

Green Day, Uptight

I woke up on the wrong side of the floor.
Made, made my way through the front door.
Broke my engagement with myself.
Perfect picture of bad health, another notch scratched on my belt.
The future just ain't what it used to be.

I got a new start on a dead end road.
Peaked, peaked out on reaching new lows.
Owe, I paid off all my debts to myself.
Perfect picture of bad health, another notch scratched on my belt.
The future's in my living room.

Uptight, I'm a nag with a gun.
All night, suicide's last call.
I've been uptight all night.
I'm a son of a gun.
Uptight I'm a nag with a gun.