

Song For The Functioning Alcoholic

Babybird

I don't like my job, but my job loves me
I love my wife, but my wife hates me
I love my kids so much, but they don't like me
I don't want them to change, but please change me

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
We're fine, we're fine, we're fine
I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
We're fine, we're fine, we're fine

I love money, but money hates me
It decorates my cell and I never wanna be free
It puts food on the table for a family I can't afford
Oh happiness, sweet happiness, why am I so bored?
Got crucified to a Christmas tree in the shoppingmall
I love it, you love it, we love it all

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
We're fine, we're fine, we're fine
I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
We're fine, we're fine, we're fine

I don't like drinking, but drinking loves me
I don't like smoking, but cigarettes love me
I love my painkiller, 'cause pain loves me
I don't like life sometimes, but life loves me

I love you, you love me, just please let us be
The kids that we once were when we were free
Now crucified to a Christmas tree in the shoppingmall
I love it, you love it, we love it all

I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
We're fine, we're fine, we're fine
I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine, I'm fine
We're fine, we're fine, we're fine

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