

Knockout Theory, Waste

I sit here all day long, singing the same song
A page in the scrapbook is where I belong
Whats the point in getting out
Conversing is just plain wrong
I once took a day job, but that didnt last long
When I worked the counter, we somehow got robbed
Leave it or take it, cause this life right here is right where I belong
Its no secret Im a waste
A clear misuse of space
Take me back to my own happy, imaginary place
Yeah, please let me rest in peace
I sit here all day long, beating myself at pong
My mom pays the rent how could I go wrong
I cant acknowledge that some people make it after all
I try being social, but that takes a toll on me
Sooner or later, Im gonna explode
Nothing beats solitude, who cares if youre nothing
Nothing at all
Its no secret Im a waste
A clear misuse of space
Take me back to my own happy, imaginary place
Yeah, please let me rest in peace
[2x]