

Waiting for someone to tolerate me
Hanging around 'cause I can't leave this cat behind
In nine lives, if I haven't found something to hold on to
Why worry? Nobody I care for will be around

The only emotion that I can convey when I contemplate my life
Is an uncompromising flush of uncertainty
Which is caused by a combination of lack of self respect
And an overwhelming lack of company

So I will share my bed with phantom limbs, and live my life in
tidy rooms
Surround myself with living things that don't know how to move
I am like cigarettes and steak and booze, obesity and stress
Everyone with a bad heart will blame me for their mess

My life story's just a clip show
Filled with long drawn out scenes of plug holes