

Screeching Weasel, Falling Apart

I'm in a dream because everything seems
Like it's moving through some kind of fog
I try to explain but the words come out strange
And I don't know what I'm doing wrong
Cause I'm in my own world and you're not a part of it
I'm in my own world it's falling apart
If I smile outside and I roll back my eyes
In my head and shake hands, you know what?
I can't even tell that I'm not even welcome
In the town where I grew up