

Queens Of The Stone Age, I Was A Teenage Hand

Cozied up to the toilet
Face stuck to the floor
I met expectations that I was tryin to ignore
Job had such patience
I wonder, what's that like?
One hundred thousand million
But I hear That's what you like
So I was thinkin
So these cities are sprouting
Like a spit in the eye
And this world isn't waiting
It's just passing me by
I just peak in the window
Lookin inside
The butcher's got a fork in your face
I'm standing alive
And I was singin