Ryan Matthew, Disappointed

Disappointed
Never more
Got so low they had to use
the jaws of life
To yank me up from under the floor
Thrilled to be here
Thank you much
It's strange when nothing gets to taste so satisfying
That you don't mind the rot gut
So me and my sugar we're on a roadtrip
From Bostone to Philly and I don't know maybe St. Louis
Got a patch
From my therapist
Sha's got a heart like a yacht
But she's all screwed up, she's a pugilist
Sorrry Bobby, miss ya Jack
But if I could choose I'd ask to have
Dr. Martin Luther King back
So me and my sugar we're on a roadtrip
From D.C. to Dallas and I don't know maybe Memphis
So when this ship eventually sinks
That'll be alright
Got a friend
In a cracked house
That sits around all day wonderin' who and when
Shot the lights out
But some things won't be explained
Like the cabby that fell asleep in Hoboken
And woke up Shirley MacLaine
So me and my sugar we're on a roadtrip
From Hollywood to the East village and I don't know maybe midland Texas
So when this ship eventually sinks
When this ship finally sinks
When all this shit don't mean a thing
That'll be alright