

# 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