

## **Marty Cain**

# **"Fucked Up My Dream"**

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He sits on the street corner and lights a cigarette  
I said my back's dis-aligned, but I'm doing my best  
I rode in a shopping cart down Main Street  
And I can hear the tapping of all the people's feet

I hucked a loogie down in basement of your house  
You said, you asshole, I have to clean that now  
But I'm so neurotic, I just can't help myself  
And you're so erotic with that look on your face

I could be on TV  
Cause I'm bursting at the seams  
A mental revolution in me  
You fucked up my dream

Truman Capote was a skinny man  
And my all my best friends watch C-SPAN  
I can do it, because I bite my nails  
Politicians have emotion for sale

Doritos are crunchy, yogurt is not  
Joey said a UFO sold him pot  
Racecar backwards is the same thing  
I really really really wish I knew how to sing

I could be in a magazine  
Cause I'm bursting at the seams  
A mental revolution in me  
I fucked up my dream

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