

Kathy's On The Roof

Screeching Weasel

She's got a place to go when she gets sad
She opens her window and sits on the roof whenever she is feeling bad
She's sick of these rules
And she's sick of this world
And she's totally sick of her life
She says the mundane fries like eggs on her brain
And now we all think she's lost her mind
Kathy's on the roof again

She's going down

Eating too little and sleeping too much
She was manic and now she's depressed
She ought to be with her peer group
Indeed she just needs to get things off her chest
They prod and they probe they sedate and they shock
They can't seem to get through to that girl
She only speaks about once every week
And then all she'll say is fuck the world
Kathy's on the roof again

She's going down

Her mother says she's crazy
And her sister says she's not
But everybody thinks she's flaky
We've gotta figure out just what's wrong with her
It's time to look into the cabinet
And make sure Kathy is taking her meds
It's time to prop Kathy in front of the TV
And wipe the drool off her dress
The sound of the Mexicans cutting the lawn
Again was buzzing throughout the whole house
We couldn't find her so we looked outside
And saw Kathy all over the ground