

# Cross Canadian Ragweed, Look At Me

I got a one hundred-dollar bill  
It's all shiny, crisp, and clean  
And it's burning a hole in the pocket of my jeans  
I think I'll spend it on some pills  
Instead of gasoline  
I don't see any kind of fun in coming clean  
Pick me up and watch me fall  
And do it all again  
I ain't got no sense at all  
I like pissing in the wind and on my dreams  
Look at me  
(chorus)  
Look at me I'm on my way down  
So close now I can almost see the ground  
Yeah another night another town  
Set em up I'll knock em down  
Workin' on sympathy  
Look at me  
Hey bartender another round  
This one's on mine  
Let's see how many friends I can buy in just a little time  
See the girl at the bar  
Tell her I'm somebody and I got a fast car  
I'm in room 331 with a bottle of wine  
Tell I'm a superstar  
She won't give it a second chance  
Tell that I play guitar but I never learned how to dance  
And here's my key  
Yeah look at me