

Electric Boogie Man

"Kick in the Ass"

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[Verse 1]

When the drudgery of every day life starts to get to me
Fouling up the flavor of my rice and beans recipe
I can't do better than the best of my ability
The rent check is late, they're turning off utilities
Fuck it, I don't need electricity or gas
To sit alone in the dark and be sad
I need a friend to come and kick me in the ass

[Verse 2]

It's been three weeks and a day
Since I last brush my teeth
My breath is so bad that
I can't smell my feet
I'm a' throw in the towel
'Cause I just can't compete
Got a boat, and a paddle
But no shit up my creek
I'm that manic depressive, hermit, bona-fided freak
On the floor in the corner whiping tears from my
cheeks
I don't want to talk
I don't want to eat
So just leave me alone so my self can defeat
It's unbearable, but I prefer feeling terrible
I don't need more advice

Or another boring parable
Really, it's over

I got no more tears for your god damn shoulders
I told you, to start treating me colder
Or I'll get closer to calamity
An unmotivated state
On the crotch of insanity's panties
In my poop stained pajamies
Damn, B, better start acting manly, and do it fast

[Hook]

I need a friend to come and kick me in the ass
I need a friend to come and kick me in the ass

I need a friend to come and kick me in the ass
I need a friend

Some call me a quitter
But it's more deep than that
'Cause every time I get up
I get knocked on my back
Why not stay flat?
Where nothing bad can happen
Away from all the accusations
And the laughin
False facts, and lies of the world outside
I'm a' just sit here and count flies
One
Two
Three, four, five
That one died
And I'm jealous
If there was a prize for underzealous
I would win it
I'm just gunna start this song and never finish
Get my little name in the big book of Guinness
Underneath the title
The most lackadaisical, unamazacle, underwhelming
Scardy cat lazy rat bastard
Depressing piece of crap in his class
Who needs a friend to kick him in the ass

[Hook]

I've tried, but I can't put my past to the back of me
I think of all the pain I've caused, and I atrophy
Alone, sitting at home, with my phone, off the ringer
Nost full of fingers
Wonderin' if I'll ever have the strength to pull myself
over obstacles
Or if I'll just write moving on as impossible
And give it up
Nail the window and door shut
And live it up
Lonely, but liberated
Cut off from the world
My girl and my crew
With nothing to eat and not a damn thing to do
Except to sit and wait for someone to save me
By putting one of they feet in the seat that god gave
me
Maybe then I'll finish first
Instead of coming in last

[Hook]

(ad libs fading out)

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