

Straight Line Stitch

"Bored To Death"

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I'm not much into all the shit she has to say.
I think I'll put my head into the microwave,
And rig it up so it turns on and it fries my brain.
As the skin melts off my face then I could refrain
From being fucking bored.
I not much into all the shit she has to say.
I'll lay down on the railroad tracks, wait for a train.
It will cut off both my legs and chop off my head.
As the cars roll over me I would be so dead,
And not so fucking bored.
I not much into all the shit she has to say.
I wish that someone would throw something sharp my
way,
Like a knife or a razorblade or a Campbell's lid.
Then someone would realize that I'm a fucsked up kid,
And I'm really fucking bored.

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