

Say Anything

"Surgically Removing The Tracking Device"

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Tearing out my hair
On a bedroom floor
Empty all the meds
Never anymore
For sure
Throbbing in my flesh
Breaking out in scarlet sores
Therapy I've been enslaved
I think I'll medicate this rage

So now I've crossed the line
(Tearing out my on a bedroom floor)

Fixing up the drugs
With a tiny flame
Put 'em in my lungs
And forget my name
I blame my parents for molesting me
With self-fulfilling prophecies
The teacher for indulging me
Shit dress up with fury, fear and shame

So now I've crossed the line
(Put 'em in my lungs, forget my name)

High, and I'll try
I'll get high
And I'll drive

If I were the keys
Then where would I be
If it's up to me
Then I'll be free
If I were the keys
Then where would I be
If it's up to me
Then I will be free

Yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

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