

Local H, Dick Jones

you're sidetracked with nothing to show
you're friends with people that you dont even know
you're stuck in places that you would never go
if you could choose

you're on a level that you've never sunk to
you're in a middle that there's no getting through
you're over and you'll be thirty-two
you were born to lose

it's chemical
logical
left foot, right foot
you got it

walk away, and fast
turn around and leave them behind

you're on your fifth drink with no buzz in sight
and that asshole hasn't shut up all night
you wanna tell yourself that you'll be alright
but who would you fool?