

Badlees, The, Me, Myself And I

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The Unfortunate Result Of Spare Time

Me, Myself And I

I'm having a conversation with some friends i know

Somebody i agree with no matter where i go

Somebody i never have to wait for or try to read their minds

Somebody i never have to say, "are you having a good time?"

Here's to the perfect evening with me, myself and i

We'll go pick out a movie and we'll all choose the same one

We'll share the same opinions after the feature's done

Then we'll discuss our future plans and we'll all just ride the fence

And we'll all agree that we're the only ones left here with any common sense

Here's to stayin' inside with me, myself and i

I get so tired of all this 'me or you or me or you'

I got better ways to spend my time with me, myself and i

So i asked myself, "what do you think?" and he said, "don't ask me

He'll just take both sides of any point eventually

Then we'll have to sit here and try to compromise

Till we're all too god damned tired for anyone to decide

Here's to getting no where with me, myself and i

I get so tired of all this 'me or you or me or you'

I got better ways to spend my time with me, myself and i

Hey big mama, ain't you got no soul left in those tired bones?

Hey big daddy, who you talkin' to on the bedroom telephone?

Hey little mama, i could use some help tryin' to tear off this disguise

And i ain't that hard to find with me, myself and i