

Sublime, New Trash

I've got so much trouble on my mind
That it feels just like I'm always
Sleepin' with the enemy
But I know the real world
Always gets the last word in,
That's why I gotta kick reality
So don't tease me,
And try to say that I should care,
Might as well go out for mine
'Cause everybody's going out for theirs
So don't tell me about a fake drug war,
Cut education programs more
The people will one day learn and rise
'Cause not everyone is out to score
People always ask me
Why people are all fucked up
At every corner there's a liquor store
Peace