

Get A Life

Freak Kitchen

This is one of those days
I know I've got it coming
The more I try
The more I screw up everything
This town is a bore
The bills on the floor
And the God damn neighbours
Sunday evening war

Choking on my apathy
Pizza delivery and
Jehovah people
Knocking at my door

You bet I am sincere
I have had it up to here
Bloody sick and tired of
My situation, dear

Gone, gone, gone, gone
I'm gone, gone, gone, gone
Gone, gone, gone, gone
I'm going to get me a life

Got to deal with my problems
I know that's what you tell me
Well, I'm packing my bags
And I'm an ex-employee

My life is a cliché
It's getting worse everyday
I'm about to self-destruct
Into the atmosphere

Don't know how much I can take
Why don't you give me a break...

Gone, gone, gone, gone
I'm gone, gone, gone, gone
Gone, gone, gone, gone
I'm going to get me a life

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Why don't you give me a break...

This is one of those days
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I am gone