

Done With Fun

Fake Problems

Memorized, and marked on my calendar,
I'm saving up some money for extra spending cash.

Why do we hate this place?
Why do we run away?
Why can't we have any fun now-a-days?

I have a headache,
I have some problems,
And a hundred excuses why I never solved them

Why do we hate this place?
Why do we run away?
Why can't we have any fun now-a-days?

I can't take this, anymore
I guess I'm not the only one that's keeping score
I can't change this hangin' around,
I'm sick and tired of always being
Fed up with this crowd

Oh what a tragedy,
I feel sorry for myself
Don't you feel so bad for me?

Why do we hate this place?
Why do we run away?
Why can't we have any fun now-a-days?

I hate to say it,
Maybe I'm the problem
I left the notes hangin'
Without resolve them

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Please put another record on,
Cause I don't want to hear that song again.

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