

# Therapy?, Straight Life

Fucker!

My tongue is twisted from talking  
My feet are blistered from walking alone  
My head is bursting with thoughts  
And every bruise feels so familiar  
This city's buzzing with bastards  
Cancer tans and plastic disasters  
Wannabees and users and makers  
Impotents and shake city fakers

So don't tell me everything's alright  
And don't include me in your straight life  
And don't tell me everything's alright  
In your straight life

My system's sick with poison  
Heart's bitter joys are jumping  
Far away from better days  
And everything feels so familiar  
My arms are fed up reaching  
My voice is through with breaking  
Myself, I'm sick of reason  
Every bruise feels so familiar

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In your straight life, in your straight life  
In your straight life, in your straight life  
In your straight life, in your straight life  
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