

# Wolf Dix Rd.

Iron Chic

Whatever, whatever I did, I'm wrong  
You've got me now! You got me now!  
You got me now after spittin' me out  
You fuckin' nincom fuckin' poop

I'm gonna think real hard  
About what I'm gonna say  
I really couldn't stand you thinking  
Any less of me  
And how I spend my days  
So I'm looking for the perfect phrase

I'm gonna try real hard  
I'm gonna find a way  
I'm really gonna try and stand on  
My own two feet  
I spend my days  
Lookin' for the perfect place  
To lay my head  
Close my eyes and get some rest

What was the question?  
I don't know-ooh-woah-ooh-woah  
I wasn't paying attention  
Would you say I'm lacking direction?  
Is my course corrected?  
I don't, I don't fucking know  
Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah  
I'm gonna find out on my own

I can only coast so far  
There's gotta be a better way  
I really want a chance to prove that  
I'm not a waste of space  
And so it goes, these days  
I can barely keep up the pace  
Approach the edge  
Close my eyes and take one step

Fought real hard  
But tried to stay  
Dropped our guard  
And let the tide drag us away

What was the question?  
I don't know-ooh-woah-ooh-woah  
I wasn't paying attention  
Would you say I'm lacking direction?  
Is my course corrected?  
I don't, I don't fucking know  
Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah  
I'm gonna find out on my own

Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah  
Ooh-woah-ooh-woah-ooh-woah, oh, oh  
Oh, oh, ooh-woah-oh-oh  
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