

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, Melon Country

Well its OK to want, but its less OK to need
'Cause I started to get greedy,
that's the last thing I would need (great rhyme)
Getting comfortable with all my friends, finding no need to explore
and now I wanna get away from life ('cause I'm so fucking bored)
Did you ever get the feeling your trying put out the sun
With nothing but a pink and plastic broken water gun
Yeah, trying to extinguish all the angst that I don't need inside
I wanna get away from life and do something before I die.
Its so monotonous.

The daily grind:

I get up, go to school or work instead,
maybe hang out with my friends, then bed.

Time I spend has become frivolous
Writing songs that no one understands
but plenty will feel obliged to berate.

So one day I went nuts.

I don't remember exactly how it happened but now my mind doesn't like me
Seeking therapy never was the way for me
I've gotten dumped and bounced right back,
the music was supposed to be a haven.

Yeah, but now I wonder was it just a waste of time.

I could institute my whole mind with vim and vigor seeking a future.
When I figure it I'll create a flux capacitor and travel back in time.

I wanna say goodbye,
but my empty closet bookshelf mind finds it so hard to leave behind
--What I think I wanna do.

--A guitar.

--A case of rancid flu.

--A burnt up photograph of you. (soon I will be leaving too)

It never made much sense to me to celebrate the rain

The odds are stacked against us.

It may help but there's still pain.

So as I sit in the cold and wet writing waiting for a sign

My eyes light up with a ray of hope

She'll never again get to be mine.

I died inside when you did this to me.

I died and I thought that you would help me.

There's a fire inside when I say this to you.

You're not mine anymore.

(well it's funny how it all works out this time, isn't it you heartless bitch?

and don't think I really care if you give me a phone call anymore or even talk to me
cause if you give me some meaningless obligatory pity based friendship

that doesn't really mean anything just like your life and mine

you're the only one who's gunna have ??? regrets tomorrow fucking morning ???)

You lost your chance with selfishness

and it all comes back to the same problem.

I am lonely, but don't want you.

Someday you'll feel this too.

Your problems I can't solve them.

I'll be gone with a damp piece of paper reading your address.

Maybe I'll write you someday.

I thought I'd call but the mechanisms won't let me submit.