

Tism

"The Only Thing Stopping Me From Being Happy Is That I'm Not More Depressed"

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I been listenin' to silverchair, now I wish I was a freak;
Been readin' The River Ophelia - I'd love a masochistic
streak;
But I am just a normal guy - I even use capital "S" -
Why, I'd rather tell the papers that I secretly cross-
dress;
Women Who Run With Men Who Hate Wolves just left
me unimpressed -
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

To get anywhere these days it seems a problem's a
necessity;
Your father's gay; heroin's passe - just another fashion
accessory;
I tried Recovered Memory, but that put me in a bind
Cos I became hypnotically aware my Dad was really
kind.
You might have once been traumatized, but we're not
all similarly blessed -
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

I went along to the Men's Movement - "Stop crying,
girl," they'd shout;
Steve Biddulph, who wrote that Manhood book, got up
and punched my lights out;
I went along to the women's room, but all I did was get
it wrong -
I told 'em Smack Your Bitch Up was my current favorite
song;
"But the Prodigy are so confronting," I tried vainly to
protest:
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

I lied to the Gambling Help Line, said I'd made my
family poor -
When I asked what chance recovery, they offered me

nine to four;
I rang that Alan Jones guy up, but he couldn't help me
either:
"You a battler or a bludger?" he said - it turns out, I was
neither!
"Come back when you're a stereotype if you wanna be
in the press."
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

Finally I told the wife the reason I'd been so
undemanding,
And what was worse, she took it well, and was totally
understanding;
Those self-destructing relationships are simply too
much fuss:
Whose Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Well, I gotta say, not
us -
Would you believe I like my kids? Can you get more
mentally messed?
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

Why is it just so hard for me to take things way too far?
I'd like to travel beyond good and evil, but first I gotta
wash the car;
I'd like to get a nipple ring and connect it to my dodger,
But somehow it just don't suit a bloke whose name is
plain old Roger-
I'd be a member of the underclass, but they'd laugh at
how I dressed:
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

So it looks like I got to give up my dream of joining the
Bad Seeds -
Those guys can't handle confronting concepts, like
"thanks" and "please"
Sneaking 16 things in the "12 Items Only" aisle will be
my biggest sin;
It's the shopping center of modern consciousness that I
will stay trapped in -
I buy my junk from off the streets - I find The Trading
Post's the best:
I'm sure that I'd be happier if I could be more
depressed.

I just know I can't be creative. Why? I'm not depressed
enough -
Yet I wish I was the guy who wrote: "If you're creative -
get stuffed."

There's a competition going to have the most painful
lives,
But the pain you feel from nine to five I guess don't
qualify.
Your life might be miserable, but that don't stop your
art from being crappier:
I'm sure that I would be more depressed if I wasn't
happier.

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