

Far From Finished, Disaster

Woke up this morning in front of the ol' corner store
And every time I put myself down I keep on coming back for more
Now the bells of the church are tolling for another deserving saint
While I'm strolling the streets with no place to go
But I ain't asking for anybodies thanks

I'm a fucked up boy in a fucked up world
You're never gonna see your life trough my eyes
And I'll never know my reflection in their mirrors of misdirection
Washing away in a see of fucking lies

I ain't a fucking saint
Ya think I'm a bum
In a world that fucking rejects you, they think they've already won
Now they kick you to the curb like you're some politician's bastard son
Now everyone's complaining 'bout the things I already know
But what I wanna know are your ears bleeding from the sounds that are coming
From the radio

I'm a fuckin' disaster