

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