

## Rehab

# "Chico And The Man"

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Man, what time is it?  
Chico and The Man  
blah, blah, blah  
Holy shit!  
Chico and The Man  
blah, blah, blah  
I shouldn't a drank all that shit last night  
Chico and The Man  
blah, blah, blah  
Aw  
Another day, same couch  
rib cushions my feet  
pop tart and milk  
great 'fridge'  
got nothing to eat  
love left me for money  
she's a ho anyway  
gonna sip my 12 and get drunk all day  
I sit and get high, make cocktail dry  
love is a lie, and I am alive  
it seems boring, number rolling  
so I'll just sit here, light a cig upon the stove  
and crack a beer and watch  
Chico and The Man  
I got my pony watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
I'm gettin' high watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
the time fly watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
don't got no job, watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
gettin' high watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
I got my beer watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
the time fly watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
don't got no job  
Wakin' up, bogart  
I'm might be dope, but I'm not fly  
might as well die

or maybe I'll actually take my lazy, shitty ass and walk  
outside  
illier than the neighbor's ignorate, judgemental wife in  
disgust, naw  
I think I'll smoke one more cigarette, and watch the  
Spanish Channel and lust  
maybe I'll glue my eyes closed, maybe I'll write  
Shakspearean prose in the nude  
in search, ending up searching for strange focuses,  
while swallowing Quaaludes  
"Hey dude!"  
"What?"  
I'm fuckin bored  
My brain chemicals will allow no joy  
I'm sick of decoys  
So I lay under the covers one more beautiful sunny day  
and watch my stolen cable  
"Why don't you enjoy life for what it is?"  
I'm not able  
and hey, who'd I wake up next to?  
I don't remember you  
"but Brooks, I'm your true love from high  
school...gimme a hug baby"  
"hey, hey, hey, fuck you"  
but anyway, back to the numbing sound of quality  
programming  
I think I'll drink liquor, curse God and a watch Knots  
Landing  
black out the windows 'cause the Sun's screwing up my  
reception, damn  
and once again I'm watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
I got my beer watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
I'm gettin' high watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
ain't got no job, watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
the time fly watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
the time fly watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
I got my brew watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
I'm gettin' high watchin'  
Chico and The Man  
ain't doin' nothin'  
I lost my job, my car battery dead  
and I'm pissin' on the seat, can't get a trade to the  
head  
how in the hell did it get this bad?

gonna wipe my ass with the want-ads  
and I'm eatin' stale Pop-tarts and bustin' farts  
done turned unemployment into an art  
tell the whole world to leave me alone  
don't knock on my door, don't call my phone  
I ain't pleasing you but motherfucker I'm grown  
and I'm lazy as hell but I'm on my own  
cigarettes, empty bottles and dirty socks  
underwear with skidmarks and a broken clock  
my cigs piled high where the roaches roam  
on a two-week old plate of chicken bones  
diggin' in my ass and I grab the remote  
switch on the Magnava  
and guess what's on?

What's that?

Chico and The Man

I got my pony, watchin'

Chico and The Man

I'm gettin' high, watchin'

Chico and The Man

got a Pop-tart, eatin', watchin'

Chico and The Man

ain't doin' nothin', watchin'

Chico and The Man

ain't got no job, watchin'

Chico and The Man

I need a life, watchin'

Chico and The Man

can't get no pussy, watchin'

Chico and The Man

what's happenin' to me, watchin'

Chico and The Man

ain't got no job, watchin'

Chico and The Man

I need some money, watchin'

Chico and The Man

I need a woman, watchin'

Chico and The Man

I'm on my ass, watchin'

Chico and The Man

this life's a bore, watchin'

Chico and The Man

I'm all alone, watchin'

Chico and The Man

countin' the roaches, watchin'

Chico and The Man

need to get some jobs, watchin'

Chico and The Man

ain't doin' nothin', watchin'

Chico and The Man

and you know

Chico and The Man  
blah, blah, blah  
I don't give a fuck man, you know  
my mom says I ain't got no responsibilities you know  
and all  
You know maybe she was a hippie  
from the 60's  
and she just gave me some ill gene  
you know what I mean?  
blah, blah, blah  
Fuck it!

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