## Good Riddance, Self-Fulfilling Catastrophe

words spoken monotones
There violence in your pretty homes
Unfaded memories of the times we used to play
No colors anymore
There laughter locked outside the door
The trucks go rolling by on the freeways just behind you

It a self-fulfilling catastrophe Sometimes I give myself the creeps Watch your problems disappear And then reappear as mine

Come take a look at me I the poster boy for sympathy I can't find my way out of this place le spent my life

Some things we never tell Looking back it's just as well No comfort from anyone A frightened child with no place to run Can you hear me calling out your name? Calling out but nobody's there