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Angry Salad "Stretch Armstrong"

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She says, "he's writing a novel" I told her that's called smoking dope She said a boy my age should have learned to cope by now, by now

She's got more bounce back than my, my stretch armstrong doll She's with another before i've recovered, and crossed her name off my wall If you could have seen me, a third rate houdini Escaping with lines like "the problem was me"

Now freedom's just another word for watching TV Let the cold lonely blue light wash over me Freedom's just another word for watching TV Now there's a hole in the wall where no hole should be

So much for forgiveness No such thing as a second chance My bed's a complete mess I lie in it, all by myself

My cats don't talk to me, they've taken her side i'm sure They hear the sound as if she's coming 'round, and all three of us stare at the door God damn what i said when i sat on her bed That the problem's not her, that the problem was me Now freedom's just another word for watching TV Let the cold lonely blue light wash over me Freedom's just another word for watching TV Now there's a hole in the wall where no hole should be

He was such the arrogant bastard She'd say "wait up" - it seemed that he'd walk faster It's only with distance and time that she got him out of her mind and now i find That that bastard, that bastard was me

Now there's a hole in the wall where no hole should be

Yeah, freedom's just another word for watching TV Let the cold lonely blue light wash over me Freedom's just another word means nothing to me and since you've left there's been nothing on Freedom's just another word There's nothing on

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