

Quasi, All Bent Out Of Shape

A taste of success is a waste of success
On such a total mess.
I walk around, all over town,
Just staring at the ground -
All bent out of shape over you.
I'm all too sane, it's all too plain,
Yet I never could explain.
So I read a magazine with a picture of me
As I'm drifting out to sea -
All bent out of shape over you.
If I make the scene, what does it mean -
If I was in some poll with Garbage & Hole?
I made the list - it proves that I exist,
But will I be missed when I vanish in the mist?