

Faith Or Fear, Lack Of Motivation

I don't have the time to sing this fucking song
Ain't got no ideas, can't go fucking wrong
Pressure building up, bullshit going down
At each other's throats, looking for the sound

[Chorus:]

Lack of motivation no one gives a damn
Try to move ahead, but I don't think I can
There will come a day when we will understand
There will come a day when we'll destroy the band

I cannot make sense of this
Can't understand what the hell it is
First we're up and then we're down
Wish we could decide, decide right now

[Spoken:]

Yo, what's your fucking problem man?
You're coming in here late every fucking night!
Bad attitude!
And you had your head up your ass for the last six weeks
You better reach around, and get it out of there real fast
Or we're giving you your walking papers
You know where the door is right buddy?
You can hit the road

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