

# Frenzal Rhomb, Methadone

What the hell are you doing later on  
I've got some beer and I don't have a gun  
I wanna find out I wanna try out  
The possibilities of having some fun

And I'm seeing now that  
I've never seen this place before  
And I'm realising

I'm alone  
Got no home  
Need a loan  
But I'm not on metha-

There's a time for and there's a place for  
Ultra-violence and it's not on my side  
I tried to dissect but where's the respect  
There's still respect in an inanimate life

And it's looking like  
It's time to escape again  
There could be something wrong but

I'm alone  
Got no home  
Need a loan  
But I'm not on methadone  
Need a phone  
With a tone  
But I'm not on methadone  
I just don't  
Have to go  
Because I'm not allowed to go  
Why don't you stay awhile

And I'm realizing I've never tried  
To see anything the same

Of all the good things  
Of all the ugly things  
There's a point where you don't have to hide  
It's time to understand  
That even Superman  
He had his problems  
But he knew how to fly