

Rancid, Out Of My Mind

You're workin' like a monkey
Who's been trained by a sick junkie
On a mission to get money for a new suit and tie to where to a reception
Where they envy your deception and one compliments and praises to the ones
they despise.
Practicing your smile in the mirror
All the while try to cultivate the style of the bastards in power
I know what they're sellin' 'cause their nervous twitch is tellin'
You're comin' off smellin' like the pig of the hour
I've got a lot of people tellin' me I'm out of my mind and I don't know why
My brain was bleeding and my fingers were proceeding through a notebook
I was keeping since the dawning of time
Senses were coroaded you know that I was loaded
You were dealing
I was reeling from the feeling and the madness was concealing like a siren song
People that I trusted would surely have me busted if they ever had a clue
What was really going on.
I got alot of people telling me I'm out of my mind and I don't know why