

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