

Paranoid Like Me ('Tis The Season Of Discontent)

Cowboy Troy

Welcome to my reality

My plans for success have gone up in smoke
Mocking like neurotic laughter with psychotic jokes
Hollywood dreams glisten then fade
While Vegas luck sits there and bakes in the shade

Sometimes I feel alone
Even though I know the voice on the phone
Plans of my demise have been discussed
By those unknown and those I trust.

Venom drips from the vipers fangs
I can tell by the way they say my name
Promises come with the entangling stipulations
Hidden meanings and manipulations.

False friends and enemies true
Predict tryin' to brave the doom
To blister this music some others insight
the flames of resistance within to ignite

I'm scorching the pillows of doubt when I rest
Soothing my ego battered and stressed
Many gasping for air apparent
Some sincere others uncaring

Congrats from Charlatans often display
An aroma rampant with rot and decay
I'm smiling on the outside But crying in my chest
I'm trying to be a man 'cause I want to do my best

I'm forging on defyin' defeat
The words I speak are bringing the heat
Hoping my tongue's not too rated and then
Weary of damaging personal wind

I avoid succumbing to the pity and the fuss,
while my brain fights off the rust and the dust.
I gotta pick my battles sometimes I can't win 'em.
'cause I'm just a man, flesh and venom.

(musical interlude)

You see I had to testify before the FCC.
So you could hear me on something besides CD or an MP3.
Some tried to top me but can't stop me.
They're hopin' and prayin' that one day my label drops me.
But I keep comin back again and again and again
Till you hear duh duh duhda duh duh.
You'll start lookin at me like MY name was Rocky
Convicted of dreaming in the court of public opinion
Soon you'll see - if you're paranoid like me