

Voodoo Glow Skulls, Walkin' Frustration

no I can't seem to cope with all that's in front of me
I wish I had some time to catch up with myself
living check to check I've got nothing to call my own
I'm overdrawn and my credit is all spent

I've got walkin' frustration.....and I've got no medication!!!

everyday the same routine in my programmed life
I don't know what my social status is
early to bed early to rise, I never see the sun
a creature of habit is what I've become

my girlfriend left me yesterday
she says that she's gay
she took all her things and my private joy
my brother owes me fifty bucks and now I'm unemployed
the rituals of life lead to my condition

the doctor says to take it easy because this isn't healthy
but I need things a doctor can't prescribe
I'm running the race on a treadmill going nowhere fast
I need an outlet in my so-called life