

Guttermouth, Upside Down Space Cockroach

I've seen a lone finger waving in the air
A simple celebration of self-despair
The transmission means nothing
This man is unaware
All alone in the stadium surviving on welfare

Denialism
Working for the minimum
To the crematorium
I'm goin' nowhere, goin' nowhere, I'm goin' nowhere
Take me somewhere, take me anywhere

Tubular socks sure fit well
When they're new and they're fresh, but they, too, will go to hell
I will cross every T, I will dot every I
For a small sum of cash my doctor will prescribe
A dose to make me happy, far from emptiness and shame
And if it ever wears off, I'll make sure you feel my pain
Every car on the road drives around with a spare
And if I had an extra liver I could live without a care

Denialism
Working for the minimum
To the crematorium
I'm goin' nowhere, goin' nowhere, goin' nowhere
Take me somewhere, take me anywhere

See you staring at the ceiling, but there's roaches on the walls
When your soul is unfurnished fill it up with alcohol
A barren, blank expression with no purpose or intent
And if God created men, I am full of discontent

Remember the days when a father loved his son
I just made a wrong turn, now I'm staring at a gun
Existence is so meaningful with TV and a job
When she squeezes out three kids and turns into a blob

A ship is flying through the air
Spraying rain everywhere
(???) are in the air
I'm goin' nowhere, goin' nowhere, goin' nowhere
Take me somewhere, take me anywhere