday soon I will be dead It's not a waste. It gets me through Being stuck here with you

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