

## Captain Bumout

Cage

She grabbed me by the hand and she started to dance, man  
I said "Oh this is great now I look like a transplant"  
She put my hands on her hips and started to squish me  
I felt her ass it was exactly where it should be  
My drink was in the air I'm not really sure what it was  
Or why it was in the air I guess it was because  
I was with you I'm just so depressed forget it, alright already  
I got it, you want to dance, I get it

I danced with you, just because you danced with me  
I just want you to see, that there's more to  
Being in a club than gettin drunk and one of us thowing up and  
wakin up like "We're in love"

I'm such a misfit in social situations I hate it  
Depression medicated yet you're insecure and naked  
I'm trying to loosen up, you're dying to read my sullen eyes  
This intellectual black hole reeks of cologne and lies  
This song is making me sick I tell myself "It's fine"  
But the DJ will play the beginning for the 6th time  
I hope somebody pulls a gun out and sucks all the fun out and l  
evels the playing field for Captain Bumout