Therapy?, Stop It You're Killing Me

The world is fucked, and so am I Maybe it's the other way round, I can't seem to decide Domestic refugees sink in the same boat as me We suffer alone and these days I don't wanna go home

Idiots authority
Promising equality
So where is the land of the free?
Stop it you're killing me

Love is for the weak, or so you'd have me believe The thought's killing me, no body but a head O.D. Don't know what's worse, the loss of death or the gain of birth I try to understand, I can't accept just what I am

Idiots authority Promising equality So where is the land of the free? Stop it you're killing me

I'm leaving on a train that's six miles down
Can't feel no pain, can't feel you now
When you drift away I'm singing: "On my way I'm telling you"
I can hear you coming to, I can see you pushing through
Tell me can you see the, can you feel the rain

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