

Same Ol', Same Ol'

Apathy

Downstairs on the first floor, first door on the right
His name is Mr. White, he drinks all night and beats his wife
But she never-ever leaves, she believes he's right
And it's probably her fault when they get into a fight
Locks himself in the bathroom and twiddles his balls
Peeking through a little hole that he drilled through the wall
Hidden under a picture of Jesus inwitnesses the neighbors teena
ger nieces
Named Marira and Lisa
Gettin' dressed, sneaking in boys the room for sex
It upsets him but excites him, none the less
The girls used to live with they dad who had a coke addiction
He was broke from the blow plus the alcoholism
So they moved with they uncle and aunt
Wasn't what they want, but they didn't front, they would get aw
ay with a lot
Fuckin' with an older kid from accross the hall
He would buy them alcohol and drive them to the mall
That's Steven, his mother thinks demons are screaming inside of
her brain
So she eases the pain with painkillers
Telling everybody she's religious
She's not sure, but thinks Mr. White's here to kill us
And all day long doors open doors shut
No idea how much the others are fucked up
They smile when they pass, maybe say hello
Everywhere, every town, same ol' same ol'