

# St. Simon 3, Minding My Own

You heard I was dead -- well, you heard right  
because I think I'm just staying home alone tonight  
But before you draw your conclusions, don't forget  
I'm not ready to be but pout of my misery yet  
Just let me alone -- I'm minding my own

This story is simple and I'll keep it brief  
I have been staying one step ahead of relief  
But the forces of nature have brought me to heel  
And these aches and pains and me are striking up a deal  
So, let me alone -- I'm minding my own

And, yes, I already know how the say  
That crying won't help, but sometimes I cry anyway

I'll tell you how this is gonna be honey  
You can take your good looks and all your paper money  
And have this joke explained to you  
But then it's never gonna be funny

I guess there is no point in denying  
Sometimes you can't win, but you still keep trying  
So don't worry, I'll be back to being vicious  
Soon as I'm feeling more ambitious  
But until then, let me alone -- I'm minding my own

And now it's time for met o bid you goodnight  
Pull down the shades and turn out the light