

Good Riddance, Shame

Minutes, running down the drain
This is where our lives go
This is where we stay
In a job that really pays
So much like the first step
Maybe just a misstep
Maybe just a phase, just a phase

What am I supposed to do? (3x)

Take a Dramamine for nausea
Another pill for the broken bones
And the ringing in my head now
Sounds just like the telephone
So it's over-complicated
A shame so shoved aside
Like the broken years I've waited
And the emptiness inside

What am I supposed to do? (3x)

Take one more on the chin
Grow a somewhat thicker skin
Let the scars all fade away
Like the promise of today
And when the sky falls down
I hope you're still around

And everything keeps changing, but I won't be around!