

AFI, Self-Pity

I'm always short on cash and my mind is in the trash.
I can't find a way to get my head out of my ass.
I'm gettin' skinny as a bone
'cause I'm always stuck at home.
I'm living my life all fucked up and alone.
So once again,
alone in my room,
my only apparent future is my unhappy doom.
So I just whine all the fucking time.
I'm hooked bad on caffeine,
unless I get it I'm mean.
I can't remember last when I was chipper and clean.
I'm going insane, all I do is complain.
The only traits I show are depression and disdain.
The girl I love is going away,
there is no way that she'll stay.
I don't know how I'm gonna live my life this way.
Don't want to have to try,
I'll just sit around and cry.
Maybe, if I get lucky,
I'll just fuckin' die.