Faction, Me

No more
I don't need a job and I don't need no friends
People bore me to the end I wish that I were dead
All this stench that fills the air reminds me of the dump
And when I turn on my tv, the f**kin' Brady Bunch
The cluelessness of middle class is what I'm living for
In San Jose there's too many dicks, it's a bore, a bore
My parents are getting stressed, just give my ears a rest
I wake in time to go to school to take another test
No more

It's such a total waste, don't worry about me I'll set my own pace.