

## Meet The Pressure

Her Space Holiday

I'm not a victim of some feeble mind disease  
Although some of my old friends would tend to disagree  
I know these chemicals will get the best of me  
I'm not saying that I want to quit it just makes it hard to breathe  
But who needs lungs when you just bought a brand new pen  
And there's stacks and stacks of envelopes just waiting to be sent  
I looked through my closet and I found those magazines  
I circled all the writers that I one day hoped to meet

Don't get me wrong I don't mind getting bad reviews  
In fact sometimes they're the only ones who try and speak the truth  
But there are others who just love to cross that line  
Hoping that their viciousness will boost traffic on their site  
Like that kid who asked me if I knew I couldn't sing  
That's like asking a blind man if he knows that he can't see  
Next time try putting down something we don't know  
Like how they gave a writing job to someone so damn slow

And then you went and said you didn't understand  
How a girl so beautiful could love a guy like him  
Now that's a question you should be saving for your wife  
And while you're on the subject ask her where she was last night  
Because she didn't go to her sister's for a drink  
She was backstage at our show sitting on my knee  
Telling us about how you walked in on her  
With her hands inside her pants and singing all the words  
Those very lyrics that you tried to criticize  
But as we expected you misquoted half the lines  
I guess this is a game that we both just have to play  
I'll keep putting records out and you keep throwing them away