

Sometimes I feel like I shouldn't apologize so much  
That it's jive it's a crutch  
I just used when I'm judged  
Bein' fudged by a face I can't erase and can't see  
'Cause I misplaced a dossier or Monty Python CD  
Or somethin' stupid like that  
But Jesus is that so bad  
To make my ego go splat  
Like a tire goin' flat  
Or fat on a big mac  
I'm bein' attacked  
Tit for tat  
You fuckin' bureaucrats  
You can just apologize back

But I don't know when it comes and it goes  
All the highs and the lows  
In this motionless psychosis  
Ieeieei and I die fadin' straight away  
Ieeieei and I cry every waking day  
I don't know what else to say

I'm sorry for the mess  
The stupid way I'm dressed  
I guess I failed my test  
Oh don't you know I'm sorry for my views  
I musta been confused  
And yet you know that really I'm sorry for you

Well now I don't mean to offend, much  
Just comprehend  
When you're female and you're fenced in and  
Phen-phened to no end  
And no zen guide to men will help you fend off the brethren  
And then the pen appears  
And better than the oxygen network  
Or the sword or the spear or the fork  
Or the bored pork-fed horde  
It's a mooring post  
The whore you'll miss the most when you're away  
When you're in Snowshoe PA  
Doin' some play from Backstage  
That deals with AIDS and race and gays and  
Relationships and ballet  
And then you're like "hey yay what'd you say?  
I can just sing my troubles away?"  
But then you're fucked  
'Cause you gotta make a buck  
And the whole world sucks  
And you're like a lame duck  
That's lyin' dyin' tryin' to sell out  
But there's no one buyin' and there's all this doubt  
And you can preen and dream and scream and shot  
But your life's affliction is the fiction of Faust

I'm sorry for the time  
The stupid way I rhyme

I knew I shoulda chose a life of crime  
I'm sorry for my blues  
I know it's all old news  
And yet you know that really I'm sorry for you

I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry  
I also mirror this apology  
This ideology of sorry  
In part of the liberal theology that's leading us to hari-kari  
It's like a mythology, almost  
Like a malingering ghost  
As we slowly decompose  
Writing in the grave of the polls  
Cryin' for Senator Wellstone and then proceeding to moan  
At our own supposed sabotage of the elections at home  
"Oh somebody phone home!  
The American people have spoken!"  
Now is that certain?  
Maybe those nice Midwestern folks were just jokin'  
In any case there's no use in dopin' chokin' mopin' and sobbin'  
Come on you disheartenin' dobbins  
Sayin' sorry is my problem  
So to conclude  
I'm a little of a prude  
So it's difficult for me to have to allude  
To all this rude crude verbal baggage  
But I manage 'cause I'm a savage inside  
I may listen to Enya's greatest hits  
And try to control my hissy fits with pride  
Won't get my hair dyed  
But oh the onus of lyin' all the time  
I don't want to say, "diiiie motherfucker!"  
But I wouldn't mind if you did  
Sometimes even the nice girl's ego has to override the id  
And so before I flip my lid my crib  
And get myself out of this bind  
You can hear what's on my lips but you don't know  
What's in my mind

I'm sorry for you I'm sorry for you  
I'm sorry  
Waaaah