

# Ultimate Fakebook, I'm All Out Of It Now

I'm all out of it now  
I'm all messed up and dressed down  
I don't know anyone around  
because I'm out of it

For weeks and years and months it seems  
I'm out of everything I need  
No, don't ask for anything  
I'm out of it

It must be a cool thing  
And it must be a cool place  
It must be a cool state of mind  
Cause it's always behind me  
Where I can't find it

I'm all out of it now  
And I just gotta have it loud  
And I could never turn it down  
because I'm out of it

For weeks and years and months it seems  
I play my fingers 'till they bleed  
The price of fame is what I need  
I'm out of it

It must be a cool thing  
And it must be a cool place  
It must be a cool state of mind  
Cause it's always behind me  
Where I can't find it