

# BARANOVSKI, Bellyache

sitting all alone  
mouth full of gum  
in the driveway  
my forends aren't far  
in the back of my car  
lay their bodies

where's my mind /2x

they'll be here pretty soon  
looking through my room for the money  
I'm biting my nails  
I'm too young to go to jail  
it's kinda funny

where's my mind /4x

maybe it's in the gutter where I left my lover  
what an expensive fate  
my V is for Vendetta  
Thought that I'd feel better  
but now I got a bellyache

everything I do the way I wear my noose  
like a necklace  
I am wanna make them scared  
like I could be anywhere  
like I'm a wrack-less  
I sold my mind, I don't mind

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