

# Quorthon "Outta Space"

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Every day it's all the same no matter how I turn or twist  
my brain  
I toss my body and scratch my f\*ckin' mind  
I bend and duck but I bounce 'gainst things all time

I'm left in this box I'm firmly and all stuck  
I'm neatly tied and shelved I'm choked contained  
withheld

Outta space I'm growing outta space  
I think I'm goin' crazy  
Outta space I'm growing outta space  
It's driving me crazy  
Outta space I'm growing outta space  
I think I'm goin' crazy  
Outta space I'm growing outta space  
I think I'm goin' out of my mind

I open my eyes wide to see some light  
I take a breath and feel my box too tight  
No matter how I press and push all day  
That fuckin' lid of mine won't give away

I'm left in this box...

Outta space...

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