

Therapy

"Straight Life"

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Fuck it

My tongue is twisted from talkin'
My feet are blistered from walkin' alone
My head is burstin' with thoughts
And every bruise feels so familiar

This city's buzzin' with bastards
Cancer tans and plastic disasters
Wannabes and users and makers
Impotents and shake city fakers

So don't tell me everything's alright
And don't include me in your straight life
And don't tell me everything's alright
In your straight life

My system's sick with poison
Heart's bitter joys are jumpin'
Far away from better days
And everything feels so familiar

My arms are fed up reaching
My voice is through with breakin'
Myself, I'm sick of reason
Every bruise feels so familiar

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