

Retard-O-Bot, Scatter Brained

Some go without
Ever having to deal
Without never stealing a meal
With everything at their disposal
Still, life is terrible
Sometimes at times unbearable
Sit down, shut up
And quit your whining
Open your eyes
And look around
It's kind of surprising
Is that you in the gutter, no
Is that you starving to death, no
Is that you never given a chance
Or is the gun in your hand
Gonna answer the questions
Bam, bam
Bam, bam
Bam, bam
Bam, bam

Some go without
Ever having to deal
Without never stealing a meal
With everything at their disposal
Still, something fucked you up
Now what's the matter man
You couldn't suck it up
Ditched on me and your family
Did you do it for a bitch
Answer me

Is that you in the gutter, no
Is that you starving to death, no
Is that you never given chance
Or is the gun in your hand
Gonna answer the questions

Bam, bam
Bam, bam
My thoughts are tied in knots
Bam, bam
Bam, bam

My skull aches as do my guts
Bam, bam
Bam, bam

Then again it's all for nothing
Bam, bam
Bam, bam

Trapped in my chair waiting for something

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