

Foo Fighters, Wattershed

I'll stick to the mailman
I'm pinned against a pot plant
I'm sick of all the sun-tan
oily with the ray-ban
take that to the bank and call it a check
masked without a weapon
I'm skinny as a spit pan
dealing with the shit plan
just another rock band
take that to the man
and call it a check
trapped within a contract
hey there boy while you were catching the black widow
the rest of us were watching melrose
I wanna swim in the wattershed
I wanna listen to the flowerhead
I lost a gallon and still I bled
I keep on thinking I get ahead
pissed at all the disc jam
pissed about the 5-ham
pissed about the green state
I miss it and I can't wait
hey man, can't you tell it's still a problem?
see you at the devil's tower

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