

Blahblahblah

Marika Hackman

Ghost town, walk among the zombies
Facedown, their eyes are never on me
Backs up to the wall
Plugged into a pocket
Sigh, might as well just die

I could try to emulate the brain-dead
But I get sick and tired of the radio
Buzzing like a hornet in the playpen
I'll unplug, feel my head, feel alright

Get down, set yourself on fire
Strong crowd to walk you to the pyre
Don't be who you are, they'd rather see your riot
Sigh, I don't like my mind

I would like to medicate the brain-dead
But I get sick and tired in the waiting room
Keep me so unwell that I'm your best friend
Nice and quiet, well-behaved, I'm alright

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