

Akimbo

moe.

I can see my welcome is wearing thin There's much conjecture about the state we're in I'm not feeling good as gold, I'm feeling cheap as tin I think it's time for my Ritalin

You say I don't care about You and all the things you can't live without You say it's only temporary We're going to end up in purgatory

Couch...Fatboy...Arms akimbo Is...Fatboy...We're in limbo Satan...Fatboy...Arms akimbo Couch is Satan...We're in limbo

It's so impersonal on the phone We are one but we are alone You say it's only temporary We're going to end up in purgatory

You say I don't care about You and all the things you can't live without I'm not feeling good as gold, I'm feeling cheap as tin I think it's time for my Ritalin

Procrastination is second nature And prone to exotic nomenclature I think the more we put it off the more we Are likely to end up in purgatory