

Regurgitator, Social Disaster

social disaster sad young bastard
used to feel alone cos i didn't get plastered
but i'm past it though i still ask it:
how long is this shit going to last?

it doesn't get me down like it used to
cos now i'm used to
hanging with a drugged crew
a select fucked few
that i speak shit to
when i'm in the mood to
mingle at the venue

gotta get fucked up
just to get the guts up
reality shuts up
now you can throw your butts up
i'll be the poor straight fuck in the corner
chewing on his tongue in the cigarette sauna

nothing but a social disaster

damn i feel i should be drinking
this is not the place to be thinking
i'm here for the music cos it sounds wicked
lyric plus melody but i can't pick it

ringing in the ear pain getting belligerent
smelling like a beer stain smoking a cigarette
having a good time is giving me illness
think i'll head outside and soak up some stillness

not that i'm jaded
just unrelated to this inebriated
ego inflated culture
that you love don't ya?
well don't ya? ha?

i'm a tall poppy so you better lop me
held me like a baby then go and drop me
you say i sound like this i sound like that
i sound like whoever at the drop of a hat

i'm sorry i'm generic just grin and bear it
spend it if you can spare it
strap it on and wear it
purchase a credo that doesn't have to last
supplement your ego with this piece of plastic

ethical crisis? here's good advice says:
sell your sorry soul and get a nice price for it
now that it's done let's have some fun
that's the priority a number one

a number one
ain't nothing but a social disaster (x3)