

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, And The Flame Dies

Potpourri of uselessness.

Sit with much pain as I watch a summer go by with the boredom of watching paint dry.

Why this time? Gone away. Nothing good can ever stay.

Basic freedom, cigarettes and free pornography.

It always takes so much longer to find out what you want, not to get it.

Of course I don't know the latter or how to do the first.

Once I occupy myself I'll end the hurt.

And the flame dies out again.

Gotta answer to someone else. Now emotions rear their blistered calloused heads.

I worked myself too hard by not working at all.

I swear to God, I'll get back at me once the summer leaves unfall.

I always have a chance but blow it just like i can spare it.

It can't pass me by anymore. Why am I sad?

Out with the bogus, in with the rad.

I'm gonna change my world, I'm gonna have a blast.

I'm gonna rock and roll, I'm gonna play it fast.

So controlled by education.

Taught myself to think too much.

Look back realized I'm not so...

F**ked up, ditched out, failed, won, who cares?

Ate, drank, puked, shat, brushed, washed, dressed, worked, played, so what?

I've got the rest of my life to do what they want me to do.

Now I'll only have one set rule.

Don't let another summer pass me by.