

# The Offspring, Mota

Mota!  
Everyday, well it's the same  
That bong that's on the table starts to call  
My name  
I take a hit and zone out again  
I'll be paranoid and hungry by a quarter to ten  
Watching reruns on my TV  
I'm laughing off my ass at Three's Company  
I don't know if I'm understood  
But hearing Jimmy Buffett never sounded so good  
Your memory's gone and so is your life (your life)

Mota Boy  
But losing out just never felt so right  
Your enemy's you and so is your life (your life)  
Mota Boy  
But losing out might feel okay all night  
Mota!

I'm driving down to the barrio  
Going 15 miles an hour cause I'm already stoned  
Give the guy a twenty and wait in the car  
He tosses me a baggie then he runs real far  
I take a hit but it smells like a clove  
Oh fuck I got a baggie of oregano  
This ritual is destroying me  
But I guess it could be worse  
It could be methedrine

Your memory's gone and so is your life (your life)  
Mota Boy  
But losing out just never felt so right  
Your enemy's you and your couch is your life  
(Your Life)

Mota Boy  
But losing out might take  
Losing out might take you all night  
Mota!  
Losing out might feel okay all night  
Yeah losing out might feel okay all life