

Flagpole Sitta

Chiodos

I had visions I was in them I was looking into the mirror
To see a little bit clearer
The rottenness and evil in me Fingertips have memories
Mine can't forget the curves
of your body And when I feel a bit naughty
I run it up the flagpole and see who salutes
(But no one ever does) ...
I'm not sick, but I'm not well
and I'm so hot 'cause I'm in hell

Been around the world and found
That only stupid people are breeding
The cretins cloning and feeding And I don't even own a TV
Put me in the hospital for nerves
And then they had to commit me You told them all
I was crazy They cut off my legs now I'm an amputee
Goddamn you

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell
I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And it's a sin, to live so well

I wanna publish 'zines And rage against machines
I wanna pierce my tongue It doesn't hurt, it feels fine
The trivial sublime I'd like to turn off time
And kill my mind You kill my mind Mind...
Paranoia, paranoia Everybody's comin' to get me
Just say you never met me
I'm runnin' underground with the moles
Diggin' holes Hear the voices in my head
I swear to God it sounds like they're snoring
But if you're bored then you're boring
The agony and the irony, they're killing me, whoa!

I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And I'm so hot cause I'm in hell
I'm not sick, but I'm not well
And it's a sin to live this well (One, two, three, four!)