

Karate, It's 98, Stop

It's 98, it's 99. I've got some. I've got mine.
I'll still love you in 1999. Hold it.
Now we're downtown at the show and we've got no place to go.
Won't you read to me when we get home?
Hold it. Now you're at my bedside. Think back:
Alcohol and thalidomide and the shakes.
What do you want me to say?
Everybody's telling me that i've got to change. Hold it.
How the hell did i get so thin?
How did i get this shape i'm in
when i eat and fight and i still feel small.
Stop because i can't say what's good for us all the time anyway.
And when you work in the dark all day there's no time,
but with this pill it goes away.