

Backside melts into the sofa  
My world, my TV, my food  
Besides listening to my belly gurgle  
Ain't much else to do  
Yeah, I sweat a lot  
Pants fall down every time I bend over  
My feet itch  
Yeah-I married a scarecrow  
I hate you  
Talking to myself  
Everybody's starin' at me  
I'm only bleedin'  
Someone taps me on the shoulder every 5 minutes  
Nobody speaks English anymore  
Would anybody tell me if I was gettin' stupider?  
I hate you  
Talking to myself  
You don't feel it after awhile  
You take a beating  
I'm a swingin' guy  
Throw a belt over the shower curtain rod  
And swing - - -  
Toss me inside a Hefty  
And put me in the ground  
The drink needs me  
I don't  
I ain't about to guzzle no tears  
so kiss my ass  
newscasters, coakroaches, and desserts  
I hate you  
Talkin' to myself  
Everybody's starin' at me  
I'm only bleedin'  
Where are the kids?  
maybepregnantorondrugs  
oronwelfareontopoftheworld  
donthehonorrolonparoleontheDodgers  
onthebackofmilkcartonsonstakes  
inthemiddleofcornfields  
oncoversoffuturehistorybooks  
onoldlady'smantleswalkin'onwaternailedoncrosses  
I think it's time I had a talk with my kids  
I'll just tell 'em what my daddy told me  
YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA AMOUNT NOTHIN'