

# Spiritual Beggars, Lack Of Prozac

You see me as a loser  
You see me as a clown  
You see me as a drinker  
Well I see you as a whore  
She runs after signs  
She runs with a lie  
She said she needed space  
But that was just an excuse to run away  
I had swallowed too much pain  
I had to ventilate some hate  
Amongst sissy pop-rock stars  
My fist started to talk