

SR-71, All American

I never got high the first time I tried
Just like everyone
I know the cigarettes were bold
For a little four foot nothing ten year-old
On hot summer days
We'd go down to the mall
Send security climbin' up the walls
Just like everyone
We were forever young

I am not so original
Never to be cynical
A little unstable
Clinically labeled
Fucked-up all-American
I am totally miserable
Ever to be pigeon-holed
Completely obsessive
Manic depressive
Fucked-up all-American

We lived out our lives like we would never die
Just like everyone
But before Keith went to bed
He put a double barrel shotgun to his head

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Smashing bottles and cans
For reasons I don't understand
When I look at the past
It's like staring at pieces of broken glass

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