

# Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Frustrated

(Joan Jett/Kenny Laguna)

Daddy's got his beer and he's glued to the television  
An' Mamma's in the kitchen  
With the dishes and the pots and pans  
An' I be in my bedroom  
Contemplatin' all the living I'm missin'  
Just waiting for the day  
I won't have to follow someone else's plans

I'm frustrated, my hands are tied  
I'm frustrated, my brains are fried  
I'm frustrated, no place to hide

Cause they see what they wanna see  
An' no one ever knows that I'm lonely  
I've got rockets in my sockets  
But I got no place to go  
An' in my dreams I find my one and only  
Then I wake up in the morning  
And reality really blows

I said, I'm frustrated, my hands are tied  
I'm frustrated, my brains are fried  
I'm frustrated, no place to hide

Don't do this, don't do that  
Don't go out, come right back  
Say no more, such a bore

You can go around in circles, an never find the perfect lover  
Steal a glance but never take a chance  
So ya stay at square one  
Ya make a big mistake  
When ya try to tell a book by its cover  
Yea know I got a lot but I'd sure like to have a little fun  
Fun, that's right

I said, I'm frustrated, my hands are tied  
I'm frustrated, my brains are fried  
I'm frustrated, no place to hide